JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 14, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1426.

LAST DAYS OF "BULLETS" 21 GIANTS SEE PAGES 46 AND 47

JOHN BULL

Have a glass of GUINNESS when you're tired

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 355. P.

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO
All ready to switch on.
NO DEPOSIT SEND ONLY **2/-** as 1st Week's instalment. Balance 2/- Weekly. Complete with Loud Speaker, British Valves, Accumulator, and Batteries, in fine Walnut Cabinet. Reduced Price for Cash with Order 75/-. Other Superb Models—S.G., Battery & all-Electric fr. 3/- weekly.

SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3AB), 97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

WOOL SALE

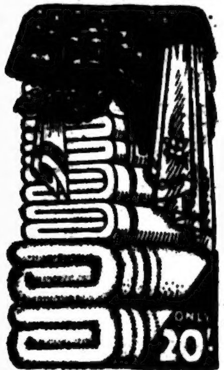
BLACK RUG 7½D. LB.

Coloured Turkish 1/3½ lb.,
Rich Silky 1/9½, Cable 1/4½, 1/6½ lb.,
Thrums 6½d., Rug Chenille 5½d. lb.,
Sports 1d., Crochet 1½d., Silky 2½d. oz.,
Fine Indian Rug Wool 1/11½.
Persian 2/3 lb., Rabbit Wool 1d. Ball.

1d. POST CARD brings 300 Bargain Samples 100 Coloured Rug Designs from 2½d. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 158, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

IF IT'S BEDFORD BEDDING IT'S BETTER



2 White Woolly Blankets, All White or Bordered, 60x70
2 Strong Grey Sheets, 60x70
2 White Pillow Cases, 30x20
1 White Bolster, 30x60
1 Beautiful Jaspe Bedspread
1 Delightfully Embroidered Duchess Set
1 Printed Art. Silk Lady's Scarf

20/- Complete. Cash or C.O.D.

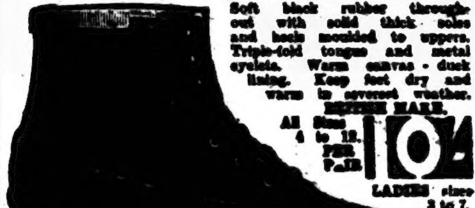
A USEFUL FREE GIFT: 1 Heavy Tapestry Coloured Table Cover, 50x50
If Cash with Order: 1 Lady's Pinafore Apron FREE

SPECIAL OFFER: Alhambra Quilts, 80x70, 4/6 each (carriage paid), in Gold, Pink, Red or Blue.

BEDFORD SUPPLY CO.,
1, Back Greek Street,
MANCHESTER, 1.

WETPROOF BOOTS

Ideal for Farming, Gardening, Policemen, Roundsmen, Garage and Stable Work.



Soft black rubber throughout with solid thick soles and heels moulded to uppers. Triple-fold tongue and metal eyelets. Warm canvas-duck lining. Keep feet dry and warm in severest weather. BRITISH MADE. All Sizes 4 to 12. PER PAIR **10/6**. LADIES' sizes 3 to 7, per pr. 9/-. Postage extra. LIST FREE.

WELLINGTONS, Stout Rubber throughout. Equal to 25/- line. Per Pair 10/-. Sizes 3-12. Post 1/- ex.

SMITH, Dept. K, 17, Lansdowne Rd., CROYDON

BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, Blushing, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

A genuine Testimonial:
"Such a unique and very valuable course is worth its weight in gold."

HENRY J. RIVERS,
(Dept. J.B.2),
40, LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

3 Valve RADIO £3.10.

No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of Wireless Set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All Sets sent On Approval, Carriage Paid. All ready to switch on. Cash or Easy Terms

WRITE FOR LISTS NOW

Chas. F. Robey Ltd WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, Dept. 3 COVENTRY.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

[illegible] STRAIGHT DEAL

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

7/6 DOWN BRINGS YOU THIS RILEY BAGATELLE TABLE

Ensure lasting pleasure during the winter evenings by having a Riley Bagatelle Table to entertain the family and friends. 7/6 down brings immediate delivery of the 6 ft. size, complete with accessories. Pay balance monthly. Cash price £3 10s. 7 ft. and 8 ft. sizes also available. Each size folds away when not in use. Rileys pay carriage, take all transit risks and give 7 days free trial. Write to-day for complete Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ΦR 1
LANE WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Write for details.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. F. Robey Ltd CYCLE WAREHOUSE, Dept. 24, COVENTRY

MAKE BIG MONEY!

OFFERING OUR 6D CLUB CARDS!

NO OUTLAY RISK WORRY

This is the greatest spare-time offer ever made, and the easiest and simplest method of adding to your income. Everybody wants our 6d. Club Cards which can be exchanged for full value in Goods as shown in our Catalogue.
Every Agent paid LIBERAL COMMISSION, and WE PAY POSTAGES. SPECIAL BONUSES TO AGENTS. WE GUARANTEE our goods to give full satisfaction.

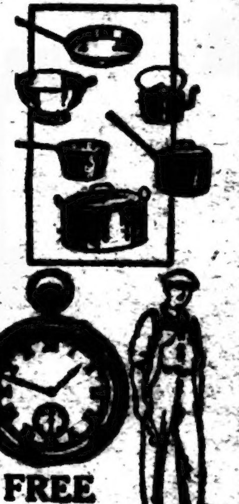
BIG CASH PRIZES.

Hundreds of different lines for home and family. We supply only the best—Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, Radio, etc. Write for complete details NOW.

JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 19, GORST ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10.

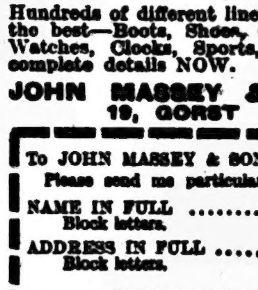
COUPON.

To JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD., 19, Gorst Rd., London, N.W.10.
Please send me particulars and catalogue FREE.
NAME IN FULL Block letters. ....
ADDRESS IN FULL Block letters. ....
....
½d. stamp (Unsealed) J.B 14/10/33



FREE CATALOGUE

SPECIAL OFFER — The Aircraft WRIST WATCH SMART RELIABLE



The new type moving dial wrist watch at manufacturers' price. Gives time to the second at a glance. The movement is identical to most expensive models and is modernly cased in fashionable Chromium, now preferred to gold. Absolutely shockproof, non-magnetic and fitted with the new clip spring which prevents overwinding. Complete with strap. Three years' written warranty. Send this advt. and secure this increasingly popular watch now. Also Pocket Model, 4/6. Post 6d. Lady's Dainty Model with silk band 12/6. Post 6d.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS,
(Dept. J.B.D.1), 57, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
(Opposite Glaves, 2nd Floor.)

FOR RUPTURE USE THE RICE METHOD.

More than a truss or appliance is required to effect permanent relief of rupture. Do not wear a truss or appliance simply because it is light or comfortable. If it does not retain the rupture securely under all conditions, it may be doing more harm than good in spite of feeling comfortable. The Rice Appliance is made specially for each case and is of correct strength and weight. No harsh or unyielding pads, no rubber pads to irritate the skin. Supplied through N. H. Ins. Societies if desired.

The stimulating application used in conjunction with it strengthens the muscles as no appliance alone can do. It has enabled thousands to dispense entirely with trusses.

Write for full particulars and free trial of stimulating application.

Wm. S. RICE, LTD. (8125),
8/9, STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it NOW

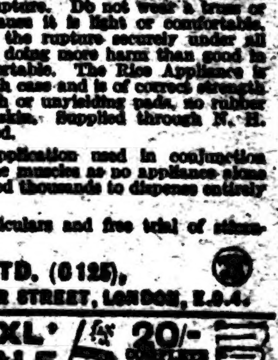
(Prescription No. 1100/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 22), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

RECORD 'XL' BARGAIN BALE

for 20/- COMPLETE BALE Carr. Paid.



Most Marvellous Value ever offered to the Public, containing: 2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size 80 x 60 ins. 1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, 54 x 75 ins. 2 Yorks. White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 52 x 70 ins. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 80 x 70 ins. (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52 ins. [illegible] style coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre Design edged Art. Silk Embroidery, 60 x 80 ins. 2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44 ins. 1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, 36 x 36 ins. 1 [illegible] Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 12½ ins.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

I AM THE largest direct supplier of the finest COVENTRY BUILT Cycles and sell POUNDS CHEAPER by cutting out Agents' profits. Thousands of 1934 models at cut prices. Carriage Paid. An ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL, CARRIER, & REFLECTOR, FREE.

SEND A POSTCARD FOR FREE LIST.

WRITE FOR LISTS
FROM
CASH or TERMS

Dept. [illegible] O'Brien Ltd, of COVENTRY

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

9/6

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussels REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchasers all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

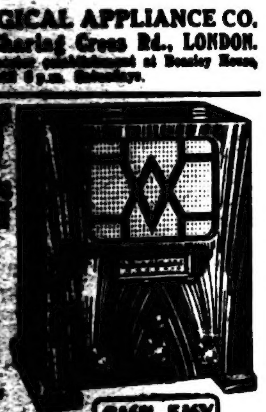
Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet. Wonderful relief from Rupture. Not a truss. Neat, washable. Pad inflated and adjusted in a second to pressure required. Cannot slip: light, comfortable. You will not know you have it on. Holds Hernia firmly. In most cases broken tissues re-unite. Rupture conquered for ever! Doctors Recommend it! The "Lancet" has endorsed it! and it is supplied through Approved Societies. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.
Dept. 2864, 26, Charing Cross Rd., LONDON.
London and also Manchester establishment at Beasley House, [illegible], Deansgate, open until 6 p.m. Saturdays.

£3.10 RADIO SET

[illegible]



I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets, at bargain prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

[illegible] WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, [illegible] COVENTRY

32 BILLIARD TABLES GIVEN AWAY

ΦR

Write for details. E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

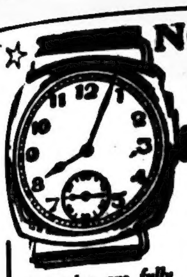
NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get it Now!

Shadforth Prescription No. 295.
Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
(Dept. J.B. 22) 40, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4



NO DEPOSIT

AMAZING BARGAINS

SOLID SILVER

£3.10.0 value for 27/6!

GENT'S WATCH

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong leather strap. Bargain while stocks last, 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6. 3/- discount Cash in 7 days.

All watches are fully warranted for 15 years

LADY'S WATCH

Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE and fancy dial, moire silk band. Wonderful value, 25/6. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 31/6. Special line, only few left, 18-carat Gold-cased with moire band, 35/6. Same jewelled accurate movement. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days after receipt pay 1/6 & 1/6 fortnightly, 3/- discount Cash in 7 days. Write for Catalogue.

HOME & DOMINIONS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. J.B.),
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THORNS
GARDEN SHEDS
30/- CASH
2/6
CARR. PD.

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use in 6 sections to screw together. ⅝-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.		
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2. 1.0	or	3/3 Monthly.
8ft.	5ft.	6 ft.	£2.18.0	or	5/1 Monthly.
10ft.	7ft.	6 ft.	£4. 4.0	or	7/5 Monthly.

Carr paid. Send for Special Catalogue No. 68 of sheds 30/-, Garages 79/6, Army Huts, etc. Huge reductions. 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

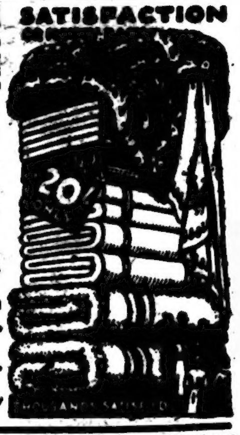
J. THORN & SONS, Ltd. (Box 40) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent

WITH REAL FILMS
HOME CINEGRAPH
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

As an introduction to our 100 per cent. British "Double Life" 3-hole type double edge razor blades, we are giving absolutely free with every order for **15 BLADES for 1/-**, postage and packing 6d., this fascinating Home Cinegraph, complete with slide view and 10 real films. Will give young people hours of amusement (large packet of extra films, including many Cinema Stars, 6d.) We say definitely under money back guarantee that these blades are as good as any 4d. blade on the market. Send 1/6 now for the 15 blades and Free Home Cinegraph.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. C.M.J.1.),
87, New Oxford Street, W.C.1. (OPPOSITE GLAVES)

GUARANTEED! SATISFACTION



2 White Woolly Blankets	80x70
2 Good Strong Sheets	90x70
2 White Pillow Slips	30x18
1 White Bolster Case	60x20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art Silk Brocade and Corded Cushion Cover	
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs	
2 Chamois Polishers	

CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or Single Bed size 17/6

A LOVELY WADDED DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Damask Table Cloth

PATON MILL Co., Dept. J.B.,
73-75, Cannon Street,
MANCHESTER, 4.

GREAT OFFER: *Ladies' Lightweight Belted Mact, 36 in. to 48in. length. Grey or fawn 5/- Carr paid.*

"TWILIGHT" READICUT RUG WOOLS

DIRECT FROM THE MILLS

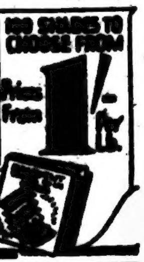
CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

(*or in hanks if desired*).

Start making a Better Rug Now—in Half the Time and Half the Cost. Send p.c. (1d. stamp) for

FREE RUG BOOK OF 50 DESIGNS Samples of Wool, etc. to

READICUT WOOL CO., LTD.,
DEPT. J.B., OSSETT, YORKS.



FROM 3/9 PER MONTH
SUTCLIFFE'S
STORE SHED
DESIGN Z.H.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 29/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2/1/6	3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£2/18/6	5/4
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£4/4/6	7/9

Send for FREE Portable Building CATALOGUE, 112 pages lovely illustrations, Sheds, Pavilions, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Aviaries, Kennels, etc.

F & H SUTCLIFFE LTD., 82, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 33

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I can save you time, trouble and money. Complete home-made Layette. **30/-**

(Modern short lengths, or usual Long-clothes.) 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Ene. Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

ANOTHER RECENT TESTIMONIAL: "Please accept my very best thanks for the bargain Layette. Had I paid double the price it would still be cheap. I am more than satisfied."

Expectant Mothers! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL Bal. Easy Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howard, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS

ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

10 GN. MODEL FOR £4. 12. 6

Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 98/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys 12 Bass, 25 Keys 24 Bass, 34 Keys 48 Bass, 41 Keys 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms. Write for Fully Illus. list.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (J.B. 78),
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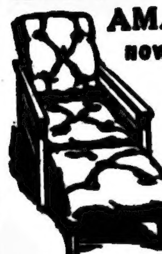
WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, animal studies, remarkable novelties in calendars, notepapers, bookmarks, new cut-out initial cards, etc., and other novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply JOHN RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.,
Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

AMAZING BARGAINS



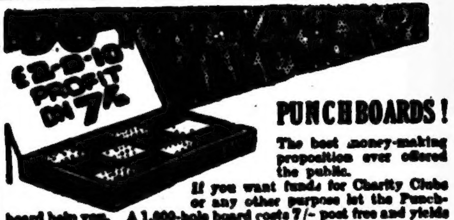
NOW **16/6** OR 1/- WEEKLY

Ready for instant despatch. FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark. 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable SPRING SEATS, Patent No. 356996/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. *Carriage and Packing England & Wales 2/6.* Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List 7.

RECORD AND RADIO CABINET

Solid Oak frame. Beautifully finished in figured oak. Polished to a rich nut brown. Oxidised fittings to Cupboards. Size: 36ins. high, 18ins. wide, 16ins. deep. **17/6**

Carr. and Packing England & Wales 2/6. Cheques or cross P.O.'s (no stamps) to:—
NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., Ltd.,
88, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus,
LONDON, W.1.



PUNCHBOARDS!

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity Clubs or any other purpose let the Punchboard help you. A 1,000-hole board costs 7/- post free and yields £2.0.10 profit at 1d. per punch, and £4.17.2 at 2d. per punch. Agents working our special PROFIT SHARING plan are making £5 to £10 weekly on this board alone. WHY NOT YOU? Write us for further information.

SAMPLE 100-HOLE BOARD and price list POST FREE **2/3**

BURDON HUNTER,
Punchboard Specialist,
Dept. 46.J, Camomile St. Chambers,
London, E.C.3. TRADE SUPPLIED.

THIS IS THE BELT

which is being spoken of as the finest value for money. This belt has strong elastic gussets, leather protected unbreakable steels and simple fastening. Has a good "uplift," prevents Rupture and that "dragging-down" feeling. Thousands of these have been sold, with excellent results, and the price is for any size, 28in. to 40in., Ladies' or Gent's. Full list on request. **10/-** Postage 4d.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

THE LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY,
(Dept. B.17),
22, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.

EVERYONE A SCIENTIST

THIS POWERFUL POCKET MICROSCOPE

having all the power and definition of the more expensive instrument can be used for a myriad purposes. Indispensable for testing cotton, wool, wholesomeness of food and water, besides many interesting things such as examining crystals, animalcule in water, construction of insects, showing detail hitherto impossible without a first-class instrument. Requires no skill to use. Gives hours of interesting study. Made of brass, capable of magnifying 150 areas. Count the joints in microbic cheese animalcule. Complete with object glass, spring and full instructions.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS
(Dept. J.M.C.3.)
87, New Oxford St., W.C.1.

THE NEW 1934 ELECTOR S.G.3 "SUPER" BATTERY RECEIVER

DIRECT FROM THE DESIGNERS.

£5.5s. CASH or 10/- DOWN and 11 payments of 10/- or 2/6 weekly.

Carriage Paid Ready for Use.
MODERN DESIGN CABINET GETS 20 STATIONS ON INDOOR AERIAL.
SINGLE DIAL TUNING.
EXIDE ACCUMULATOR.
DRYDEX BATTERY.
AMPLION SPEAKER.
PICK-UP CONNECTIONS.

Write, 'Phone or Call.

ELECTOR LTD. (J.B.)
1, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1
Tele: Museum 9430.

CELESTION MOVING COIL MODEL 25/- EXTRA.

CAR INSURANCE for 9/9

BE ready for the first cold snap and protect your car against cracked cylinders and frozen radiator with 'Peter the Heater.' Gives instant starting in coldest weather. Better and cheaper than oil heaters absolutely safe, never needs re-filling. Hangs under bonnet or stands anywhere. Always ready for use. Consumes only one unit of electricity in 10 hours. Will give years of satisfaction. NICKEL MODEL 9/9; CHROMIUM 12/6.

Supplied by the best garages and electrical shops, or direct from manufacturers:

L. G. HAWKINS & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.),
30/35, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

REAL LEATHER GAUNTLETS

At a Fraction of the Original Cost, Real Leather Gauntlet Gloves, soft, supple quality, strongly made. Deep wide gauntlet Lined Warm Fleece. Length 14 ins. Fawn Shade. All sizes. Ladies or Gents. Usually 6/11.

SALE PRICE **2/11** Post 4d.

Real Sheepskin Mitt Gloves. Fully lined Natural Thick Sheepswool. Length 12 ins. All sizes. Ladies or Gents. Usually 7/6.

SALE PRICE **3/6**

Post 4d., on 2 pairs 6d. Send P.O. Now, or sent C.O.D. if preferred. Satisfaction or Money Back.

Bargain catalogue of Men's Wear sent free.
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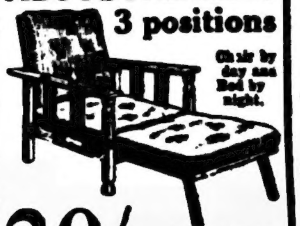
BED-CHAIR ADJUSTABLE to 3 positions



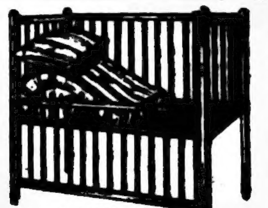
Chair by day and Bed by night.

20/- Useful in any home. Usually 30/6 each.

No. 169 C.—Width 24ins. Depth of Seat 22ins. Extends to 5ft. 3ins. Strongly built. Cushions covered good quality Brown Corduroy. A really useful piece of furniture.

Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

COT, MATTRESS, OVERLAY & PILLOW



A Bargain Unobtainable Elsewhere.

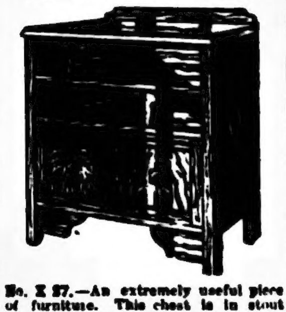
No. 218 BX.—Sturdy Cot superbly stained, polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress, well-filled overlay and pillow in strongly sewn covers. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot is easily fitted up or taken down. Mounted on castors. Size 4ft. long x 2ft. wide. Height about 2ft. 10 ins.

20/- COMPLETE.

Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

Useful OAK CHEST

With Drawers and Cupboard.

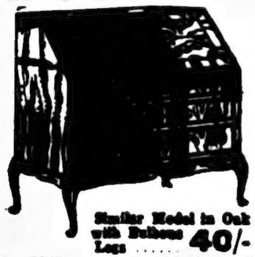


No. X 27.—An extremely useful piece of furniture. This chest is in stout selected grained Oak, finely made and finished, and fitted with three drawers and cupboard. Overall size 2 ft. 9 ins. high and 2ft. 5 ins. wide by 12 ins. deep. Outstanding value at the price.

20/-

Carriage 2/6 extra.

Walnut BUREAU



Similar Model in Oak with Bulbous Legs 40/-

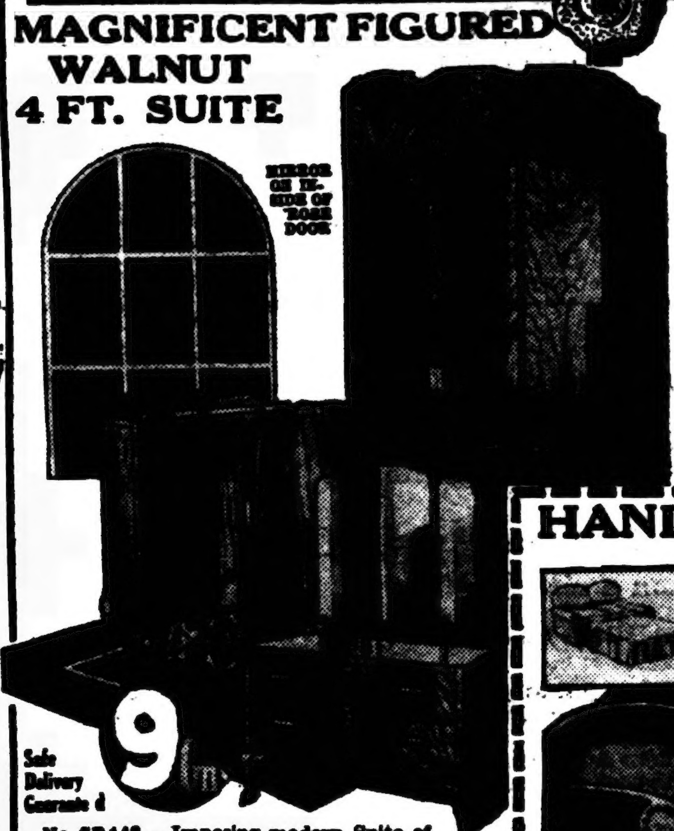
No. 2223. — A beautifully made BUREAU in nicely figured veneered Walnut, richly polished. Interior fitted for stationery, etc. Queen Anne Legs. Width 2ft. 6ins. Height 3ft. 3ins. Depth 16ins.

40/-

AN AMAZING BARGAIN AT THE PRICE. Usually Sold at £4.4.0.

Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

MAGNIFICENT FIGURED WALNUT 4 FT. SUITE



MIRROR ON INSIDE OF 'ROBE DOOR

Safe Delivery Guaranteed

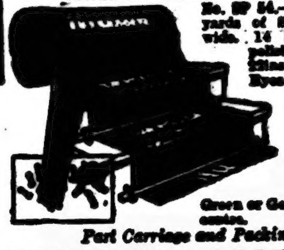
9

No. SP 148.—Imposing modern Suite of beautifully figured Walnut finished a rich biscuit tone. 4ft. Wardrobe, fitted shelf, hanger rail and hooks and large mirror inside door. Dressing Table has two spacious drawers and triple frameless mirrors. If desired, a spacious 3-drawer Chest can be had instead of the attractive millinery cupboard illustrated. Bedstead to match, £3.3.0.

Part Carriage and Packing 10/- extra

7½ yds. STAIR CARPET

COMPLETE WITH 14 RODS AND 28 EYES.

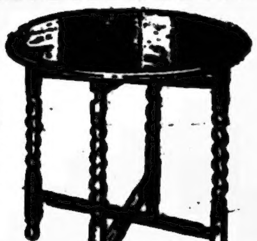


No. SP 54.—A Bargain Offer of 7½ yards of Stair Carpeting, 18ins. wide, 14 Solid Oak Stair Rods polished a rich brown shade, 22ins. long, and 28 Oxidised Eyes for

10/- complete. Carpeting available in Red, Blue, Green or Gold Border, with Mottled centre.

Part Carriage and Packing 1/9 extra.

OCCASIONAL TABLE in Oak



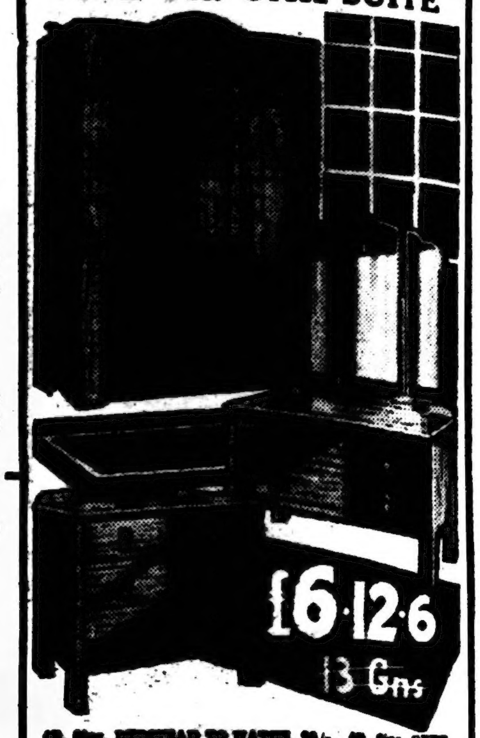
No. 282 CR.—For use as coffee, tea, card or smoker's table. The most serviceable table ever made. Soundly constructed Figured Solid Oak, with real twist legs. Finished rich Jacobean shade. Height 27½ ins. Width 24ins.

10/-

Also about 75 in square design top.

Part cost of Carr. and Packing 1/9 extra.

FINE 4 ft. OAK SUITE



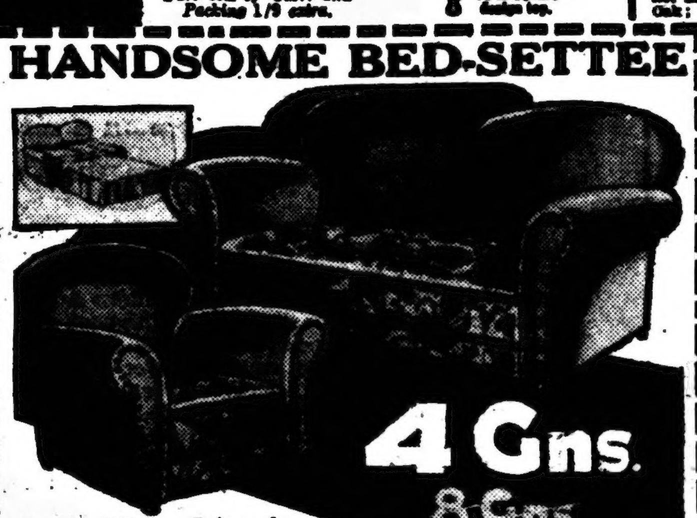
£6.12.6

13 Gns

[illegible] BEDSTEAD TO MATCH, 30/-. [illegible] OVERLAY MATTRESS, 20/-. [illegible] SPRING MATTRESS, 20/-. No. SP 170.—A beautifully made 4ft. SUITE in Figured Oak; perfectly finished in every detail and polished a rich medium brown. The Handsome 4ft. WARDROBE has plate mirror on inside of door and is fitted with hanger rail, shelf and hooks. The 3ft. 6ins. DRESSING TABLE has triple frameless mirrors and two large drawers. [illegible] CHEST.

Part Carr. and Packing 7/6 extra.

HANDSOME BED-SETTEE



4 Gns.

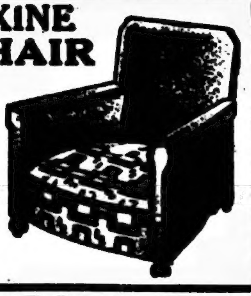
8 Gns

No. SP 182. — Extremely well-built Bed Settee Suite upholstered in finely-grained Rexine and a modern Velour seating in Brown, Fawn, or Blue. ALSO IN ALL DAMASK. Antique studding and amply padded backs and arms are additional refinements. The Settee is easily converted by a simple operation into a bed measuring 72ins. x 54ins. Settee £4.4.0. EASY CHAIRS, measuring 30ins. wide, Seat depth 22ins., £2.2.0 each.

3-PIECE SUITE COMPLETE **£8.8.0**

Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

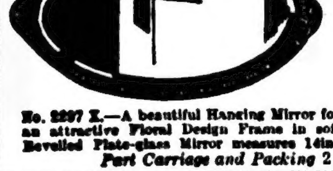
Luxurious REXINE EASY CHAIR



20/- *Part Carr. and Pkg. 2/6 extra.*

No. M.14. An attractive and very well made Easy Chair, perfectly upholstered with Rexine back and arms and hard-wearing floral Art Tapestry seat. Measures 20 in. between arms. Depth of seat 24 in. Astounding value. SETTEE TO MATCH 40/-.

Attractive BARBOLA Mirror



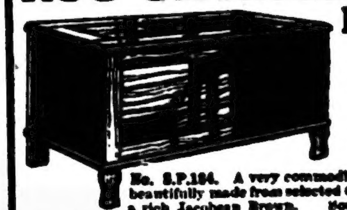
15/-

Also plain Bevelled Plate Glass OVAL MIRROR 10/- 75 Only

No. 2297 X.—A beautiful Hanging Mirror for the Bedroom, with an attractive Floral Design Frame in soft Pastel colourings. Bevelled Plate-glass Mirror measures 14ins. by 26ins.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

RUG OR HALL CHEST IN OAK

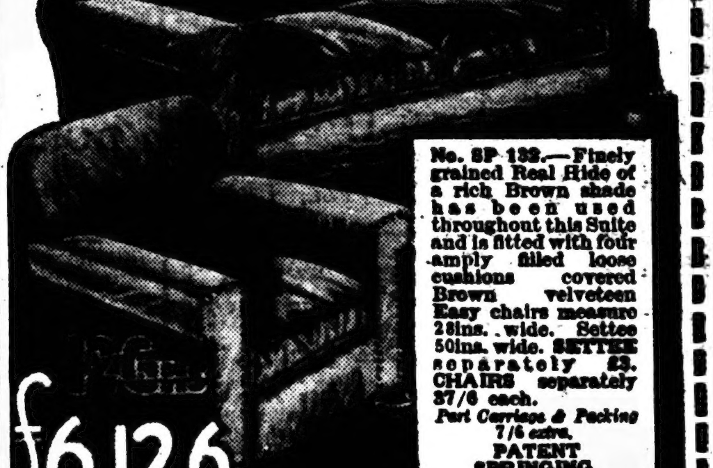


20/-

No. S.P.184. A very commodious Hall or Rug Chest, beautifully made from selected Oak, brilliantly finished a rich Jacobean Brown. Sound panelled construction, with shaped feet, and perfectly finished detail. Has a variety of uses. Measures 36 in. x 16 in. Height 21 in.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

REAL HIDE 3-PIECE SUITE



£6.12.6

No. SP 132.—Finely grained Real Hide of a rich Brown shade has been used throughout this Suite and is fitted with four amply filled loose cushions covered Brown velveteen. Easy chairs measure 28ins. wide. Settee 50ins. wide. SETTEE separately £3. CHAIRS separately 37/6 each.

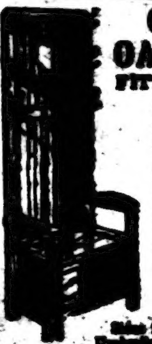
Part Carriage & Packing 7/6 extra.

PATENT SPRINGING.

FREE DELIVERY IN THE GREATER LONDON AREA

6 ft. FIGURED OAK HALLSTAND

FITTED MIRROR & HOOKS



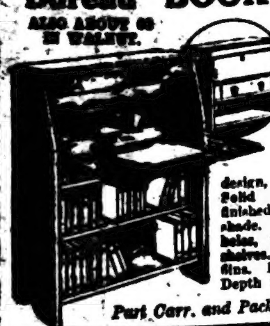
No. SP 34.—Well and strongly made of well-seasoned Oak, beautifully panelled. Latest Modern Design, fitted with oxidised hat and coat hooks, with commodious locker below, which also constitutes a convenient seat. Finished rich Jacobean. One of the biggest furnishing bargains ever offered. Height 72ins. Width 24ins. Depth 12ins. Usually 40/6.

Sides fitted with Umbrella Drip Pans. **20/-**

Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

Bureau BOOKCASE in OAK

ALSO ABOUT 60 IN WALNUT.



20/-

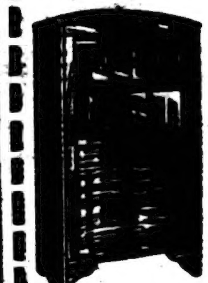
Usually 50/-.

No. C 315. —Handsome design, strongly made, Solid Figured Oak, finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeon-holes, drawer and two shelves. Width 2ft. 6ins. Height 3ft. 4ins. Depth 9ins.

Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.

BOOKCASE CABINET

WITH LEADED GLASS DOOR.



20/-

No. SP 47. This remarkable bargain is of finely grained Oak, beautifully polished. The interior is fitted with book-shelves enclosed by door which has upper part fitted with leaded glass panes. A furniture piece of beauty and utility at an outstandingly low price. Height 44ins. Width 24ins. Depth 9ins. Reduced from 40/-.

Part cost Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

58, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER

·BOLSOMS'·

60 OXFORD ST., W.1.

Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Close Saturday at 1 p.m.

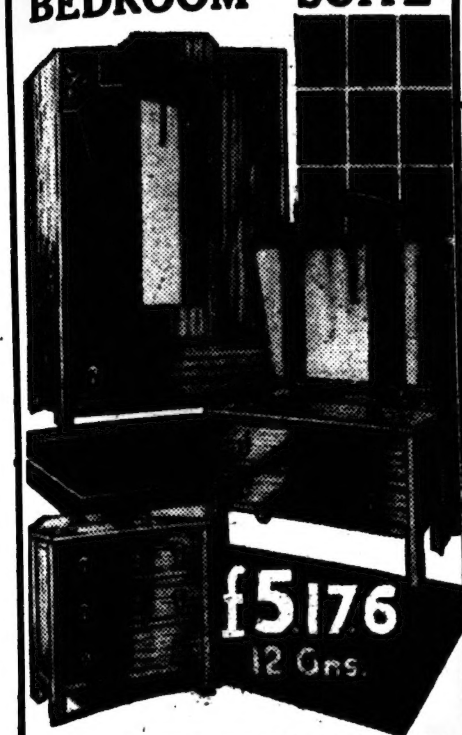
Smashing ALL OTHER Values & Prices!

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS

OUR 3 HUGE FACTORIES PRODUCE FOR YOU AT COST PRICES

CALL AT OUR EXTENSIVE SHOWROOMS

STURDY 3 ft. BEDROOM SUITE

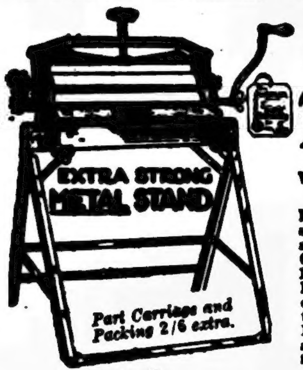


No. S.P.91. This soundly constructed 3 ft. Bedroom Suite of finest figured oak is a wonderful example of our supreme values. Extremely well finished throughout and polished a rich medium Brown. The 3 ft. Wardrobe has plate glass mirror and is fitted with sliding rail and hooks. Dressing Table 3 ft. wide, has triple plate glass mirrors. Dressing Chest has three spacious drawers.

Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.

Wardrobe Separately £3. Toilet Pair Separately £3. SPRING MATTRESS 20/-, OVERLAY SET 20/-. 4ft. 6in. OAK BEDSTEAD to match 2 /-

RUBBER ROLLER WRINGER & STAND


EXTRA STRONG METAL STAND
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

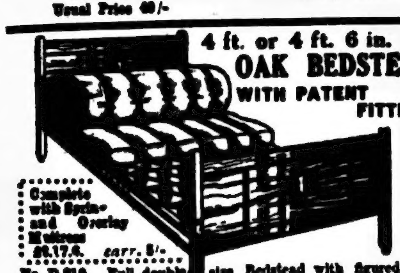
20/- COMPLETE.

WRINGER WITHOUT STAND 15/-

No. 9002. Of great strength and mechanical perfection. Guaranteed 5 Years. 16 in. RUBBER ROLLERS. 2 way clamps for either table or wash-tub. Double clothes slide and metal frame. Strong metal stand.

Usual Price 40/-

4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. OAK BEDSTEAD WITH PATENT FITTINGS



Complete with Spring and Overlay Mattress £2.17.6. carr. 5/-

No. D.210. Full double size Bedstead with figured Oak ends and strong "VONO" ironsides with patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean Brown. Size 6 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. 48-Coil Spring Mattress of the finest and most reliable manufacture 20/- extra. OVER-LAY Mattress 4 ft. or 4 ft. 4 in., 20/- extra. Carr. 2 - - - -.

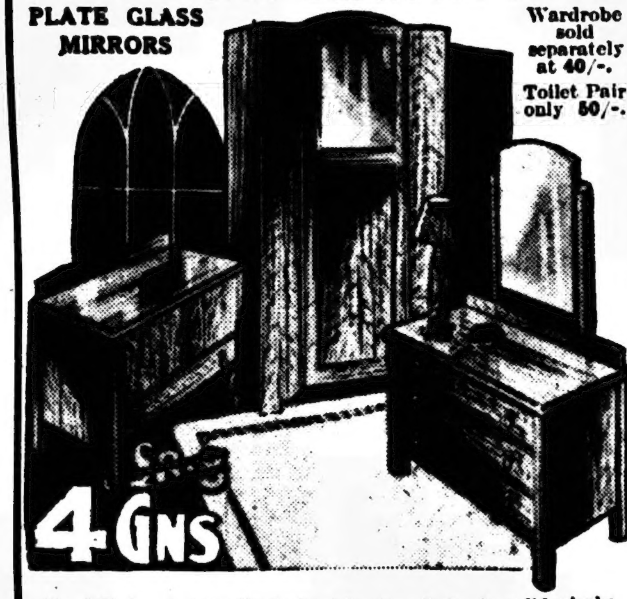
20/-

2 ft. 6 in. OAK BEDROOM SUITE

PLATE GLASS MIRRORS

Wardrobe sold separately at 40/-.

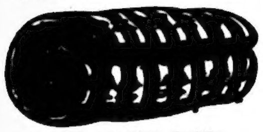
Toilet Pair only 50/-.



No. G.B. 1.—A soundly built 2 ft. 6 in. Suite in solid nicely grained Oak polished a rich medium Brown and well finished throughout. The Wardrobe is fitted with nickel-plated hanger rail and hooks, and stands 6 ft. high. The greatest value for money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.

MATTRESS 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in.



FILLED LINSEY FLOCK.

No. 808. Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high grade Linsey flock. Will give years of lasting and satisfactory service.

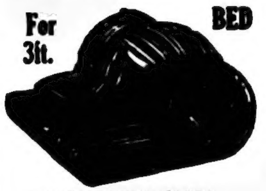
Usually 20/-

Part Cost Pkg. and Carr. 1/9 extra.

10/-

COMPLETE BEDDING SET

For 3ft. BED



WASHED LINSEY FLOCK.

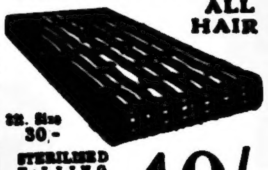
No. 795 CD. Single. Bed size. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick and hygienic Linsey flock filling. Usually 19/6.

Carriage 1/9 extra.

10/-

4ft. or 4ft. 6in. MATTRESS

ALL HAIR



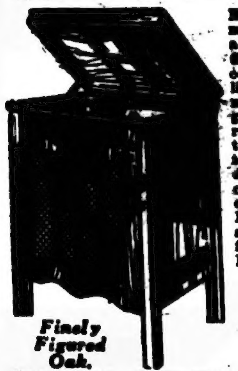
3ft. Size 30/-

STERILISED FILLING No. S.P. 167 Very Superior Mattress with good quality Sterilised ALL-HAIR Filling with piped edges. Strongly made to give years of comfortable Service with finest quality English striped ticking. 4ft. or 4ft. 6in size.

Part Carriage 2/- extra.

40/-

The "MERITONE" CONSOLETTE GRAMO.

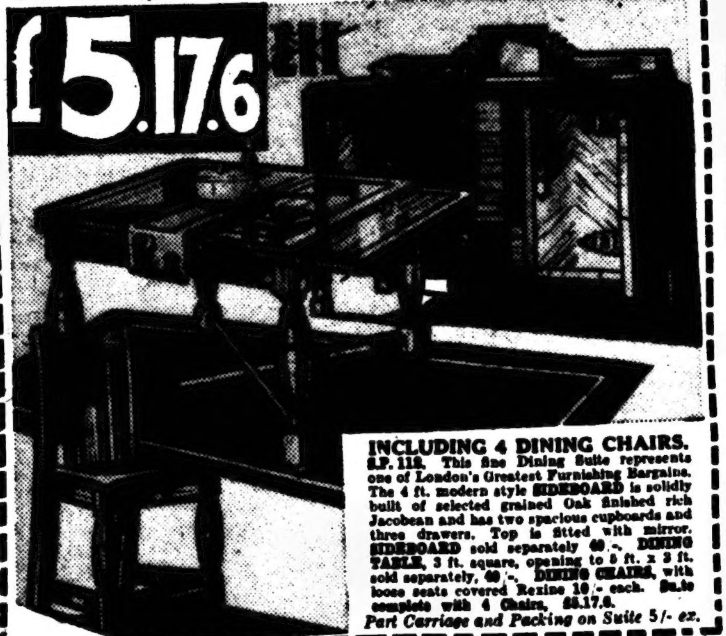

Finely Figured Oak.

No. S.P. 188 A Marvellous manufacturing achievement, a rich toned, consolette GRAMOPHONE, splendidly constructed throughout. Reliable Spring motor of good manufacture fitted with graduated stop and speed regulator and velvet covered turntable. Resonant rich-toned Sound-box with metal diaphragm, a spacious sound chamber covered with good quality Old Gold material. Receptacle below for Record storage. Sturdily built and finely finished in every detail. Height 32 in. Width 20, in.

40/-

USUALLY 84/-.

MODERN OAK DINING SUITE

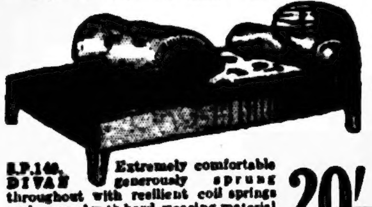


INCLUDING 4 DINING CHAIRS.

S.P. 112. This fine Dining Suite represents one of London's Greatest Furnishing Bargains. The 4 ft. modern style SIDEBOARD is solidly built of selected grained Oak finished rich Jacobean and has two spacious cupboards and three drawers. Top is fitted with mirror. SIDEBOARD sold separately 60/-. DINING TABLE, 3 ft. square, opening to 5 ft. x 3 ft. sold separately, 40/-. DINING CHAIRS, with loose seats covered Rexine 10/- each. Suite complete with 4 Chairs, £5.17.6.

Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 5/- ex.

2 ft. 6 in. Wide DIVAN



S.P.140. DIVAN Extremely comfortable generously sprung throughout with resilient coil springs and covered with hard-wearing material in Blue, Rose, Gold or Green. Sturdily built with a well-seasoned frame and stuffed with layer of Linsey flock and fibre. Length 6ft., width 2 ft. 6 in. Usually 45/-. Divan with Head Rest only 27/6. Well-filled comfortable OVERLAY and Bolster covered hard-wearing Repp and Headboard, 20/- extra. COMPLETE WITH OVERLAY, BOLSTER AND HEADREST 40/-.

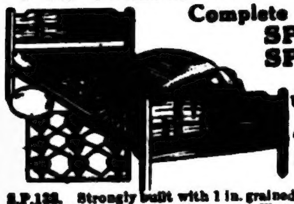
Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.

6 ft. x 3 ft. size 25/-. COMPLETE 50/-.

20/-

3 ft. COMBINATION BED

Complete with SPIRAL SPRING

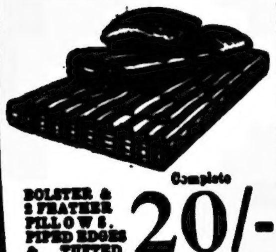


Usually 40/-.

20/-

S.P.133. Strongly built with 1 in. grained Oak Panels, fitted with Spiral Spring Mattress. Flock filled MATTRESS, BOLSTER and PILLOW, in best English Ticking, 10/- extra. An Amazing Bargain. With Bedding 30/-. *Part Carr. and Packing 2/6 extra.*

4ft. or 4ft. 6in. BED SET



Complete

BOLSTER & 2 FEATHER PILLOWS. PIPED EDGES & TUFTED.

20/-

S.P.165. Bargain offer of quality bedding. Comfortable Mattress tufted with piped edges, generously filled hygienic red rugging. Size 4ft. or 4ft. 6in. Bolster to match amply filled purified Mill-puff and two soft feather-filled Pillows. All covered good quality Striped Ticking.

Part Carriage and Packing 2/- extra.

ART TAPESTRY COVERING

The "GROSVENOR" 3-PIECE

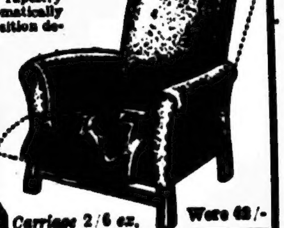
No. S.P 174.—From frame to covering only the finest materials have been used. The interior stuffing and springing has been scientifically distributed to give an extreme of luxurious comfort such as only the finest craftsmanship can attain, extra deep seating which is supported by rows of resilient coil springs. Note the very serviceable artistic modern tapestry in a combination of Fawns, Brown, Old Gold and Blue, with Silk Repp fronts to the massively padded arms. Covered in a lifetime's service. Patent method of springing ensures a lifetime's service. A magnificent Suite in both design and craftsmanship—at a price made possible only by buying direct from the Manufacturer. SETTEE 60 in. wide overall. EASY CHAIRS 42/- each. EASY CHAIR 33 in. wide overall. SETTEE sold separately 63/-.

Part Carriage and Packing on Suite 7/6 extra.

ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

AUTOMATIC ACTION.

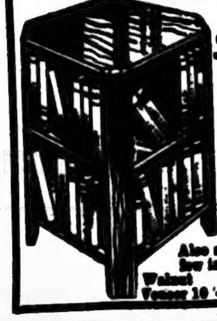
No. S.P.187. High-back Chair. Back and arms covered in Hide effect Rexine with Floral Pattern Tapestry seat. Seat and back automatically adjust themselves to the position desired, as illustrated. Height 36 in., width 23 in., depth of seat 19 in., height of back from seat 28 in.



20/-

Carriage 2/6 ex. Were 42/-

BOOK-TABLE in Oak



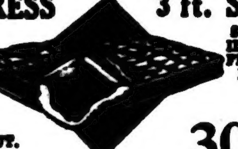
S.P.29X. Latest modern design. Soundly constructed of Figured Oak, with highly polished table top. Two large shelves provide ample space for books. Hgt. 24in. Top 15 in. square. Usually 19/6

Also a few in Walnut Veneer 10/-.

10/-

Part cost of Pack. and Carr. 1/9 extra.

Coil-Spring MATTRESS 3 ft. Size



STERILISED FILLINGS.

RESILIENT COIL SPRINGS THROUGHOUT.

30/-

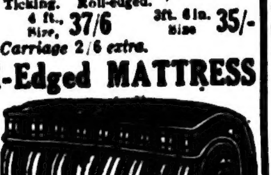
S.P.40. Packed with super-resilient coil springs and generously upholstered with fibre and sterilised Linsey flock. Covered in superior quality Blue or Red Striped Ticking. Roll-edged.

4ft. 6in. Size, 40/-	4 ft., Size, 37/6	3ft. 6in. Size 35/-

Part Carriage 2/6 extra.

3 ft. Roll-Edged MATTRESS

12/6



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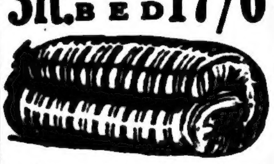

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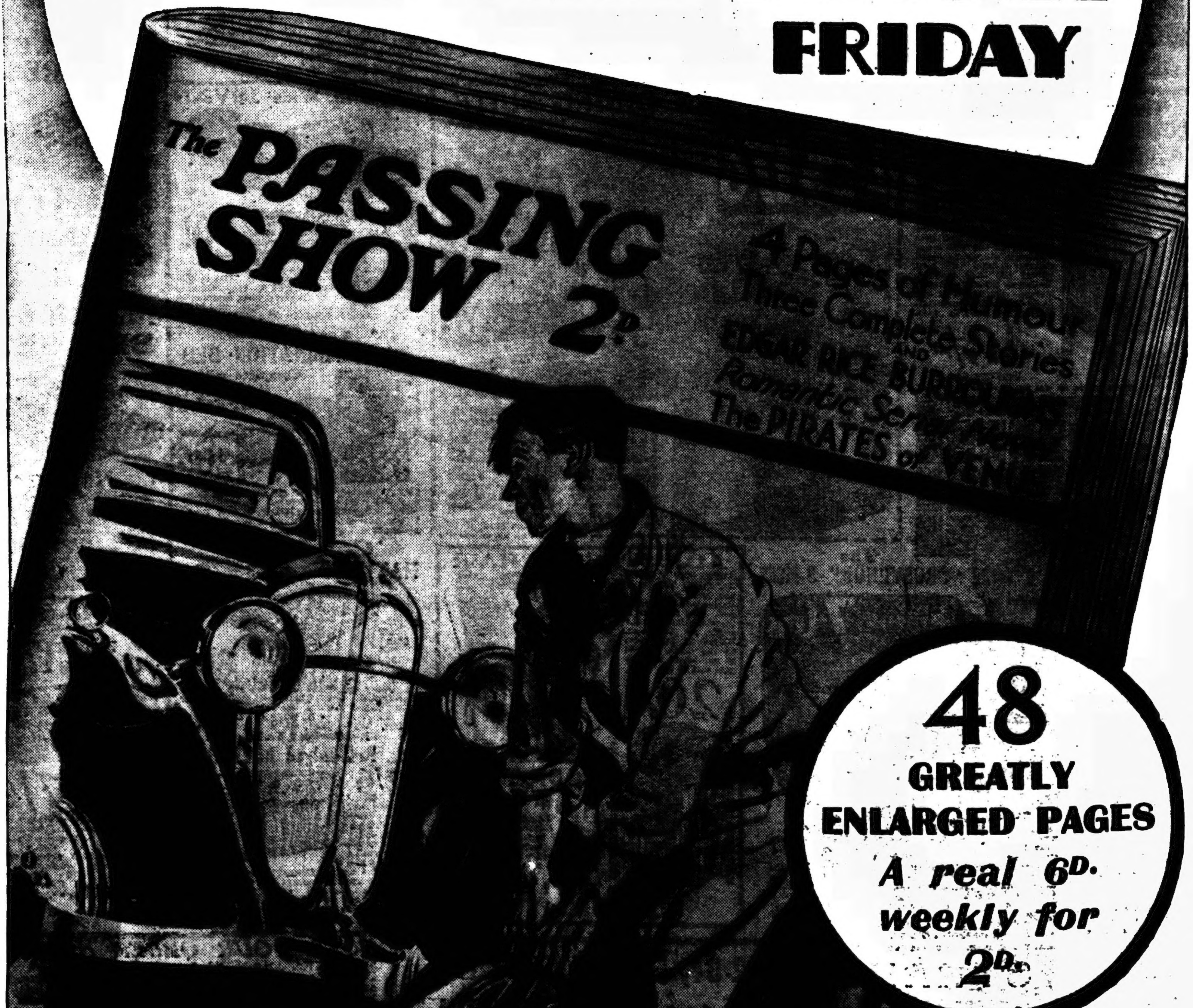
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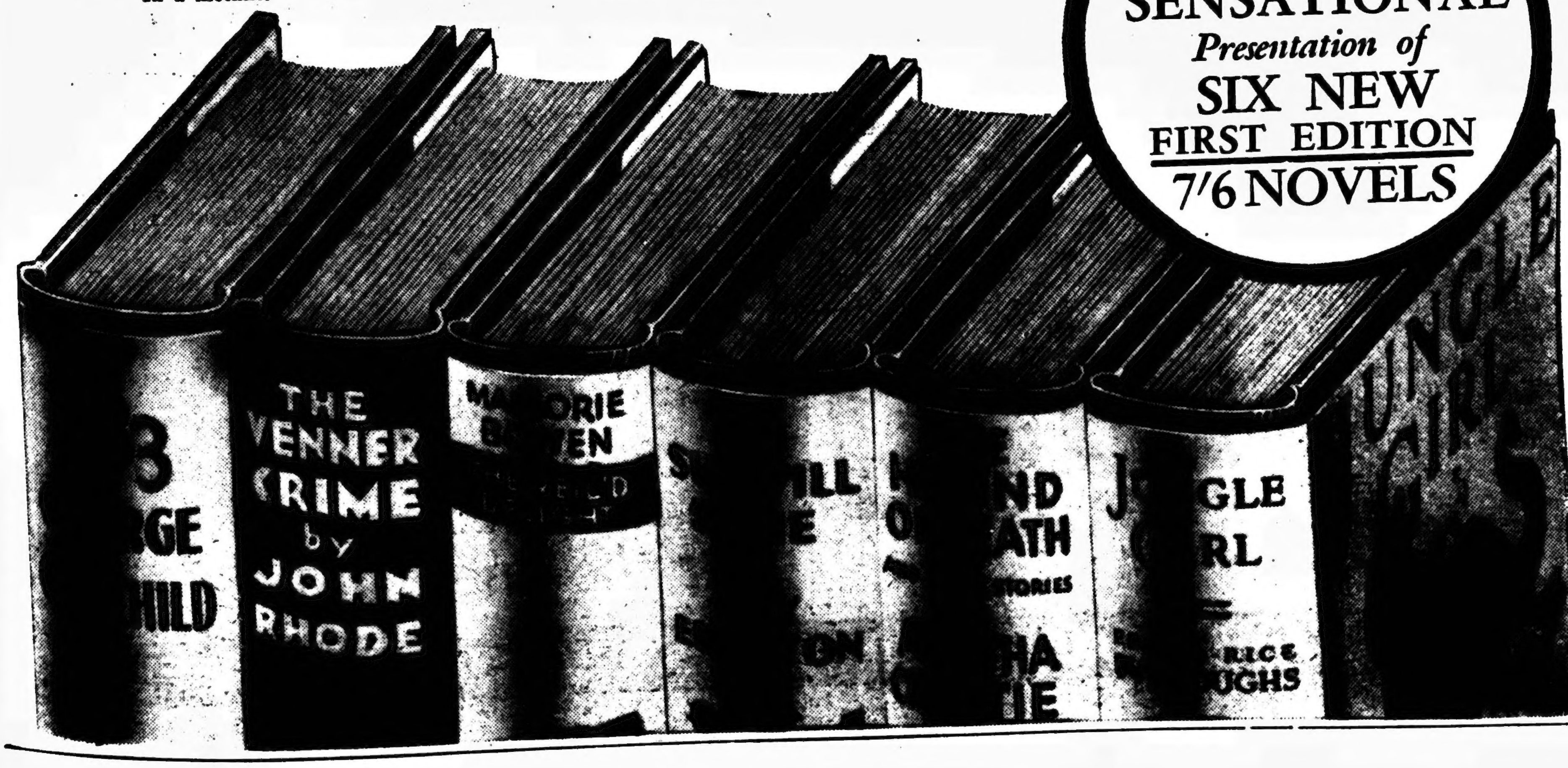
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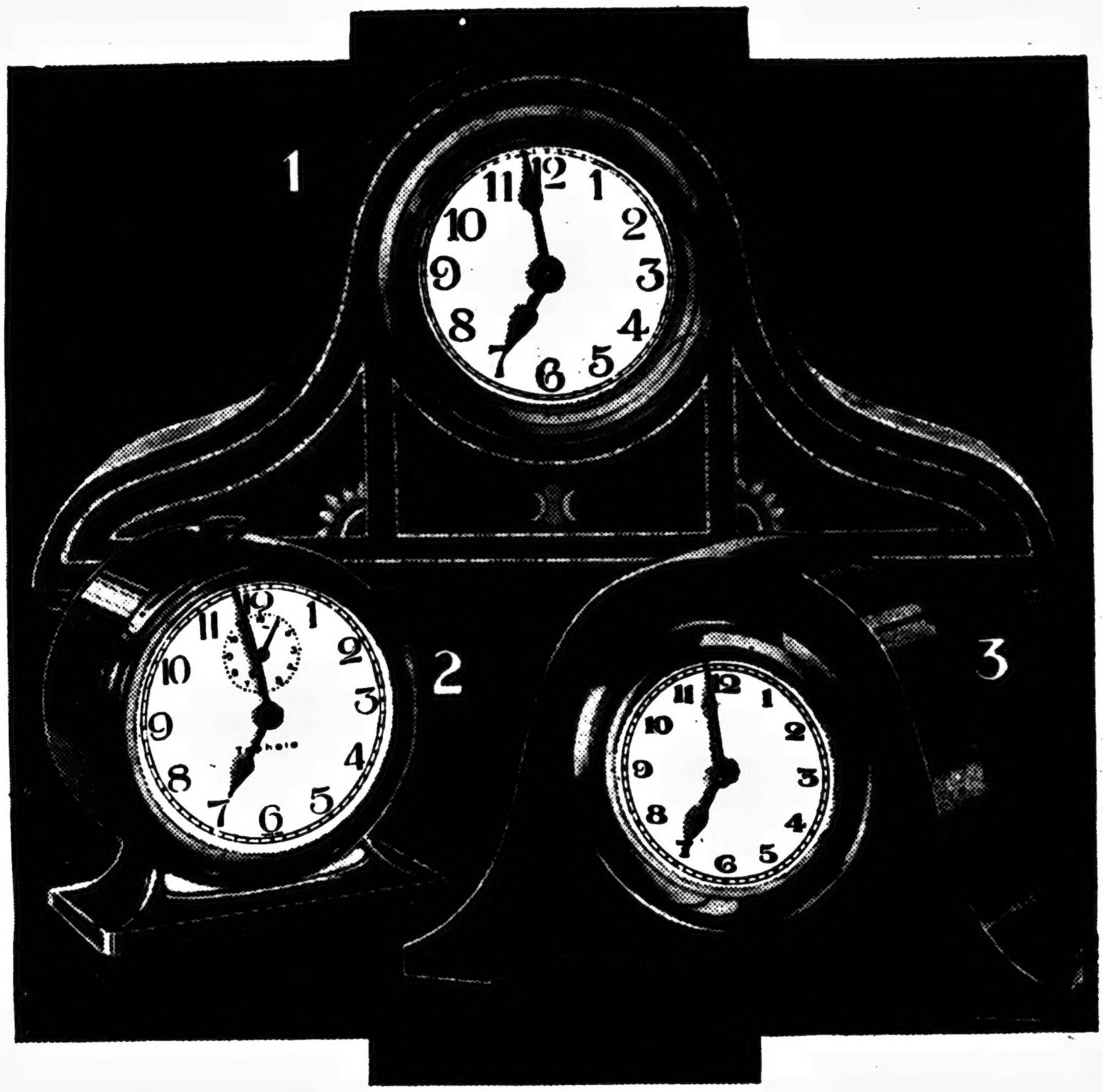

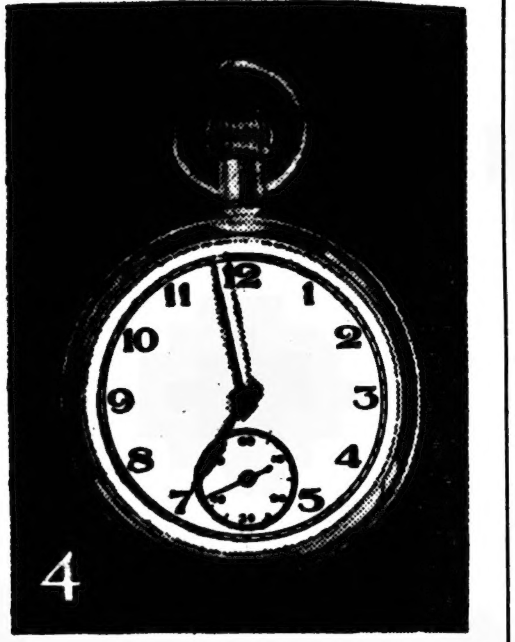

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Scandal of Hidden Incomes

Catch the BIG Tax Dodgers!

IT will come as a big shock to hosts of small taxpayers to know that while their pockets have once again been emptied to the last penny during these past few weeks, many who can count themselves millionaires have entirely escaped taxation on a large part of their incomes.

Two years have passed since the Emergency Budget of the autumn of 1931 roped into the income-tax net for the first time hundreds of thousands of wage-earning and small-salaried breadwinners.

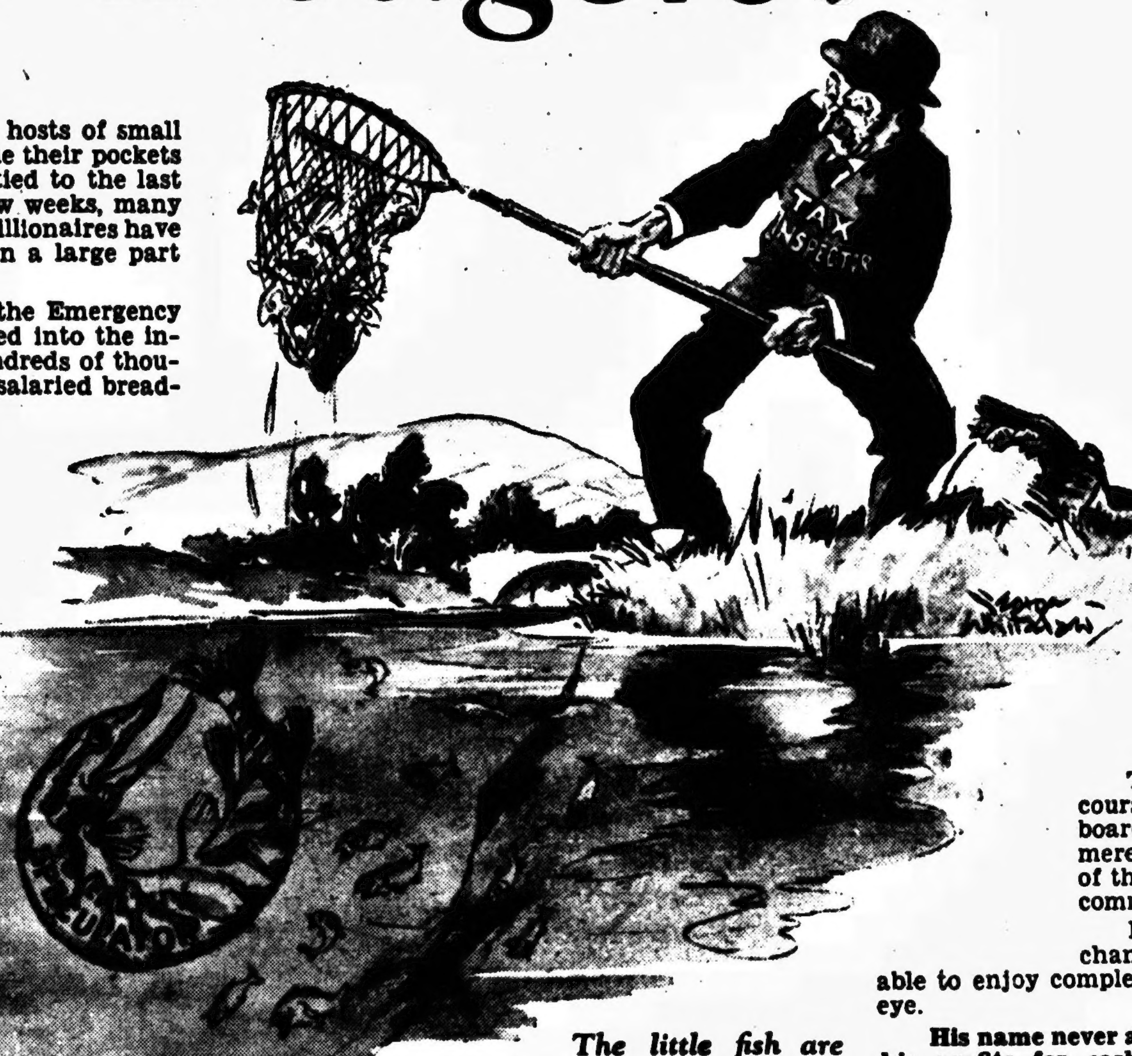
A grave hardship was inflicted—all the more regrettable since it is now evident that a large proportion of the tax collected from these extra taxpayers has been frittered away in the cost of collection.

So much so, that many Inland Revenue officials are so sick and tired of the whole affair that they would welcome any adjustment of income-tax reliefs that would wipe the smaller taxpayers off the assessment books.

Even so, the difficulties of the collector have been infinitesimal compared with those of this class of taxpayer.

We can quote hundreds of heart-rending cases where payment has been impossible and distraint levied. Yet the fact remains that the small man has loyally paid up whenever he could.

We think that the time has come to give him much-needed relief, and that the income-tax assessor would be much better employed if he turned his attention to the well-to-do speculator who has, up to the present, been allowed to go scot free in the matter of income-tax.



The little fish are caught, but the big one just puts his tail to his nose and swims away

Without Fear or Favour

THE tax gatherers have recently been given the necessary legal authority to deal with speculation profits. So let them get on with the job. As a result of a decision given by Mr. Justice Finlay in the King's Bench Division, anyone who makes profits out of speculative deals is liable to income-tax.

There is little doubt that gigantic profits have been made since the war by those "in the know" out of various deals on the Stock Exchange and in the commodity and foreign exchange markets.

And we see no reason whatever why the man who makes money by exploiting his and other people's knowledge of market conditions should not pay tax on his profits any more than the man-in-the-street on his wages or salary.

We say that every effort ought to be made to bring those to book who regularly and systematically speculate with the sole object of lining their own pockets, irrespective of the effect of their dealings on the markets or on prices generally.

Up to the recent decision in the courts, it was only where it could be proved that a regular livelihood was being made out of speculation, or where a regular business was known to be carried on in deals of this nature, that the profits were brought into line of income-tax assessment.

The Inland Revenue officials cannot now ignore the lead given by the courts.

This is no case for half measures. Although the years of Depression may not yield any appreciable amount of additional revenue to the Exchequer, the years from 1919 until the big slump set in need probing to the very roots.

It is no good merely examining those cases where suspicion exists, and it would be a waste of public money to rely upon the ordinary routine system of investigation. It is usual to call for bank pass-books, and to insist on explanations of items paid into a bank which are outside the ordinary run of business.

WHAT the officials must realise is that the great bulk of these speculation profits have *never been banked.* If they had been the speculators might have been found out.

Let the Inland Revenue make a start by conducting a complete examination of the books of the *nominee companies* of the big banks.

All the big banks have separate nominee companies which are daily concerned in buying and selling shares and commodities on behalf of *undisclosed customers.* They are to be found as the potential owners of scrip and paper contracts in nearly every market. Shares, metal, wool, cotton and produce are all dealt in frequently, and no one ever knows who is behind the transaction because no name ever appears except that of the bank.

These transactions are, of course, in themselves quite above board, for the bank nominees merely act as agents for certain of their customers in return for a commission or brokerage.

But by dealing through this channel the wealthy speculator is able to enjoy complete immunity from the public eye.

His name never appears—he can easily realise his profits for cash, so that they never need appear in his pass-book, or for that matter in any books which the Inland Revenue may call for. And he never pays a penny income-tax on his gains.

Nor is it always necessary to deal through a bank in order to disguise a speculation. The same result can be obtained through an ordinary broker, where the profits are disposed of for cash or re-invested in a further deal.

The tax inspector may find difficulty here, for he cannot examine every broker's books. But we can tell him that the difficulty is not insuperable.

IF it were compulsory for the taxpayer to furnish him with a broker's certificate of payments made and moneys retained on speculative dealings during the year, sufficient information would be gained to put the machinery of collection in force.

The matter is one for the immediate attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Let him commence an intensive drive in workmanlike fashion, and the result will be that thousands of additional income-tax and surtax assessments will be raised.

That the amount of arrears of tax involved is staggering, that big business men from all over the country, and even politicians of the highest standing, would have to face the music, are admitted facts.

What is even more certain is that, if the big speculator pays, at long last relief could be given to the small taxpayer.

If the ingenuity of the Treasury experts is insufficient to circumvent the wiles of the speculator tax-evader, then the next Finance Act must deal with the matter once and for all.

We say that the Finance Acts must be proof against the big income-tax evader, and strong enough to make him pay.

R 101 Memorial Disgrace: Cruel Rebuff to Bereaved

A Wicked Charity Eviction

Neville's Bad Blunder

The pomp and panoply were there—but not the poor bereaved relatives

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

IT is a long time since we have disclosed a more heartless and disgraceful blunder of officialdom than that which concerns the unveiling the other day of the memorial at Beauvais, in Northern France, to the victims of the *R101* disaster.

The facts which we are able to reveal speak for themselves. They are both an indictment of the Government and of the extraordinary methods of brass-hat officialdom.

Hollow words

At the unveiling of the memorial, fine words were spoken about the fate of pioneers and the rewards of heroes.

This oratory must have rung hollow to those who knew that relatives of the dead men were unable to be present because the Government had refused to assist them to travel to Beauvais.

The cost of the journey was only about £3, but even that was beyond the means of some who lost their nearest and dearest.

Stingy

That shabbiness followed the scandal of the miserable pensions paid to the dependents of the men who died, the dilly-dallying about the British memorial at Cardington, and other unhappy incidents.

If "economy" was all-important, why didn't the Government cut down the number of high officials who attended the Beauvais ceremony at the public expense?

Surely it would have been more fitting if there had been less pomp and at least one representative present from each bereaved family!

Money for some

But no! There must be all sorts of officials present. There must be aeroplanes circling overhead. There must be soldiers. There must be ceremony and speeches.

The cost of all that could be met from public funds. But no money could be spared to take the relatives of the dead men to witness it.

We know the public will be shocked by these disclosures. We know Whitehall will be annoyed. And we can only hope that never again will this heartless gesture of a pompous officialdom be repeated.

Think again, Neville!

We fear the Government is more intent on helping land speculators to make huge profits than in making unused land provide food and work.

For Mr. Neville Chamberlain is now preparing a clause for his next Budget that will strike the land values taxation off the Statute Book and so give the speculators a clearer run than ever.

We should prefer to see unemployed men being settled on the land. So would everyone else—except the Government and the profiteers.

Warped humour

The mandarins of Whitehall have found a new joke.

Mr. John Jeffrey, recently of the Scottish Department of Health, has been appointed to a higher post, and he has had the rubber stamps bearing his name collected from his old office and passed on for use in his new department. Whitehall thinks this little way of saving money very funny.

Probably Whitehall thought it very funny to save money on education grants, unemployment benefit and housing.

Keen competition

But we doubt if officialdom's little jokes are relished by a certain young man who heard that if he passed an examination he would be able to get a position as assistant inspector of taxes.

After being coached, he paid a fee of seven guineas and sat for the "exam"—with 5,000 other young men. And there were only thirty vacancies!

Five thousand easy seven guineas may be good business, but those young men ought to be told before they pay that there's little hope of getting anything in return.

Now comes the joke—the twelve top men took honours in Greek and Roman Law.

Sweet charity!

Here's another funny thing. Joseph Charles, an out-of-work Edmonton man, has been ordered to quit his house because he owes £2 rent.

His landlords, who are associated with a missionary body, said in court that they run their houses on "philanthropic lines," whereupon Charles burst out laughing.

It must have been bitter laughter, but the judge had no option but to make the order, though he sympathised with the man.

Charity, charity, what things are done in thy name!

Bitter existence

Then, at Willesden, the magistrate asked a woman how she lived. "Just by the ticket, sir," she replied. "Pawn one day and food ticket from the Poor Law the next."

We could make a dozen comments on the system responsible for such stark, dreadful tragedy. But not one would be printable.

Another danger zone

The other day a piece of high-explosive shell, weighing more than two pounds, fell near people standing on the west pier at Watchet, Somerset. Some time before a fragment fell near men working on the East Pier, another piece was found on the recreation ground.

The local council is complaining that gunners on the anti-aircraft range are not keeping to the official line of fire. Well, what is the War Office going to do about it?

Wait until another young girl is killed in a rowing-boat?

So near and yet—

Another thing that angered us was the lack of consideration shown to the troops who, having served two years in Bermuda, are now going to Egypt for another four.

Though their transport put in at Southampton they were not allowed a short leave to visit their homes. Instead, "facilities were given for their relatives to see them."

How many of these men's relatives could afford to travel to Southampton?

The Army way

Of course it was wrong of Lieut. Thomas Clarke, of the Royal Artillery, to spend his leave in Russia, although refused to permission to do so. For which he has been sentenced to lose a year's seniority.

But why was he refused permission? Do the brass-hats think we are still at war with Russia and the lieutenant guilty of "fraternising with the enemy"?

That seems the only possible explanation of their wholly stupid attitude.

Keeping it dark

Stupid, too, was the rebuke administered to Mr. J. B. Priestley, the novelist, by the Mayor of Middlesbrough.

The Mayor thinks Mr. Priestley should know better than to criticise industrial towns.

Rubbish! Had they been criticised strongly when in the making, there would be fewer housing problems to tackle and shameful conditions to clean up now.

Rowdy football

There have been some ugly football incidents lately, even in first-class matches, and we hope offenders will be warned by the case of Joseph Pearman.

In the midst of a Junior League match at Southampton he knocked the referee unconscious (and may have permanently injured him) because he was admonished.

We hope he finds no place in future on the football field, and we trust he is finding his month's hard labour really hard.

Rotten

One miner lost his life, another an eye and a third was crippled through the collapse of some timber at the Garswood Hall Collieries, Lancashire.

Yet had it been the duty of a single official to give that timber more than a casual inspection the disaster could have been averted, for it was rotten with age.

A coroner's jury found a verdict of Misadventure. We think it ought to have been more severe. And we hope the Ministry of Mines, for the sake of all miners, will overhaul the official regulations.

Luxury for ladies

Would you spend £408 in furnishing a single room?

Of course you wouldn't, but a ladies' retiring room at the Stoke-on-Trent Town Hall is going to cost that sum. When Alderman Leason raised the matter at the City Council he was blandly informed that the contract was signed and sealed.

Now, how many of the women who will have to pay for that room will ever have a chance of retiring to it?

The searchlight moves

Fortunately, our campaign against muddle in local affairs goes from success to success.

Bridgend is asking the Ministry of Health for a public enquiry into charges of corruption and bribery made against councillors and officials. An Abertillery teacher who alleged that a recent school appointment was 'bought with beer" is to be questioned in public.

Whether such charges are false or true, they call for searching investigation.

Mr. Charles Deakin

In September of last year we published an article concerning the Piccadilly Fun Fair and Mr. Charles Deakin, who is responsible for its management.

We have since ascertained that we were misinformed and that there was no justification for our criticism of his management of the Piccadilly Fun Fair.

In these circumstances, we unhesitatingly withdraw any imputation upon Mr Deakin and take this opportunity of expressing to him our sincere regret.

Thoughtless demand

The bereaved parents of Leslie Charles Cattell, who died of tetanus following teeth extraction at the Highgate Newtown Dental Clinic, complain that shortly after the boy's death an inspector called to demand fees for the extraction.

Surely the authorities should be more considerate than this case suggests?

Strange modesty

We have often said that motorists are unduly mulcted in fines in order to swell the police purse. But here is an amazingly different story:

When Lord Tollemache was summoned at Huntingdon, the police said he had paid nearly £50 in fines during the last five years and nearly treble that amount since his first motoring offence in 1905.

Fining him £1 for ignoring a traffic signal, the Bench remarked that Lord Tollemache had certainly helped the police revenue—so they would therefore be modest in this fine!

What it means

The Bench must have been jesting, or perhaps didn't realise the implication of that remark.

For it means that a man who had often been fined for cruelty to animals might be excused a further offence as he had helped the police revenue. It means that a footpad who knocked down a young girl might be let off as he had previously been fined for assault.

It means—oh, a lot of things like that. So let us hope the Huntingdon Bench was just exercising its humour.

Just crazy

The latest silly test for drunkenness is to make a suspect spell "Ramsay MacDonald." A motorist fined at the Mansion House failed to pass this test and was therefore declared to be drunk.

After such tongue-twisters as "parallelopipedon" and "Nebuchadnezzar," the Premier's name seems an easy one.

But some people can't spell quite simple words. Are we to presume they are perpetually drunk?

Clever impudence

We see that fifty investors are wanted to subscribe £1 or more for a dog-racing concern, and they are offered 50 per cent interest, plus a weekly bonus.

The advertiser is a certain "Mack," who conceals his identity under cloak of an agency in Acre Lane, Brixton, London.

No doubt he is clever, but it is surprising he should break the law by offering shares to the public in either an unnamed or an unregistered concern.

Remember October 21

Write that figure 21 on your memory. Our "Bullets" Contest has just reached the age of 21. We celebrate the great event on pages 46 and 47, with 21 Giant Prizes—and the Contest closes on October 21.

You must not miss this record opportunity to win your choice of either £10 a week for life with £1,000 cash—or £4,000 plus £2 weekly for life. So remember 21!

The 40,000 Young Sinners

—and the SIN against Them

By the Earl of Feversham

Lord Feversham, in this exclusive interview with JOHN BULL, speaks as the foremost authority on the problem of Britain's young delinquents.

He devotes his life to their reclamation, visits their homes, plays football and cricket with them in suburban playgrounds. He is a Justice of the Peace, and has himself been a Probation Officer.

IT is a startling fact that twenty-four per cent. of the country's crime is committed by juveniles.

Startling, too, that normally 40,000 boys and girls under twenty-one are annually found guilty of criminal offences prompted by poverty, by vanity, by high spirits, by unhappy homes, by lack of supervision in adolescence, but only rarely by innate badness or from choice.

An eminent judge estimated the other day that every prisoner in preventive detention costs the State £240 a year. There were at that time 300 youths in Wandsworth Prison. And because twenty per cent. of youthful prisoners tend to become habitual offenders, they are likely to commit the State to continuing charges of approximately £10,000 a year.

This in only one prison.

Among the country's 40,000 young offenders there are many who with care and attention in the early stages, usually during adolescence, might have become assets to the State instead of burdens.

Fundamentally, unemployment is today the prime cause of juvenile crime. A boy or girl leaves school with hope, filled with a desire to work and succeed and enjoy the luxuries that money can buy. Follow two or three years of idleness, waning hopes, growing embitterment; then an offence that leads to court—and a good citizen is lost.

The situation today is serious. Statistics indicate that until 1937 or 1938 there will be an increasing rise in juvenile unemployment, hence a greater volume of youthful crime.

If we continue to recruit our criminal ranks from Britain's youth at the rate of 40,000 a year, half a million parents of the next generation will have been through the police courts before they reach their twenty-first birthday. Clearly it is time the State set about solving its juvenile crime problem with a will.

But because the State cannot find work for them, other solutions must be found. After years of work among these boys and girls, I see the best hope in an extension and development of the Probation system.

Probation implies, first, an individual enquiry into every first juvenile offence, an analysis of all circumstances underlying the offence, and personal treatment of each offender.

This is opposed to the dying system of mass treatment, under which a bad boy was a bad boy and there was an end to it. But progress is too slow for the rapidly developing situation. Custom dies hard. Magistrates, many of them, still cling to the old theories.

Let us ask ourselves whether by clinging to old methods of "reform" Society is not sinning against the young sinners; whether they are not more sinned against than sinning.

Here is an example. A boy was recently before a juvenile court for some trivial delinquency. His mother told the magistrate the old, old story that they could "do nothing with the lad at home."

But the magistrate had inelastic theories about parental control. It was a father's duty to control his children. The magistrate was a humanitarian; instead of punishing the boy, he sent him home to be treated by the father.

The boy went back to a home he hated, to poverty, squalor. He was "treated" in that home and that evening he stabbed his father.

Here is one of the many cases where inelastic treatment caused a crime. It is a fallacy that parental control is invariably the best. *There are parents who unwittingly drive children to crime as surely as Fagin drove his whelps to thieving.*

Under proper probationary supervision that boy would not have been sent home alone to the tender mercies of a stupid parent. Investigations would have shown the evils of the home life; more enlightened treatment might have spared the loss of a good potential citizen and prevented the commission of a crime.

Another cause of crime may be traced indirectly to the juvenile employment exchanges.

A child delinquent behind the gates of an industrial institution

OFFICIALS are seldom psychologists, and boys seldom know their own tastes or capabilities in the realms of work. During the stress of acute unemployment the boy has to be passed out to the first chance of work that offers. Often it is work to which he is unsuited physically and temperamentally. He hates it; and hatred breeds crime.

Another link that needs to be strengthened is in the field-service of either paid or voluntary officers to follow up boys and girls of working age who, after leaving school and being placed in touch with one of the many social clubs, drift out of touch and sink back into the slum from which they were on the way to be lifted.

Social workers state that insufficient variety of interest is offered by many otherwise excellent clubs. Like peas in a pod, boys and girls may seem to be very much alike; but they vary considerably under the microscope. The boy whose attention cannot be held by what is offered in the club soon drifts away. Without work, without sufficient real recreation, Satan soon finds work for his idle hands.

This lack of the facilities for recreation constitutes a fruitful cause of youthful crime. Recreational clubs must be increased and improved, and recreational opportunities increased.

These clubs, which hold many a boy from delinquency, must be better developed and must offer wider interests.

By clubs I do not mean "institutions." Except as a last resource, a boy should not be sent to an institution. Here, too, the factor of cost again enters our problem. The cost of keeping a boy or girl at an institution for three years is approximately £250; whereas the cost of giving him adequate probationary attention for the same period is about £24.

I believe that every step should be taken to avoid unnecessarily incurring the heavier cost where probation can eliminate it.

Another of the causes of juvenile crime is vanity, a normal and necessary attribute of youth not to be condemned.

Trivial wounds to youthful vanity drive a boy in the wrong direction. Because his family is unemployed he is forced one day to emerge with gaping boots or holes in his trousers. He is sensitive, avoids his club, drifts, falls.

Failure to satisfy vanity, owing to unemployment and consequent lack of money, is the cause of much youthful backsliding. Most youths possess a touch of the braggart in them. They like to show off among their friends, distribute favours, display possessions. If vanity is strong and unemployment deprives a youth of its means of satisfaction, then vanity often drives him to theft.

For similar reasons vanity also leads girls into delinquency. Passing adolescence, the normal girl desires the things that beautify. From many sources she learns the pleasures of luxury; her desire for the means of beautifying herself is stimulated. Vanity drives . . . and wages, assuming their existence, do not keep pace with the rapidly increasing need for expenditure in a girl developing to womanhood.

I have indicated some of the means by which juvenile crime may be checked. But if the nation is to conquer the growing menace, it is imperative to emphasise the significance of just that one fact —that unless preventive measures are improved, at least half a million boys and girls now playing in streets and parks will pass through the police courts in the next few years.

WE don't need sentimentality. We need preventive measures through a vast development of the probation system. We need many more probation officers, men and women of wide sympathy and understanding, trained in the art of understanding boys and girls, and expert in unravelling the problems of delinquent personalities.

These officers develop a high degree of skill in winning the confidence of their charges and enthusing into them the will to strive after better ideals.

To check this wave of crime we must strengthen the constructive method of treatment under which the offender, or even the prospective offender, is supervised and disciplined in his own home without breaking his employment—if he has any—without expensive institutional treatment, and without the stigma of imprisonment.

That is, in general terms, the meaning of probation: sane treatment of the individual in childhood before or after the first offence. For preventive medicine is far less costly than the surgeon's knife.

What hidden power, electrical or magical, passes from man to horse?

SOME fifteen years ago a mother wept because her boy was going to leave her to become a jockey.

She wept as mothers do when they see all the fine plans they have made for their boys going awry. A jockey, indeed! — and his work in the pit-prop warehouse so good that, if he persevered, he would have a good £3 a week job down the local pits one day, or, perhaps, in the colliery office.

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You, too, know that look, if you have ever gone racing. Racehorse owners know it. Trainers. Stable-boys. Tipsters. Even racehorses themselves. It is the look that betrays that Gordon Richards knows what he wants and is going to get it.

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And so his fight for the record goes on.

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It has won a great reputation for himself — and millions of pounds for others

The power behind that look has carried him to such heights that to-day everybody, from the highest to the lowest, who loves a race and a racehorse is watching his progress, is asking "Will he do it?"—and is hoping that he will.

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Why? If there were any outward sign, other jockeys would be quick to imitate, and soon would be able to do as well. But the real reason is something they never see, something we can only guess at, something that Richards himself may not completely understand.

There is that power over a horse throughout the race that has already been referred to. Hand and leg control alone cannot account for all that. And as to the allegation of his over-use of the whip, not only have his mounts never shown any sign of punishment, but his handling of two-year-olds in a race could not be more gentle.

And more remarkable even than anything about his riding is his almost uncanny behaviour—leading to equally uncanny success—in desperate neck-to-neck finishes.

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Richards, perhaps, has risen over greater difficulties than any of them. There again is another sign of that determination worn beneath his mask.

It was his determination that made him so wear down his father, then a pit official, that he allowed him to have his first ride—on a pit pony. That same obstinacy got him many more such jaunts.

It was because he said, when working as a 14-year-old boy in a pit-prop warehouse, that nothing would stand between him and his ambition to be a great jockey that two girl clerks decided to forestall him and wrote a letter to Mr. Martin Hartigan, the famous trainer, that won young Gordon his apprenticeship.

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He certainly earns £14,000 a year to-day—probably nearer £20,000. And although it is not from the Hartigan stable, Gordon is always anxious to add the phrase: "Thanks *to* Mr. Hartigan."

Biggest secret

He was the trainer who taught the boy, when he asked him to groom a racehorse for the first time, that he was going to do a big job. He it was, too, who made Gordon swell with pride when grooming a winner for the first time.

And it was Mr. Hartigan who introduced him to Steve Donoghue, and so brought true one of the dreams of his childhood.

"Steve used to go cantering off in that beautiful way of his to help me, so that I could see how I should do it," Gordon has often said. "He gave me all the teaching I ever had—and what teaching it was!"

Add to that the fact that Richards falls more naturally into the "monkey-crouch" attitude than any other rider since it was introduced into England by Tod Sloan, and you have yet another of his secrets of success.

But his biggest secret of all? That may have to remain a secret for all time.

Magic may be too sweeping a word for it, if words are given their proper value. It may be no more magical than the dynamo, the tiny device that drives the monster machine. Dynamic may, indeed, be the proper word for it.

Yet magic is the word the racing crowd will always use. Sheer magic. The magic of Gordon Richards, the boy whose mother cried when he went to become a jockey.

THE UNBELIEVER

THE world is full of sceptical people. They trust only the evidence of their own eyes. Their attitude is "doubt everything and you'll never be disappointed."

It may be a philosophy with one or two good points to recommend it, but on the whole, taking everything into consideration . . . well, take the case of a Winchester man as an example.

One day his wife pointed out to him a coupon which, in return for nothing more than his signature, offered the family a helping hand in case of need. You will find such a coupon to-day on page 20. But he did not believe in the idea that "you could get something for nothing." And although he signed, he did so, he confesses to this day, merely as a matter of form.

Then he dismissed it from his mind.

Months passed. There came a day when his wife complained of a strange fever and languor. Alarmed, he called the doctor. And when his medical man uttered the word "diphtheria" the whole world seemed to become clouded.

To add to the troubles of the family, the crisis came when there was no money to spare. And on top of the usual expense of feeding five children there were the additional expenses that would arise.

Then at the height of his difficulties his wife reminded him of the coupon he had signed. Diphtheria, she felt sure, was one of the many family tragedies in which it offered help. He listened to her advice that he should write to JOHN BULL about it, but, although he did so, a doubt still lurked in his mind.

The rest he has told us himself in a letter thanking us for a JOHN BULL cheque that made a black outlook bright. Even his attitude regarding the coupon is frankly described in his message of gratitude. We did not want his apology. We were all too happy to see him write: "But in future my registration certificate is going to become one of the most important pieces of paper in the house."

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And it was Mr. Hartigan who introduced him to Steve Donoghue, and so brought true one of the dreams of his childhood.

"Steve used to go cantering off in that beautiful way of his to help me, so that I could see how I should do it," Gordon has often said. "He gave me all the teaching I ever had—and what teaching it was!"

Add to that the fact that Richards falls more naturally into the "monkey-crouch" attitude than any other rider since it was introduced into England by Tod Sloan, and you have yet another of his secrets of success.

But his biggest secret of all? That may have to remain a secret for all time.

Magic may be too sweeping a word for it, if words are given their proper value. It may be no more magical than the dynamo, the tiny device that drives the monster machine. Dynamic may, indeed, be the proper word for it.

Yet magic is the word the racing crowd will always use. Sheer magic. The magic of Gordon Richards, the boy whose mother cried when he went to become a jockey.

THE UNBELIEVER

THE world is full of sceptical people. They trust only the evidence of their own eyes. Their attitude is "doubt everything, and you'll never be disappointed."

It may be a philosophy with one or two good points to recommend it, but on the whole, taking everything into consideration . . . well, take the case of a Winchester man as an example.

One day his wife pointed out to him a coupon which, in return for nothing more than his signature, offered the family a helping hand in case of need. You will find such a coupon to-day on page 20. But he did not believe in the idea that "you could get something for nothing." And although he signed, he did so, he confesses to this day, merely as a matter of form.

Then he dismissed it from his mind.

Months passed. There came a day when his wife complained of a strange fever and languor. Alarmed, he called the doctor. And when his medical man uttered the word "diphtheria" the whole world seemed to become clouded.

To add to the troubles of the family, the crisis came when there was no money to spare. And on top of the usual expense of feeding five children there were the additional expenses that would arise.

Then at the height of his difficulties his wife reminded him of the coupon he had signed. Diphtheria, she felt sure, was one of the many family tragedies in which it offered help. He listened to her advice that he should write to JOHN BULL about it, but, although he did so, a doubt still lurked in his mind.

The rest he has told us himself in a letter thanking us for a JOHN BULL cheque that made a black outlook bright. Even his attitude regarding the coupon is frankly described in his message of gratitude. We did not want his apology. We were all too happy to see him write: "But in future my registration certificate is going to become one of the most important pieces of paper in the house."

R.K.J.
THE PILLS.
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at bedtime —
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Boots Cash Chemists
Eastern Limited.
Dispensing Dept.
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NOTTINGHAM.

PILL MAKING very often calls for the miraculous work of great machines—in Boots laboratories, pills are made at the rate of thousands and thousands an hour. But, when your doctor prescribes a special pill, then the skill and the craftsmanship of Boots dispensers must do the work. The photograph above shows one of Boots dispensers in action—the pills have been roughly cut to shape, and the dispenser is now rolling them into perfect spheres by means of the circular wooden pill-rounder. It is the last stage in a process which demands the utmost care in mixing the ingredients—and Boots dispensing ensures that at every stage from raw materials to your finished box of pills, according to the prescription, *nothing is left to chance.*

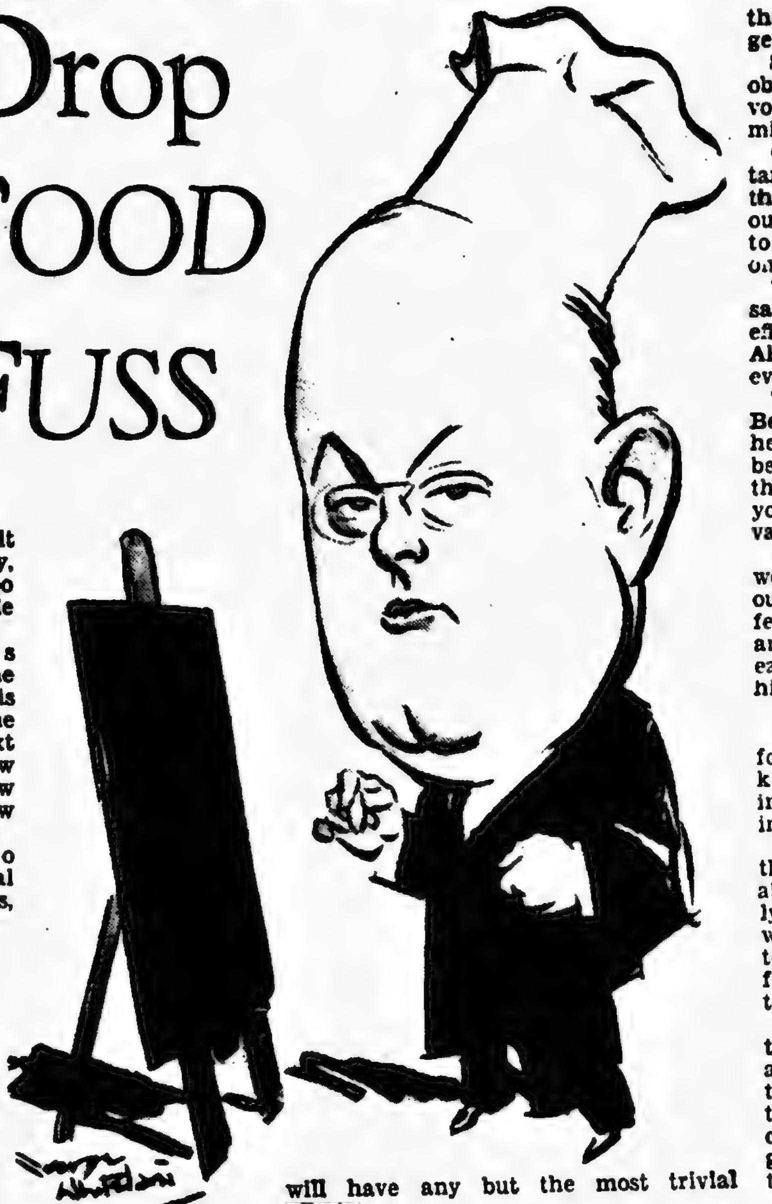
GET IT MADE UP AT The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. Nottingham.

cvs—19

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to PROFESSOR E. C. DODDS

Do Let's Drop All this FOOD FUSS



DEAR PROFESSOR,—So you have just told the world that oysters are not so nourishing as the brown bread and butter, that it would be necessary to play ten minutes' squash rackets to take off the extra weight caused by a glass of champagne, and that the really nourishing foods are cheap.

That will hearten the lives of most of the people in the land—those who cannot afford either oysters or champagne.

I am sorry to have to intervene in your argument with more conventional food experts. But, frankly—and I am sure I am speaking on behalf of most of the people in the country when I say this—I am one of those who do not take all these arguments about food and health too seriously. We hear so much about them. We notice that the people who talk about health most are those who are usually sick and that those who take a lot of exercise are quite as frequently ill as those who take none.

I have broken all the rules of health all my life. And yet I find that I go on day after day, seven days a week, working, speaking, arguing, getting violently angry about some things and enthusing excitedly over others. Being a person who breaks all the rules all the time and yet goes on, I often wonder whether "rules" are the best guide.

• • •

Besides, if experts are right, why do they invariably disagree? For years we were told brown bread was much more nutritious than white; then my friend, Professor Winifred Cullis, defended white bread! Can we trust Nature? We have always been told she was the Boss.

I have addressed four large meetings on the same day—at the Albert Hall at eleven, the People's Palace at twelve, the Grotrian Hall at half-past six and the Plumstead Baths at half-past eight—and without tasting food of any kind that day. I do not suggest that I should go on doing this indefinitely. But I believe that if I had wanted any food I should have felt hungry. Anyway, I think there is too much fuss made about food.

Medical rules come in cycles. One year, everybody is advised to do one thing. The next year, there is a new fad, and a new fancy and a new cure.

Meanwhile, no one tackles the real cause of illness, the existence of slums, for instance, the unemployment worries which could be solved, sanely, by an intelligent nation, that decided to apportion and to plan, or the lack of proper provision for hundreds of thousands of women during their pregnancy, and afterwards.

We deal, in civilisation, too much with effects and too little with causes. The Law, which began before the beginning and will continue for ever, is pitiless.

If we live crowded in cities without the sun, if we always ride instead of walk, if we allow to come into the world children who are the offspring of diseased parents, no argument about brown bread or white bread, or slimming, or oysters will have any but the most trivial effects.

There is one thing, though, that, quite frankly, I believe about food. I think that the race will not become really civilised until it abandons the eating of flesh.

In theory, I am a vegetarian, not altogether in practice, because, having been brought up a meat-eater, I am used to it, but at least in theory.

More and more, I notice that the vegetarians I know live long, as a rule, and are healthy, and that, intellectually, they are well above the average of the general run of my acquaintances

Some are vegetarians on moral grounds, objecting to all the needless cruelty involved in the slaughtering of countless millions of animals every year.

George Arliss, who became a vegetarian, suddenly, one day, when seeing the way in which cattle had to go without water for days, while on their way to the Chicago stockyards by train, is one of these.

"I will never touch meat again," he said. He kept his word. He is the most efficient of all the film actors I know. Although he takes no exercise that I ever hear of, he is perfectly fit.

Then there are those who, like Bernard Shaw, are vegetarians for health reasons. He is over half-way between seventy and eighty, and yet, on the Malvern Hills, he can out-walk any young actor who is playing at the Festival.

We do not become really civilised until we learn our duties to those weaker than ourselves, our dependants, those in inferior positions. While we regard the animal world as merely something to eat or to chase, we shall not rise very high.

• • •

No, there is too much fuss made of food. For years, it enslaved Womankind, which spent half its life in sweltering kitchens, preparing food, taking part in the ritual of the Worship of the Joint.

Men have written books and books, through all the ages, about food and about eating, sometimes becoming almost lyrical with the words they use. And we have all been trained since our youth to think overmuch about expensive foods, and to despise the simple things that really are much more healthy.

You have done well in calling attention to some aspects of this. Think what a fuss they would make of herrings if they were as rare as trout! Think of the delight that a piece of bread and cheese and butter and a banana would give to people if they could only eat them once a year!

No, Professor, the great problem about food is how to share out more equally the bounty of the world's harvests, to make criminal the allowing to rot of apples on the ground while people go hungry, and then so to plan, in model houses, central cooking, that housewives should have a better time of it.

The more simple one can make life, the more enjoyable it is. And the more enjoyable we can make it for other people, the more enjoyable it will be for us.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—Telegraph workers are complaining that telegrams are being treated like "halfpenny circulars" for economy's sake.

Birmingham sends "wires" to Manchester for an hour without anyone paying attention—and two hundred commercial telegrams are held over from Saturday to Sunday through shortage of staff

The public pays for speed and should get it.

JOHN BULL.

Supt. BROOKS,
Swindon Police

DEAR SUPER,—In a dispute between two employees of Swindon Corporation, one was struck on the head with an iron bar and seriously injured.

That was months ago, but the affair was hushed up. Not until the other day were you able to charge the assailant. Then you found that the iron bar had been "hidden—put away."

You must be wondering why. So is all Swindon. So is

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Richmond, Yorkshire

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Again the police-court business has been delayed by your non-attendance. Though you number ten, only one of you—the Mayor—turned up the other day.

The right to put J.P. after your name is an honour, but it carries obligations, and your frequent neglect of them is becoming scandalous.

If you don't want to do the work, make way for people who will not waste the public's time, money and patience.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN WHITFIELD,
Earsdon Grange Farm, Northumberland

WHITFIELD,—It is said that straw was set alight under a horse which belonged to you, and that the animal was flogged with chains, because it got stuck when drawing a load.

You have just been fined £10 for permitting this terrible cruelty, and two other men fined £20 each for committing it.

But had I been on the Bench you would not have been fined. All three of you would have gone to jail for a considerable time.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Stanley, Yorkshire

GENTLEMEN,—After trying for four years, you have now succeeded in evicting the South Moor caravan-dwellers—moving those vans that had wheels and burning the rest.

But you had provided no alternative dwellings, and more than a hundred men, women and children would have been without shelter had not the British Legion and other sympathisers come to their rescue.

You may have done right in shifting the colony, but so long as its members are homeless they will be evidence of your lack of humanity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. SAINTER,
Westgate Hill, Bradford

DEAR PEOPLE,—Fifty years of married life has only made you both happier. And I am delighted to find that you think life is better in many ways than it was half a century ago.

Life must go on, and those who travel with it come off best. You have realised that, and I hope you will live for many more years in the happiness of your philosophy.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. A. JENKINSON,
Grantham

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Very belatedly, you are pleading that Summer Time should be abolished in the interests of the farming community.

That is a selfish and sordid view to take of a reform which, by increasing the hours of recreation, has been a priceless boon to the rest of the public.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD SOERMUS,
Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—Though a well-known violinist, you are finding it hard to get engagements. And rather than withdraw your daughter from her secondary school because you can't pay the fees, you have asked whether you can provide free concerts in the local schools instead.

Your request may be unconventional, but it does you immense credit as a father. And it will at least show the economaniacs who are cutting down scholarships what sad difficulties they are creating

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DILWYN JONES,
Wrexham

DEAR SIR,—In defending a newsagent charged with selling newspapers on a Sunday, you described the complainants as "a handful of fanatics who had only a primitive conception of God."

That was perhaps a rather heady indictment, but I am delighted you won your case.

It is intolerable that the Sunday Observance Act of 1677, long out-dated and unnecessary, should be allowed to remain on the Statute Book.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. A. BINGLEY,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

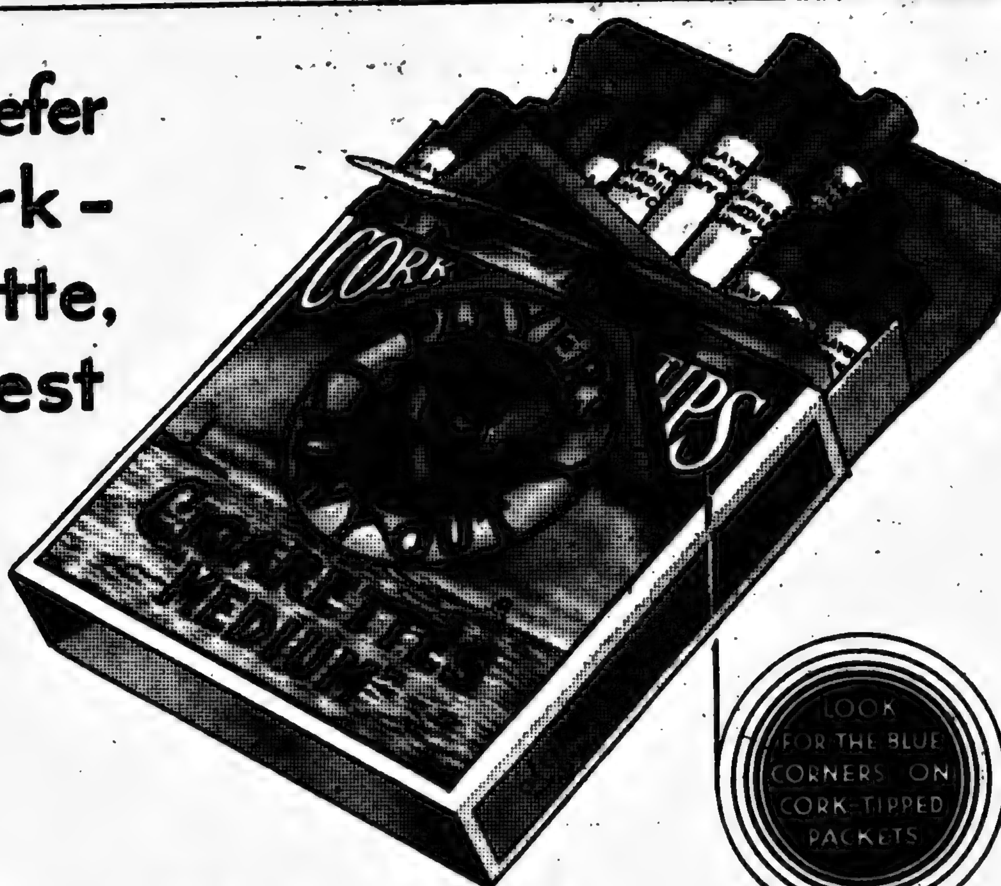
DEAR MR. BINGLEY,—"Perfectly ridiculous," you exclaimed when the L.C.C. Public Assistance Committee claimed it had spent £1 15s. a week for eleven months on a five-year-old girl whose father had deserted her.

You asked the mother whether she could keep the child on less. She said she could, of course

And I'm sure that committee wouldn't allow her anywhere near as much.

JOHN BULL

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best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Dear Sirs, London, S.W.17.

I feel I must really tell you what a boon 'ASPRO' has been to me within these last few weeks. My daughter and myself were both in bed with quinseys and could get no relief from pain night or day until we tried 'ASPRO' which not only relieved the pain but gave us both the sleep we had long needed, also allowing my husband to rest after being up night and day waiting on us. Previous to this I have been taking electrical treatment for Rheumatoid Arthritis but find I have had less pain since taking 'ASPRO' than ever before. Therefore they have served me both purposes and I shall always recommend them wherever I go and never be without a few in the home.—Yours most gratefully,

D. K. (Mrs.).

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68 Oliphant St., Queen's Park, London, W.10.

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J. WISEMAN.

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196 Blackburn Road, Accrington, Lancs.

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C. TAYLOR.

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The WINTER— What It Will Bring

The Question Everyone is Asking

answered by A.G.GARDINER

THE return of the winter season has suggested to a correspondent that I should put on the prophet's mantle and give the public the benefit of the prophet's vision. I have no prophetic mantle, and long experience of my fallibility as a seer makes me humble in the presence of the future. But, with these disclaimers, I will face the task that is set me.

This is the fifteenth winter since the war. In other words, it is the fifteenth winter of the Great Depression. Perhaps we ought to say the fourteenth. For there was a brief, illusory spasm of prosperity after the war which disguised the fact that the war had shattered trade and made us think that we were all in for a good time. We know better now.

We did not enjoy the illusion long. In common with all the world, we entered upon the lean years and the dark winters. "In common with all the world"—except the United States. There it seemed that the sun was set in the heavens as a fixture.

But that, also, was an illusion, and when at last the crash came it came with a violence and a suddenness that no other country experienced. We went down a slope: the United States plunged over a precipice.

In this time of trial it is the winter that we fear most, and as each winter has come round we have scanned the heavens for signs of a break in the clouds.

Hitherto we have scanned them in vain. Is that the case on the brink of another winter?

If I venture on a note of cautious optimism, it is not because I am unaware that since last winter the most threatening storm cloud of all has overshadowed Europe. That storm cloud may burst and shatter all our calculations.

But leaving that aside for the moment, let us look at the more favourable omens. Economically, the world outlook is brightening. I take one outstanding fact of especial significance. I refer to the remarkable Australian revival indicated in the Budget introduced into the Commonwealth Parliament a few days ago. It is the most cheering thing that has happened for four years.

I speak of it as especially significant for this reason. The depression in its most violent form struck Australia first. By 1929 it was in the lowest of low water. The collapse in the price of its produce, especially wool, had brought it to the brink of bankruptcy. Unemployment was rampant, and instead of people emigrating thither the settlers were fleeing back to England to get under the shelter of the "dole."

Public finances were in such desperate straits that Mr. Lang, the Labour Premier of New South Wales, threatened to default on the vast public debt owing to this country. Happily that calamity, which would have wrecked Australian prestige for generations, was averted by the bold action of the Commonwealth Government.

The result of that action is beyond our hopes. To-day Australia is the first country to show the "All clear" signal to the world.

A good omen

Instead of the expected deficit, it has a handsome surplus. Taxation revenue has increased so handsomely that, not only is taxation to be reduced, but the drastic cuts in salaries are to be restored. Incidentally, the Budget for the first time fulfils the undertaking given at the Ottawa Conference and gives British exports a preference in Australia that will stimulate our trade in all directions.

That is good in itself. But it is also good as an omen. If Australia, which was the first to feel the full blast, is also the first to revive, it encourages the belief that just as she led the world into the depths of the depression, so she is now leading the world out.

But there are indisputable evidences of economic recovery nearer home.

No one can seriously question the marked improvement in the position of this country. Indeed, when the history of these times comes to be written nothing, I think, will impress the historian more than the economic and political stability with which Britain has withstood the shock. We have survived and now we are reviving.

Trade is better. The atmosphere of confidence is returning. The fall in the unemployment figures is continuous and impressive. The revenue returns for the first half of the financial year are beyond our most hopeful expectation. If things go on as they are going now, the next Budget should be something that should be sung to music.

America's problem

There are still dark patches in our landscape—South Wales, Lancashire, the North-East Coast. But if the trade wind continues to blow, we shall soon hear the flapping of idle sails in these quarters, too.

Nor are there wanting indications of an upward movement on the Continent. With the exception of Austria and the Danubian States, there is a reported decrease in unemployment everywhere west of Russia, in regard to which no figures are available.

There remains the great problem of America, which is still unsolved. Is the great scheme of Roosevelt going to put the United States on its feet, or is it going to be the greatest failure in history? We do not know. The Americans themselves don't know. We can only hope for the best, for the world cannot get on an even keel again if that vast country is a derelict.

Personally, I do not doubt that it will pull through—ultimately. This winter will show whether the worst is over or to come.

But putting aside this uncertain factor, I repeat that there can be no doubt that the economic recovery of the world is in progress. If we could stop here, I should hazard the opinion with some confidence (while still disclaiming the prophetic role) that the coming winter will mark the turn in the tide.

Unfortunately, we cannot stop here. The storm cloud to which I referred at the beginning compels me to lower the tones of the picture. It is not the economic outlook of the world that fills me with concern. It is the political outlook The economic tendencies are right, and, if they could be left to develop naturally, the "All clear" signal would, I think, soon be heard all over the globe.

But economic conditions are dependent on political conditions, and these are definitely worse to-day than they were at the beginning of last winter. The emergence of Hitler as the dictator of Germany and the recrudescence of the Prussian militarist spirit that seems to have swept the country gravely darkens the prospect.

Good-bye, Depression!

The terrible delay of the Powers in fulfilling the disarmament undertakings of the Versailles Treaty has culminated in a challenge which is difficult to resist and difficult to concede. But it must be conceded on terms which guarantee that Germany will not re-arm.

If an accommodation can be reached at Geneva next month which will solve the armaments question, I am confident that this winter will witness the passing of the great economic frost that has held the world in its grip with increasing severity ever since the war.

If an accommodation is not reached, then it will be idle to expect that the economic revival will be anything more than a transitory episode.

Not from the B.B.C.—*Colonel Bogey, Autocrat of Golf, on*—

The Caddies' Sweetheart

WHEN Gloria appeared in pants
Photographers swarmed round like ants
And started straight to "shoot,"
While women golfers stood in rows,
Each with an elevated nose,
Too ladylike to hoot.

When Gloria came on the tee
Her caddie chortled loud with glee—
A single club she had!
But Colonel Bogey had a fit,
He snorted loud, his lip he bit—
The girl was plainly mad!

When Gloria had gone away
The ladies' chairman had her say:
She spoke of her regret
That such a thing had come to pass!
The Colonel spluttered in his glass—
He hasn't finished yet!

By gad, sir! I don't mind admitting I was stymied! And for Colonel Bogey to be stymied is, I assure you, unprecedented.

It was only after adjourning to the nineteenth hole and putting down a couple of quick ones that I was able to collect my scattered thoughts, together with a few expressions which I should hesitate to use in the hearing of those who have not served with the Gurkhas.

Even now my blood pressure is not normal, but I am ready to face the crisis created by Miss Gloria Minoprio, who took part in the English Women's Golf Championship clad in a black polo jersey, closely fitting black hat, black creased trousers, black pointed shoes and cream gauntlet gloves.

The wearer of this outfit has been described in the Press as "strikingly beautiful," but who wants beauty in a bunker? Personally, a good-looking wench puts me off my game—but I will say for women golfers, as a class, that this very rarely happens!

Although after the match the chairman of the Ladies' Golf Union expressed regret at Gloria's "departure from the usual golfing costume," I am told that there are cads who actually defend the girl!

They argue that there is no reason why a woman golfer should not wear trousers, seeing that, when they took to plus-fours, men helped themselves to what in grandmother's day were known as "combinations."

But not content with defying dress etiquette, this confounded girl had the impudence, sir, to go round with only one club! One club, indeed! This may make her popular with caddies, but it won't win her the respect of golfers or ironmongers!

What would you think of a tennis champion who appeared with less than a dozen racquets? You'd think that he was no better than a darned cricketer!

One club! *My* minimum is eight!
And I'm not yet a fogey,
As any plus-four man can state
Who plays 'gainst Colonel Bogey!

And if of clubs an extra three
I need, or even more, sir,
Their weight has no effect on *me*—
Gad! what are caddies for, sir?

A *man* who ventured forth to play,
E'en though a post-war junker,
Armed with a single club I'd slay
And bury in a bunker!

Who is this Gloria, who is she?
Her impudence infernal
Of adjectives has beggared me—
Although I am a Colonel!

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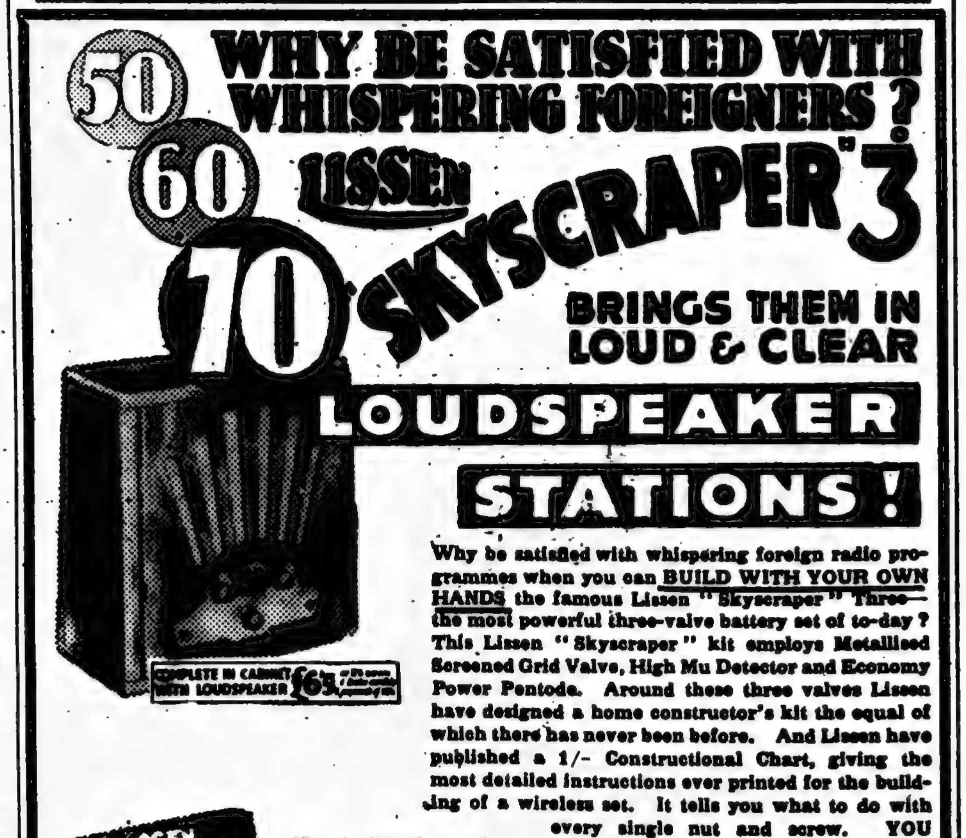
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"Skyscraper" Kit complete with Walnut Cabinet and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated. £6/5/- Cash Or 11/6 down and 12 monthly payments of 10/6.

To Lissen Ltd., Publicity Dept., Isleworth, Middlesex.
Please send me Free copy of your 1/- "Skyscraper" Chart.

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ABSOLUTELY GENUINE.—20/- FREE GIFT Immediately and 40/- Cash Commission on 20-week Club. Biggest offer ever made to Club Agents. Send for particulars and 250-page Catalogue Free. — Dept. B.2, HIGHCO STORES, CHORLTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

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MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE Positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

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BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
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THE NEW 1934 Elector S.G.3 "Super" Battery Receiver delivered to you for 10/- down. The advt. top of page 3 tells all about this bargain.

FILL in coupon in Marconi advt. on p. 37 for name of nearest dependable dealer for demonstration of the model illustrated. There are only a limited number of sets. 10/- deposit secures.

FILL in the coupon in the Lissen Radio advt. on this page for a free copy of 1/- Chart illustrating the "Skyscraper" Kit Set.

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FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J 18), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 40.

Twelve Manacled Men

Shocking Labour Colony Disclosures

TWELVE men imprisoned and branded with a police-court conviction for no greater offence than a breach of regulations at a farming colony!

If ever an injustice called for remedy, here is one.

Away in Suffolk, between the delectable old town of Woodbridge and the sea, lies the Hollesley Bay Labour Colony. This institution was established many years ago as a training centre in general farming and market gardening for the unemployed.

Most excellent work has been carried out at the colony. Hundreds of acres of previously untilled land have been turned to profitable production. Some of the most skilful farming in all England has been carried out at Hollesley Bay. The fruit grown is unmatched, the stock reared prize-winning.

In every way this settlement on the Suffolk coast, with its average population of two hundred workless men from London, was a success.

The inmates—although they numbered men of all classes and records—gave no trouble to the administrative officers.

Changed conditions

They were on excellent terms with the local villagers, and it was rarely the Bench of magistrates at Woodbridge was called upon to deal with a case from the "Bay." One constable in Hollesley hamlet was sufficient to watch a wide area.

Recently there was a change at the Hollesley Colony. The London County Council, on the recommendation of its Public Assistance Committee, *decided that the place should be classed as a workhouse within the meaning of the Poor Law Act*, 1930.

Consequently, all the conditions of work in a Poor Law residential institution became applicable to this agricultural training colony!

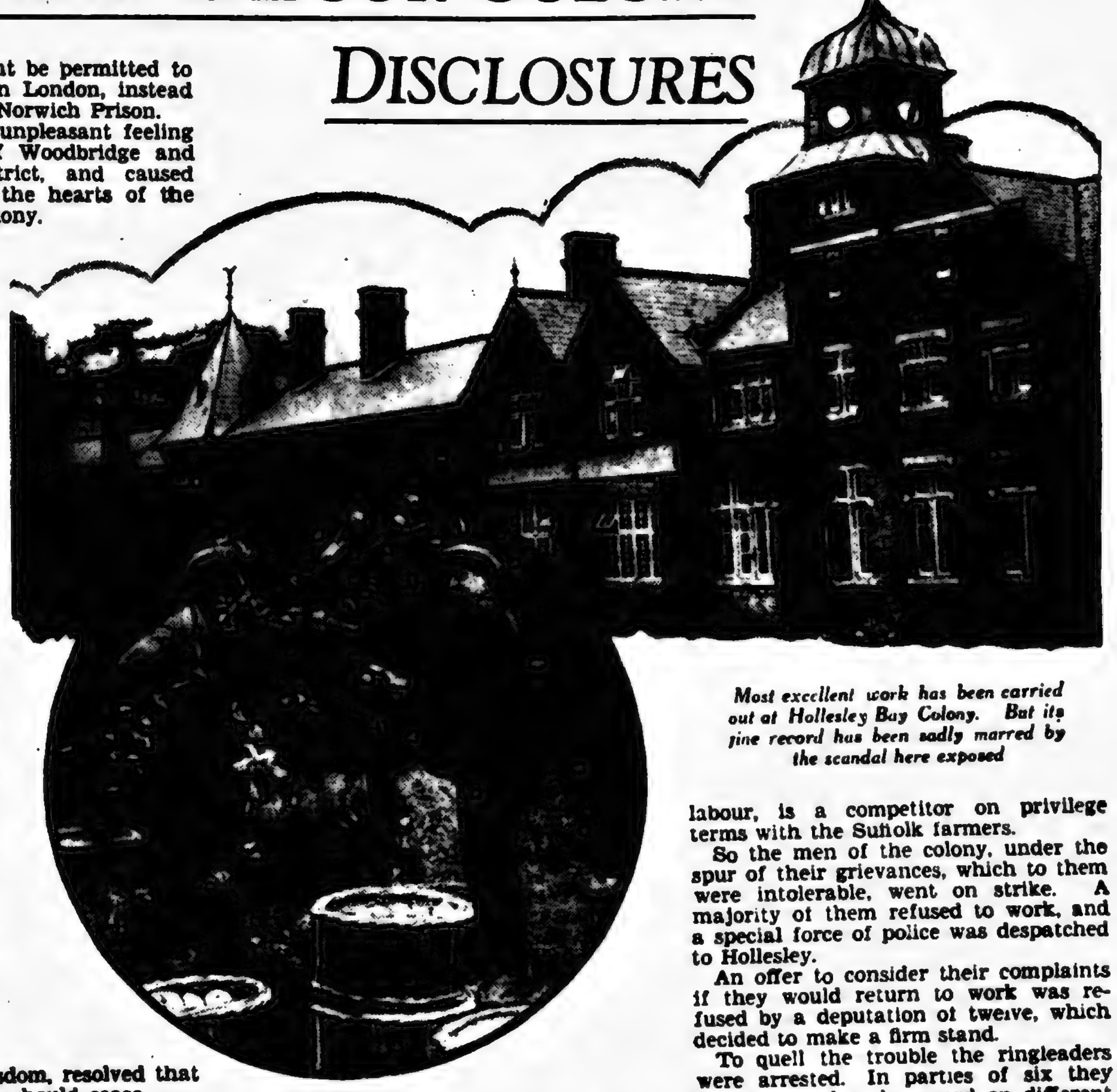
Trouble soon arose. There was the case of a young man by the name of William Brooke, who went to Hollesley under the genuine impression that he was to receive a kind of tuition course which would fit him to take work as a farm labourer.

He found that he had been sent to a workhouse and was required to wear second-hand workhouse clothes. Brooke, naturally resentful at what he considered was misrepresentation, refused to obey orders.

As a result, he was taken before the magistrates at Woodbridge, and sentenced to seven days' imprisonment.

All that young Brooke asked, when he found out the conditions at Hollesley, was that he might be permitted to return to his home in London, instead of which he went to Norwich Prison.

This case left an unpleasant feeling among the people of Woodbridge and the surrounding district, and caused great resentment in the hearts of the men at the labour colony.



Most excellent work has been carried out at Hollesley Bay Colony. But its fine record has been sadly marred by the scandal here exposed

Grievances accumulated under the new workhouse regime of Hollesley, and added to the smouldering discontent.

Allegations were made of insufficient meals and of unfit food; meat which was impossible to eat because of its condition, and vegetables only partially cooked.

Then, as a final promotion of discontent, came an intimation to the men at Hollesley Bay that their weekly pocket money was to be taken from them.

It has always been the practice in the past at the colony to pay each man the small sum of 2s. 6d. a week as spending money for tobacco, small extras in the way of food, postage stamps and other incidentals.

But in the cause of economy, the Public Assistance Committee, in its wisdom, resolved that this 2s. 6d. allowance should cease.

No real money

Instead a token system was to be introduced by which men, if their work proved satisfactory to their gang leaders, should receive tokens to the value of sixpence.

As a maximum no man was to receive more than five tokens in any one week, and only 40 per cent. of the men in training were to be available for this form of bounty.

Moreover, the tokens were only to be exchangeable for goods at a canteen to be established at the institution.

Instead of real money, a problematic number of paper slips. Instead of freedom to spend anywhere, compulsion to buy from an official store. Incidentally, the saving to the London ratepayers by this splendid economy of the Public Assistance Committee was estimated to be less than £600 a year.

It should be borne in mind in considering all the aspects of this economy reform that produce from the farms of Hollesley Bay—grown and garnered by the work of the men who are the inmates—is sold profitably in the open market and to local traders.

Hollesley Bay Colony, with its support from the rates and its cheap labour, is a competitor on privilege terms with the Suffolk farmers.

So the men of the colony, under the spur of their grievances, which to them were intolerable, went on strike. A majority of them refused to work, and a special force of police was despatched to Hollesley.

An offer to consider their complaints if they would return to work was refused by a deputation of twelve, which decided to make a firm stand.

To quell the trouble the ringleaders were arrested. In parties of six they were escorted under guard on different days to the Woodbridge police court. As an extra precaution these twelve men were manacled.

They were forced to pass before the sight of the people of Woodbridge in handcuffs. They were treated as though they were desperadoes.

All the prisoners were allowed to state their case in court. One by one they repeated accounts of food at Hollesley which was unfit for human beings to eat. It was even stated in court that milk from a cow which had been condemned as suffering from tuberculosis had been served out at meals.

Something wrong

Investigations made by **John Bull** show that when the second batch of men was before the court, the magistrates were obviously very reluctant to convict.

An intimation was then given to the Bench that—if there was no magisterial punishment—the men would not be sent back to Hollesley.

They would be taken to the railway station and placed on train for London to fend for themselves as best they could with no money and with no possibility in the circumstances of obtaining a bed or relief when they arrived

Feeling, apparently, that the men would thus be left stranded, the magistrates decided to convict

In passing sentence of seven days' imprisonment, the chairman of the Bench made this remark:

"We have to administer the law, and under that law, you being under workhouse regulations, cannot refuse work."

What a commentary on the Poor Law system is this whole sorry business of the twelve prisoners of Woodbridge!

They were the poor underdogs whose only offence was that they remonstrated because their training colony became suddenly classed as a Poor Law institution!

And, now they are branded as criminals!

There is something wrong somewhere!

A QUEER HUNT for GOLD

YET another chapter must be written concerning Hapo (Peruvian) Explorations, Ltd.—a company which was formed in 1927 to take part in an amazing hunt for gold in the wilds of Peru, and which we criticised at the time.

The leading light was then John Fenn, and he told a wonderful tale! He had been sent to Peru to look for rubber trees, but he found gold instead!

A native dived into the river-bed with a knife, scraped the bottom and came up with a £5 nugget of gold, almost before you could say Jack Robinson.

Well, John Fenn obtained £26,678 10s. from small investors, who then sat back and waited for the gold to flow from Peru to England. Needless to say, they are still waiting.

The last balance-sheet, dated December 14, 1932, shows that their money has dwindled to £1 5s. 4d.!

Now, as if shareholders in this wretched company have not suffered enough, they are being approached by a man who seems anxious to save Hapo (Peruvian) Explorations, Ltd., from an inglorious end.

This super-optimist is Mr. S. H. Hunt, of Hunt and Co. (Financial Negotiations), 14, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Says Mr. Hunt in his recent letter to unfortunate shareholders: "I have been bearing the expenses of running the company and providing it with office room free of charge for nearly twelve months and whilst I recognise that the shareholders have every claim on their directors, they have no claim upon me.

"... I consider that the shareholders should at least contribute some small portion of the out-of-pocket expenses, otherwise I must decline to house the company any longer and leave the directors to find someone else who will do the work and put up with a company who can pay nothing.

"My suggestion is that each shareholder should contribute the small sum of one penny per share.

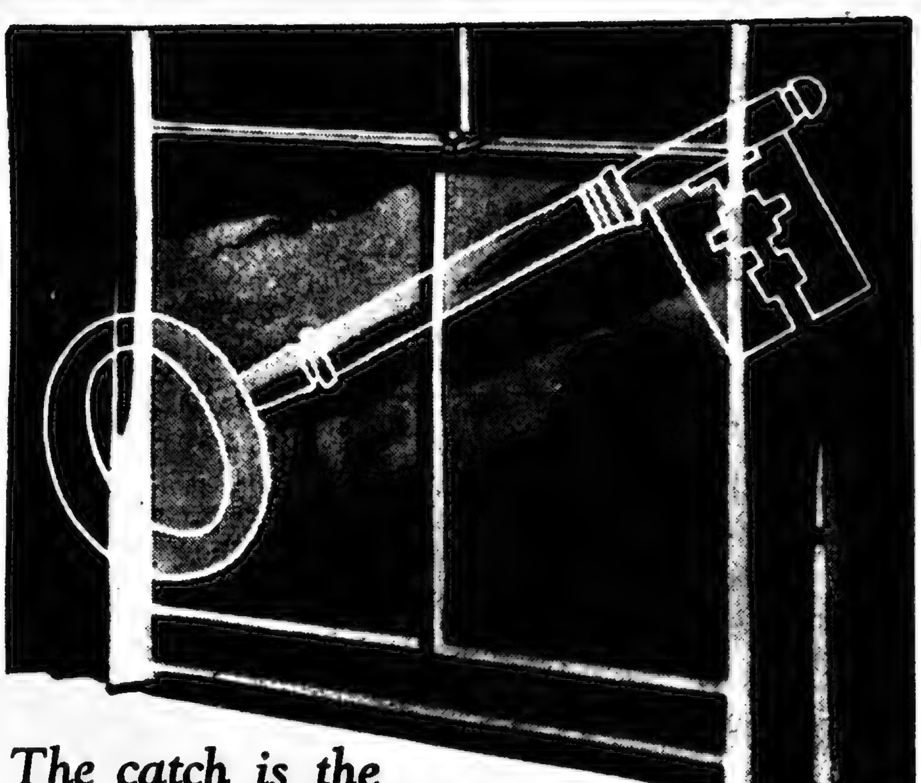
"I have been trying for some time to get in additional capital to provide the engineer with sufficient money to enable him to complete his development work, especially to empty the pit at the bottom of which he is confident a considerable quantity of gold will be found."

Unfortunately or fortunately Mr. Hunt has failed to find money to enable his engineer to get gold from the bottom of the forementioned pit, so he is now engaged in securing another property to put into the company.

Generous Mr. Hunt has, in fact, been offered another property in Peru, and he is now investigating its merits. If it is satisfactory he proposes that the Hapo Company shall take it over and issue the remainder of its unissued shares to provide sufficient working capital.

From all of which it will be seen that Mr. Hunt appears determined to follow in the footsteps of John Fenn. The latter wanted to get gold from river-beds, while Hunt hopes to get gold from the bottom of a pit, provided that he can get more money from people who have already lost cash in this wildest of wild-cat schemes.

We advise the investing public to let Mr. Hunt go hunting for gold in Peru or elsewhere, but not with their money.



The catch is the key to the home

ARE YOU PROTECTED by "John Bull"?

"HAVE you locked up? Did you bolt the back gate?"

Most wives ask these questions every night before retiring. Husbands slide the bolts and turn the keys conscious of a duty well performed—of a house well protected. It is but a false sense of security. Trained, nimble fingers find it a simple matter to slip the catch and burgle the home.

If, after taking every reasonable precaution, you should come home one night and find the house topsy-turvy and valuable belongings missing, make sure that you can look to JOHN BULL for generous compensation. Against loss by burglary JOHN BULL will cover you up to £200.

A "SORRY" HOUSE

The house of a Romford reader was burgled recently. He writes:—"Ours was a 'sorry' house until your cheque came along, but I hope the money marks the turning point in our luck."

Sign the Registration Forms below at once and go to bed to-night with a much quieter mind.

Against Fire, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, JOHN BULL covers you free.

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***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 14/10/33

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"John Bull" Registration Department,
123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address ....

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Name and Address of Newsagent. ....

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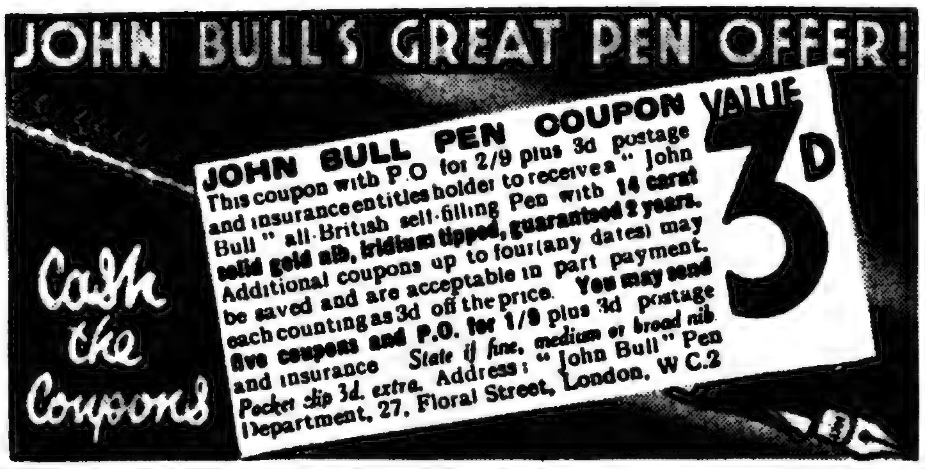
.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 14/10/33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JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.* *Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

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£500 IN PRIZES

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or will be sent post free—*price 1/2*—from the Daily Sketch 200, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

The Latest Craze!

BUY IT TO-DAY

PRICE 1/-

Appalling Black Maria Outrage

Invalid's Jail Van Escort to Asylum

CLEAR evidence comes to JOHN BULL daily that there is spreading over the country a wave of public anxiety regarding the outrageous methods by which great numbers of young people are being herded into and kept in lunatic asylums.

Our readers—surprised as they often must have been by past exposures of the kind—will be astounded when they examine the case of Miss Winifred Bishop.

It illustrates not only the extraordinary devices by which asylum prisoners are made; it culminates in a display of official frightfulness without parallel.

Miss Winifred Bishop is twenty-three years old, and her parents' home is at 48, Standen Road, in the Southfields suburb of London.

For nearly three years she has been imprisoned in an asylum at Epsom, Surrey.

When Winifred was five, her father, then on military service, arranged that she and her mother should move from London to a small village in Suffolk to be free from the strain of air-raids.

When the family were reunited after the War, the girl was nine.

She had not long been back in London before she was certified as mentally deficient, because it was held that, having been for four years at a country school, she had not the educational standard required of a London-trained child of her age. She was declared to be weak in writing and arithmetic.

In Winifred Bishop's case, as in thousands of others, this cruel branding of her under the lunacy laws, simply because she was backward in lessons, was to bring terrible suffering upon her in later years.

Disillusioned

She grew into young womanhood healthy in mind and body and was able, on leaving school, to earn an excellent livelihood.

Before she was eighteen, Winifred formed an attachment with a man older than herself.

The couple asked her parents for their approval of a marriage, but consent was refused.

Later, a secret marriage was arranged and notice of it given to a West London registrar. The parents were able to stop it.

The lovers then eloped.

For a long time Mr. and Mrs. Bishop had no word of their daughter. When at last they found her, a baby had been born, and she was a disillusioned young woman. The man she had trusted was treating her and the child most cruelly.

But she would not accept an offer to return to her parents' home. Her reason was that such a step might put her father in danger, because the man, infuriated by the obstruction of his marriage plans, had often threatened to cause injury to Mr. Bishop if he ever persuaded Winifred to leave him.

As time went on, the young woman was subjected to worse and worse treatment. She and her father went to the police and summonses in respect of his conduct were taken out against the man.

He treated them with contempt. He did not appear in court—and no further action was taken against him by the police.

Parents' help

Winifred was only too willing to leave the man, but, for her parents' sake, she still would not return to them.

There was only one way out—for Winifred, who was now twenty, to enter a home of some kind until she was safe from molestation.

She readily agreed to this course, and the parents arranged that, while she was in hiding, they would remove from the Hammersmith district to the distant Southfields suburb, so that there would be little chance of her being ensnared again by the man who had betrayed her.

To seek facilities for his daughter's shelter in the meantime, the father explained the dilemma to the authorities. He stated that efforts to obtain police protection had failed, and asked that she might be accommodated temporarily in a hostel or similar place.

The officials who interviewed him stated that they had an admirable home in the country called "Sunnyside." Naturally, the name appealed to Mr. Bishop.

He and his wife were required to sign a document formally assigning the custody of their daughter to the authorities. So Winifred Bishop went away to what she believed was a place of temporary succour and safety.

At the last moment, however, her father and mother were told that it would not be possible for her to go to "Sunnyside," but that room had been found for her at an equally pleasant establishment named The Manor, on Epsom Downs.

The name and description sounded agreeable to the parents. They supposed it was some kind of converted old farmhouse.

On the first Sunday after his daughter had gone to the country retreat, Mr. Bishop went to Epsom to visit her.

He was stunned when he saw The Manor.

It is a big lunatic asylum.

And Winifred, he found, was shut up with a company of insane people and imbeciles. The father at once demanded that she should be given back to him.

Winifred Bishop, victim of an incredible display of "official frightfulness".

The document which he and his wife had signed was produced, and it was pointed out that, by their signature, they had committed their daughter to detention in an asylum for a minimum period of twelve months as a mental defective.

Mr Bishop protested that he, his wife and daughter had been seriously misled. The true nature of the document had not been explained to them, and he would never have consented to parting with her if the slightest hint had been given that she was to be made an asylum prisoner.

The officials smiled coldly and bade him good-day, with the reminder that if he attempted to take Winifred away he would be prosecuted and sent to prison.

Mr. Bishop went to the headquarters of the Board of Lunacy Control, but, as thousands of other parents have found, he had walked into a brick wall. That Board has no mercy and it is impervious to legal proceedings. It exists chiefly to swell the asylum population.

Thunderstruck

Moreover, he was told, there was no doubt that his daughter was a mental defective. She had been certified as such at the age of nine!

The father was thunderstruck. He explained that this was done fourteen years ago merely because his child was slow in counting and writing.

He was shown off the premises.

Soon there was no more reason to believe that Winifred would ever again have cause to fear the man who had spoiled her early life.

Not only had the Bishops moved their home to Southfields, but the man had married and was now in another part of the country.

At the end of the twelve months mentioned by the authorities, Mr. Bishop went to the asylum to receive back his daughter.

A bombshell was burst upon him. The twelve months, he was told, was a mere official formality. The lunacy authorities, once captives were made, could keep them as long as they liked and they certainly would not surrender Winifred.

For three years, therefore, she has remained a prisoner in these terrible circumstances.

Now the final outrage.

Every Sunday, Miss Bishop has been allowed to accompany her father on a walk in the asylum precincts.

A few weeks ago, he observed that she appeared ill and she explained that she was suffering great distress in consequence of her long imprisonment in such awful surroundings.

Mr. Bishop asked permission for her to be allowed home for a day in the hope that the visit might benefit her.

When she came to Southfields, the mother found the daughter was so ill that she immediately put her to bed.

Four days later, as Winifred had not improved, Mrs. Bishop was about to leave the house in the morning to summon her family doctor.

There came a knock at the door and it was answered by Mr. Bishop. On the step were two women asylum warders in uniform, who said they had a warrant for Winifred's arrest because she had overstayed her leave.

Mr Bishop explained that his daughter was in bed ill, and that he would refuse to hand her over. The women went away.

An hour later there was a commotion in the street. From a window, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop saw a large "Black Maria" van draw up at the house, and from it leaped four policemen in uniform followed by the warders.

The father and mother went to the door, and the father stated that he could not agree to give up his daughter.

We give Mr and Mrs. Bishop's account of what happened next.

They were brushed aside, and the policemen and warders dashed upstairs.

Sudden raid

"Which room is she in?" demanded one of the officers.

The parents took positions together in front of the bedroom door behind which their daughter, now screaming with terror, was lying ill in bed.

"If you don't open that door, we must break it down," they were told.

Mr Bishop invited the police to do their worst. They did nothing.

Next he was threatened that if Winifred was not produced at once, he and Mrs. Bishop would be put "inside."

The father replied that he and his wife were both only too willing to submit to arrest so that the whole damnable story could be told in court. They were not arrested.

But after a time the position became impossible in face of this display of force. A mob of people had gathered in the street below, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle of the raid. Winifred, in her bedroom, was almost in hysteria.

Mrs. Bishop went in, dressed her, and handed her over.

Then the father, mother and daughter, preceded by the four policemen and followed by the warders, were taken downstairs and escorted thus in single file through the dense crowd and into the prison van.

They were driven to the asylum at Epsom, where Winifred was taken back into captivity. The father was told that, as punishment, he would not be allowed the privilege of taking her for the usual Sunday walk for at least six weeks.

Work for two Ministers

Mr. Bishop has now received a letter intimating that it has been decided not to prosecute him.

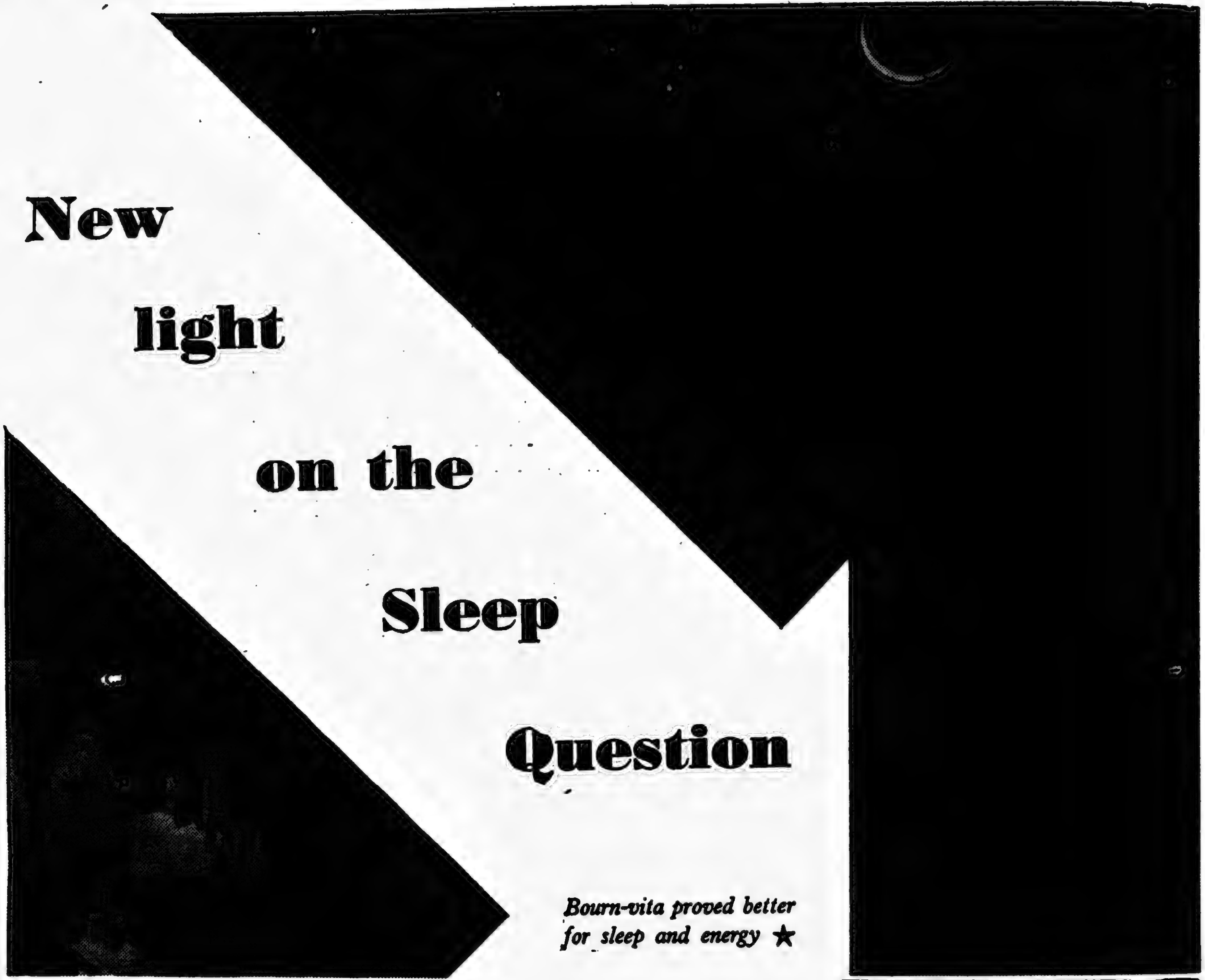
How magnanimous!

We would say that the lunacy authorities have not the courage to have this atrocity revealed before a judge or magistrate. It might prove their undoing.

Two Ministers must now give their attention to this scandal.

It demands that the Home Secretary should forbid the use of the police in this amazing manner by the lunacy administration.

And the Minister of Health will surely, for once, exercise authority over the hitherto omnipotent Board of Control, and order it to liberate Winifred Bishop.



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Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Scoundrel Strikes Oil!

—but his dupes won't

THIS week I hope to be in time to warn my readers against an impudent attempt to raise £100,000 in an English oil-field venture known as the Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate.

The headquarters of this syndicate are at Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, from which address appeals for capital have already been made.

Its literature is most impressive. A well-printed brochure has been produced for the benefit of the investing public, and the syndicate announces its intention of making Great Britain "a fully developed oil country."

It has evolved what it is pleased to term a "nicely-managed scheme, supported with moderate funds for exploration," and it confidently predicts "an enormous financial success."

High hopes

Now, most big business is launched with a slogan nowadays, so the Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate tells the public on practically every page of its brochure that "There is Oil in Somerset."

But it does not say exactly where! It anticipates the curiosity of the investing public by artlessly adding that it would be "injudicious" at this stage of its campaign to give "the exact locality." While being discreetly vague in this respect, it offers much more definite details of the financial side of the proposition.

Leaving the Somerset Oil venture somewhat in the air, it reminds the public that oil struck in far-away Los Angeles brought £10,000,000 in five years, and predicts that its own home profits may prove as "exceptionally large."

Having discovered the first big oil pool in Britain, it is guided in its predictions by "examples of the past."

I do not propose to quote all the enthusiastic things that are said to impress prospective investors, but in seeking to raise £100,000 the syndicate is prepared to give everyone a chance.

It will accept as little as £20 or anything up to £250.

Any sceptical person who may think £100,000 insufficient capital for such an ambitious venture is reminded of the growth of the Rockefeller fortunes.

Was not the famous Standard Oil Company started in 1875 with less than that figure?

The Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate is apparently all ready to make a start on its great work with "first-class equipment and experienced British Oil experts."

But nowhere in its literature can I find the names of these experts.

Meanwhile, travelling salesmen are beginning to seek out provincial investors. A Mr. Dawson and a companion have been motoring in Somerset in this connection.

If this queer syndicate's "dreams" come true the beauty of Somerset may one day be disfigured like this!

Recently they stayed at a leading hotel in Taunton, from which centre they visited Bridgwater, Frome and Tiverton, calling upon farmers and others in these localities with tidings of their wonderful Somerset oil scheme.

Well-dressed, monocled, and looking the picture of affluence, Mr. Dawson made an impressive figure, but his enthusiasm carried him a little too far when he ventured to unfold his plans to a fellow-guest at the hotel.

Suspicions were aroused by the manner in which he hedged when pressed for more detailed particulars of the syndicate's standing.

Just a myth

Instead of investing, the prospective client communicated with the police, whereupon Dawson and his companion disappeared from the district with such haste that they did not have time to pay their hotel or garage bills!

They have not since troubled to discharge these obligations, but such items must be insignificant trifles to men immersed in great financial enterprises.

On enquiring a little more closely into their affairs a number of interesting points are revealed.

In the first place, the Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate, with all its talk of big profits and "enormous financial success," has no real existence.

It is not even registered at Somerset House.

Its "headquarters" at Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, are not nearly as grand as might be supposed. They consist of a small cubicle, which is rented personally by an individual who sends daily for all letters addressed to the syndicate!—and who sometimes meets associates there.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery I have made is that a leading light behind the scenes of this venture is a certain Mr. Walter Kirby. He is a notorious sharepusher who has sponsored all kinds of doubtful schemes in which men and women have lost heavily.

He has been interested in oil syndicates before, but he does not seem to mind in what he dabbles, as at one time or another he has sponsored pig farming ventures, aerodrome schemes for private flyers, and trade ships.

His victims are legion. One, I recall, was a man who, having been induced to part with over £2,000 for investment in an oil-well proposition in Alberta, Canada, died from shock.

Another is a North Country woman who similarly parted with over £2,000 in cash and gilt-edged securities in another oil scheme with which he was associated in another name. But names mean nothing to him—he simply selects them at will.

Then there is a woman who, reduced by him from affluence to penury, finally found herself in the dock with him at the Old Bailey on a charge of obtaining money by fraud through forged wills.

This, then, is the man who is now taking such an active part in the affairs of the Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate.

And to lend an aura of national importance to what is clearly an impudent ramp, it is suggested that a home supply of petrol is a sovereign necessity.

"The preservation and supreme ascendancy of our Army and Navy in a condition of absolute might and power is the free and open token of every patriotic Englishman," the brochure announces. "Our Army, Air and Naval forces are to-day entirely dependent on foreign fuel. . . . Without foreign aid they are in peril."

Thus, with a stirring appeal to patriotism, the public is reminded that "There is Oil in Somerset."

Now I think I have said quite enough to show that this audacious scheme is better left alone, but in conclusion I would like to comment on one or two things that a careful study of the brochure reveals.

Numerous Press references to discoveries of oil in British territory or in Great Britain are quoted in support of the syndicate's venture.

But not one of these references contains any mention of Somerset!

Yet between every fifth or sixth paragraph there is interpolated in red print the slogan: "There is Oil in Somerset."

Dreams fade

And to whet the appetite of investors mention is made of the £10,000,000 net profit made from oil at Los Angeles.

"These results pass the most romantic dreams," the brochure comments, "and as sure as dreams come true these results will be repeated when the Somerset Oil Exploration Syndicate discovers the first big oil pool in Great Britain."

Dreams are all very well; but there is often a bitter awakening.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

INJUSTICE . .

A FEW days ago I was called to the deathbed of an old and revered friend. I found him delirious and hardly able to recognise me. As I watched him I noticed that he kept on murmuring some words to himself. I stooped to listen and caught this one sentence: "Surely there must be justice somewhere."

The members of his family told me that for a long time past his sensitive sympathetic nature had been greatly troubled by stories of undeserved suffering that had been brought to his knowledge. He had no complaint to make against life on his own account, but for many years he had felt deeply that this is an unjust world for the weak and helpless.

All good men, I think, feel much the same, and the fact is full of significance. Deep down in the human heart is an unquenchable longing that life should somehow be made fairer than it is, for it bears hardly at present upon the many who suffer through no fault of their own.

* * *

I do not mean that we long for justice to be done in the punishment of wrongdoers who manage to escape the penalty of their wickedness in this world. When we hear of some appalling piece of cruelty we certainly do wish that the perpetrator of it could be brought to book. Justice in this sense, as the word is often used, only means vengeance, paying somebody out for his crimes.

Far stronger and more to be trusted is the longing I have mentioned, that somehow justice in the shape of happiness and good fortune should come to those who have known little of either as compared with others no better nor more meritorious than they.

A poor woman writes to me as follows: "I married one of the finest men on this earth, all that a good man could be to make life a paradise for me and the children born to us. While serving in the Royal Navy he was badly wounded in the head. He recovered after treatment and was reported cured, but some time after his discharge from the Service the trouble recurred with consequent loss of his reason.

* * *

"For several years now he has been in an asylum and I have had to struggle as best I could to make ends meet and bring up our family. I can get no compensation from the Naval authorities because the malady did not develop until after he left the Service, although there is not the smallest doubt that it was caused by his old wound. It is bitterly unjust."

At the same time, I hear of a young fellow who only joined up under compulsion when the war was almost over. He had something wrong his chest and so was given office work to do. As he was only away a few months he was able to get his old job back when he was demobilised. He also claimed a pension on account of his chest trouble, and got it, though the trouble was not caused by the war.

When we compare these two cases the injustice of the respective arrangements is glaring.

Comfort your sad heart, poor wife and mother. The end is not yet. That universal longing of ours to see wrong righted is in itself proof that we are immortal spirits who shall receive our due here or hereafter.

And the grave and splendid character that injustice has called forth in you is a possession that will sustain you through weary days and make you strong in the service of love.

Fooled— by the

A DASTARDLY U
TRADE E

EVERYBODY has heard of the "police informer." Luigi Victorio Capsoni, the self-confessed criminal, who turned King's Evidence in the recent arson trial at the Old Bailey, was one, and the names of others frequently crop up in outstanding criminal cases.

But there is a sinister class of informer of whom the public knows nothing—the false informers. Men who might also be termed professionals and who are always ready to come forward with information if they can see any way of turning their actions to profitable account.

Some may be definitely helpful, but there are others whose activities present the police of this country with a very real problem.

These false informers, for their own ends or to aid some criminal confederates, specialise in drawing red herrings across any trail that the long arm of the law happens to be following.

The Director of Public Prosecutions, many barristers and solicitors, and almost every detective could testify to the mischief that is done by these purveyors of spurious information.

The evil has grown to such an extent, indeed, that Scotland Yard has been forced to compile a "Black List," in which are recorded the minutest details as to addresses, haunts, wardrobe and associates of such gentry.

Lord Trenchard and his predecessors have constantly issued special instructions and detailed reports of informers' activities to police chiefs all over the country so that the known offenders can soon be identified when they try to break new ground.

But the false informers' path is not only beset by difficulties. Theirs is a hazardous calling, for they make countless enemies in the underworld, and are always liable to attack.

The false informer and his criminal associates agree upon their plan of action . . .

How he works

Nevertheless, they flourish, for there is the inducement of big money, and in one respect they have a very big pull in the knowledge that the police are obliged by regulations to investigate any case which appears to point to crime.

And, of course, it is an established fact that many successful investigations have had their beginning in a casual call from a genuine informer.

Let us show the false informer in action. . . .

Not long ago detectives at Scotland Yard were handling a series of grave complaints regarding a notorious financier who had successfully defied capture for years.

The man was just wily enough to keep beyond the reach of the criminal law, though several judgments had been sought against him in the civil courts.

One day he was visited in his lavish flat in the West End of London by a furtive individual whom he had previously met in the company of certain polished criminals.

The visitor professed to have discovered that a Scotland Yard detective was enquiring into the financier's affairs.

His story was pooh-poohed by the financier, who showed no sign of perturbation, until a few days later, when it was confirmed that police enquiries were really afoot, and that officers in at least two important police areas had word of his movements.

So the financier was now favoured with a second visit from the informant, who confided that the authorities had approached him, but he was prepared to put them off the scent with false information if it were made worth his while.

"Dress clothes" men

The financier paid handsomely for this service. What he did not know was that the later police enquiries had been *started* as a result of facts laid by his supposed friend!

This false informer had done a common, but very clever trick.

Knowing that the police were anxious to secure evidence of sufficient strength to justify proceedings against the financier, he had gone to them with a well-thought-out story, which, although untrue, was sufficient to set fresh enquiries moving.

For, as we have said, it is the duty of the police to investigate every case reported to them where crime appears.

This is by no means an isolated case.

There is one false informer who is able to maintain a luxurious town flat and a beautiful country residence. He visits some of the leading clubs, and contrives to worm his way into the company of many distinguished people.

His life has been devoted to all kinds of roguery. Aided by several hirelings, who favour the same fashionable circles, he makes a habit of compiling private records of company promoters of the fraudulent class, and of rogues of the "dress clothes" type and shady professional men.

When he has once discovered enough to make formidable "information," he arranges a meeting with the rogue concerned, and confides that a highly-placed officer from the Yard has been to see him about the other's affairs.

In several cases where he has found it necessary to lodge information definitely he has done so with success.

Thus the crooks know that he has been seen with police officers and that he once figured publicly as the "informer" in a sensational case.

This person and the other false informer we have mentioned are two of countless rogues who belong to one type.

When they give information to the police, though framed for their own purposes, it always contains a modicum of truth, so it is practically impossible for them to be proceeded against because some of their allegations prove, on investigation, to be false.

. . . the informer goes to Scotland Yard to sell his "discovery." Consequently, on the night of the crime the police are watching the wrong spot, the crooks have a clear field—and the informer has a share of the spoils

The wrong trail

On the other hand, the people they set out to victimise are rogues who cannot prosecute for fear of having their own records laid open to official scrutiny.

Another class of false informer is the man who impudently tries to hoax the police.

He may do this to put the police on some misleading scent that will divert their attention from some crime that is being hatched by confederates elsewhere.

A case of this sort occurred some months ago, when a man walked into a police station to unbosom himself about something he felt the authorities should know.

He was known to the police as a former associate of expert burglars, and as the details he outlined seemed in every way authentic, his request for a sum of money to enable him to gain further information in the underworld was granted.

But he was kept under observation and it was seen that he was associating in various West End haunts with the men he had named in his statement.

When he again reported at the station he alleged that he had found out that the others were planning a big robbery for that night.

He gave particulars of the address,

FALSE INFORMER

UNDERWORLD EXPOSED

named the criminals—all expert cracksmen with known criminal records—and gave the exact routes by which the two cars to be used would travel and the time at which the robbery would actually take place.

What could the police do in such circumstances? Prompt action was essential, so the best detectives were detailed to be on special duty at various stages on the routes given, while all the chief officers of the division concentrated upon the scene of the anticipated "round up."

Hours passed. Nothing happened. Some of the officers maintained their vigil throughout the night, but another day dawned and there was no robbery—at least, not in the area watched.

From the other extreme of the watched area came news of a huge robbery, where the thieves had made a clean getaway!

The informer in this case, as is not uncommon, had started with a groundwork of truth on which he had built an edifice of deceit that had momentarily diverted police attention from the real scene of the crime.

Yet no proceedings could be taken against him. He had been right in so many details that it could not be proved that he had deliberately erred in naming the scene of the robbery.

His story that the thieves must have discovered that he was warning the police, and so changed their plans at the last minute, had to be accepted.

Nor was it so extravagant an excuse as might be supposed. It sometimes happens when thieves suspect one of their associates of informing that they deliberately feed him with false information in the hope that he will carry it straight to the police and so put them off the scent.

Twenty aliases

With all these complications it will be seen that the problem of dealing with false informers is formidable indeed.

An interesting case arose in connection with the operations of a man well known as a financier and associate of undesirable aliens in this country.

Leading Scotland Yard officers and other detectives have been trying to secure his arrest for years, but he has always eluded them.

Once when particularly anxious to bring about an irregular transaction, this man discovered that the police had received prior information of his plans.

So he circulated false information as to where the coup was to take place, and saw that it reached the ears of the informant, who passed it on to the police.

The ruse worked. Observation was kept in the wrong quarter while the wanted rogues were operating successfully several miles away.

One of the worst informers on the Yard's Black List is a man with something like twenty aliases. He is utterly fearless, and does not confine his activities to the London underworld, but works in most big provincial towns as well.

His practice is to select a town where a known gang has defied capture and where the police are naturally doing their utmost to secure fresh facts.

He then reads up every available newspaper report, interviews victims and generally arms himself with a wealth of detail.

Next he calls at the police station, throws out one or two convincing hints about his "discoveries," and asks for money to enable him to pursue his "secret" enquiries.

Even if this does not come off he has other cards up his sleeve. He calls upon local shopkeepers, intimates that he is a police informer, and alleges that he has found that their premises are to be burgled at some later date.

At least, plans have been laid, but he will be able to scotch them by going to the police.

Of course, the shopkeepers are delighted, and usually meet his request for some small gratuity for having watched their interests so well.

Superintendents Horwell and Yandell, two of the Yard's most skilful officers with a genius for detecting the genuine informer from the false

This class of informer reaps a rich harvest among bookmakers and alien hotel proprietors, and complaints are constantly arising where money has been obtained as "consideration" for withholding information about illegal betting coups or "immoral purposes" cases.

In one instance, a false informer made a tour of hotels of a dubious class and duped proprietor after proprietor.

Such barefaced rogues run many hazards. A few months ago a man was found in a provincial street terribly bruised and battered and bleeding profusely.

He was removed to hospital in an almost dying condition, and the inspector who took charge of enquiries established that he was an informer of what is known in the underworld as the "down 'em" class. That is to say, he always gave information to "down" other criminals with whom he had quarrelled.

Anonymous informers

If he was in a crime and was "slashed" (robbed of his fair share of the spoils) he would seek revenge by lodging information to bring about his associates' downfall.

He had thus been instrumental in landing a desperate criminal in jail when others took drastic steps to silence him for ever.

Although such facts rarely if ever come to light in the Press, assaults on "down 'em" informers are very common.

It is not long since one was set upon in London, beaten unmercifully, and left terribly injured in the gutter.

Among the "down 'em" class there are many informers who are never seen by Scotland Yard. They lodge their information against their enemies by telephone, sometimes putting through a series of calls over a long period, reporting the movements of the crooks they want to see "downed."

One case in point concerns a bookmaker who had a shady past. Three men owe their heavy sentences to this man, who telephoned Scotland Yard daily lodging information piece by piece which ultimately led to their arrest.

Then there is one other type of informer who specialises in "working back" stolen property.

Press "sensations"

When he gets to know that detectives are engaged on any spectacular crime investigation — particularly where heavy insurance is involved—he gets into touch with the chief people under observation and tells them that he thinks he can be instrumental in checking further enquiries if they will let him "work back" the stuff.

They usually agree, and his next move is to find where the property is hidden, inform the police and the insurance company involved, and proceed to claim the reward.

The general outcome is that the owner gets his property back and has no wish to prosecute. The insurance company is glad to pay a generous reward rather than a heavy claim, and the police are powerless to proceed further. So the informer is left to share his reward with the crooks in peace!

Though there is an "Informants' Fund" from which gratuities, large and small, are paid to informers who aid the police, the amounts obtainable in this way are not sufficient to attract the more grasping false informers.

There are countless lesser fry who are always ready to lay faked information in the hope of gaining a few pounds, but they are more of a nuisance than anything.

Nor do false informers confine their activities to the world of crime.

There are quite a lot of enterprising individuals who lay faked information with the police with no other aim than to start up an enquiry that will enable them to sell a "sensational" story to the Press.

But the real menace is provided by those more polished and resourceful tricksters whose methods we have here exposed.

STUDY AT HOME
U
IN YOUR SPARE TIME
CAN HAVE A COLLEGE TRAINING IN ALMOST ANY CAREER FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY.

MATRICULATION
There are many ways of commencing a career, but Matriculation is the jumping-off board for all the best ones.

CIVIL SERVICE
Suitable to both sexes. Ages 15½ to 24.

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We prepare candidates for all
INSTITUTE EXAMS.
TECHNICAL, INSURANCE, COMMERCIAL, GENERAL, POLICE, Etc., Etc.

ENGINEERS ALL BRANCHES
There are examinations which are open and suitable to you, others which are not. Get our advice before deciding.

Let me give you that fatherly advice which is FREE to you, but which may mean so much to you in the future.

DO NOT DELAY—There may be chances for you to-day for which you may be too late to-morrow. Every day counts in a man's career.

J. H. Bennett

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

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Advertising and Sales Management
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IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS ABOVE, WRITE TO US ON ANY SUBJECT.
IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENQUIRE
WE TEACH BY POST IN ALL PARTS of the WORLD
Also ask for our New Book (FREE of CHARGE)
THE HUMAN MACHINE
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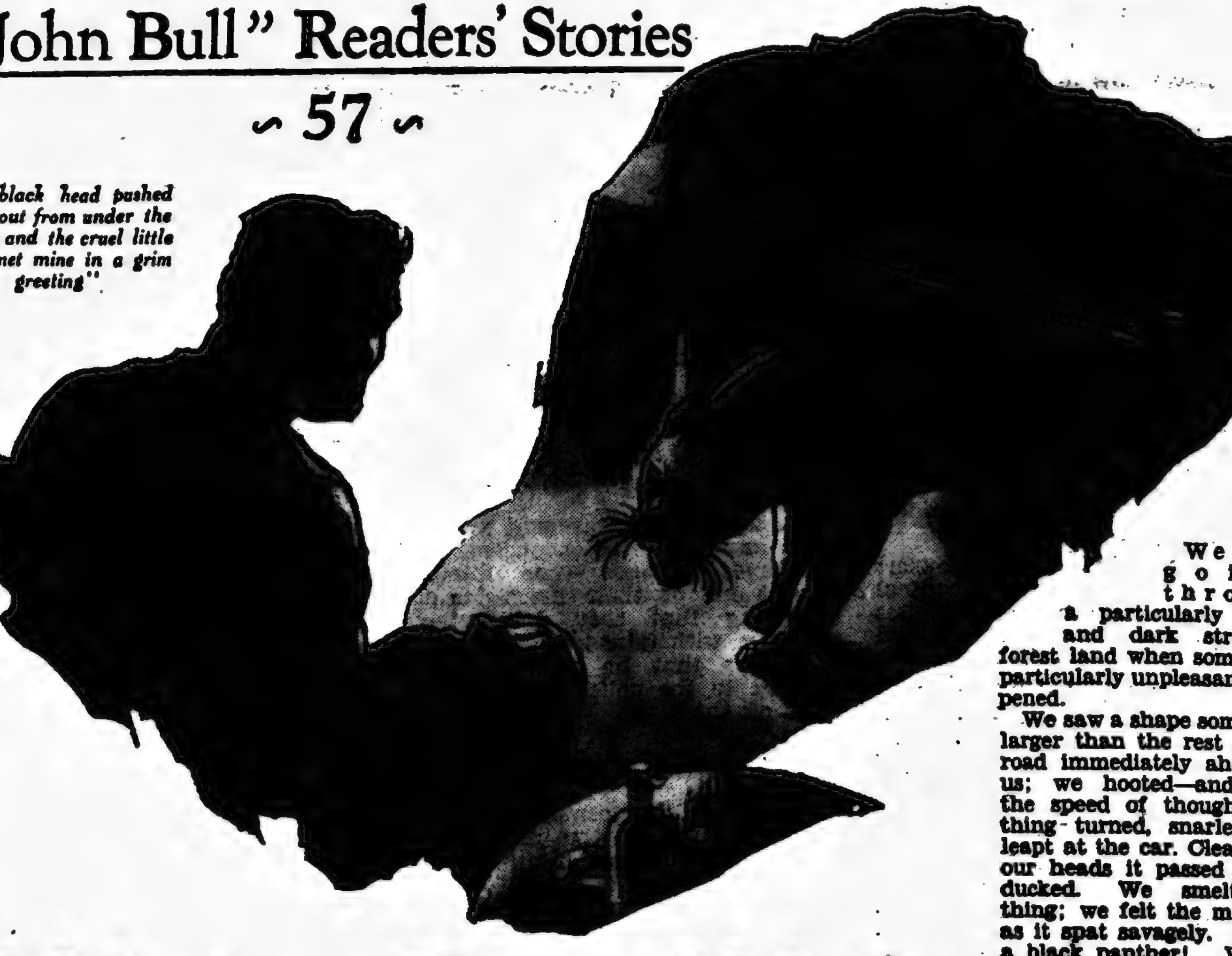
"John Bull" Readers' Stories

57



"A black head pushed itself out from under the piano and the cruel little eyes met mine in a grim greeting".

Within Four Walls with a PANTHER

I HAVE often heard about minutes that seem to last for years, but I had never experienced any until three years ago. That was the year, you may remember, of earthquakes and storms and untoward weather occurrences in general, and in Pahiang, Sumatra, where I had a plantation, we were treated like the rest of the world.

Torrential waters poured along the Rokan River, causing it here and there to burst its bounds, flooding plantations, forests and roads for miles around.

Happily, our bungalow was situated on high ground, and, though we were marooned, my wife and I had enough tinned food, together with the eggs and poultry we might expect from our ducks and chickens, to carry us on for four months.

The telephone lines were affected, too, and but for our radio programmes, we were cut off entirely from the civilised world. Twenty miles away was Garo-Patiana. It might have been two hundred miles, so impassable was the water.

Towards September, however, the waters began to subside, revealing a pitiful spectacle of damage that meant hard work for months to come.

But we looked on the bright side, and the prospect of getting through to the Settlement Club at Garo-Patiana meant more to us than all the desolation about us.

EAGERLY, Nelly was brought out and cleaned up and polished, despite the likelihood of a thorough splashing on the road. I should add that Nelly is our old Ford car—and that the tropics are so dull that the mere prospect of seeing anyone is worth a hundred pounds.

This is especially the case where the old shed that passes muster for "club" is concerned, and particularly so when there are new arrivals, people who supply not only news from home, but also much speculation as to their past histories.

Hence, when we finally reached the Settlement Club and the boy behind the bar was busy making coffee, the buzz of tongues was tremendous.

The waters had subsided all round the neighbourhood and planters had come in from the most outlying districts and avid for news and fresh material for gossip or discussion.

So-and-so had arrived, we heard, and So-and-so had gone home, and then we told the interested company how our chickens had increased and multiplied.

"You are lucky!" said Van Dort, a Dutchman, in his funny way. "Mine have mostly gone—gobble—gobble—so!"

And then Henderson, a man with no small reputation as a shot, told us of the hunting parties that had been instituted to track down a panther which, apparently driven from its usual haunts by the floods, had ravaged the neighbourhood and had been seen unpleasantly close to Garo-Patiana on more occasions than one.

NO sooner had we got over this sensation than we learned of an Austrian couple, newly arrived, who were managing an estate about ten miles from us. For twenty minutes or so talk on this topic went on, and then we made up a four at a game of bridge.

You can have no conception of the excitement that accompanied all this chatter. People believe that there's plenty of thrills and glamour to be found on or near the Equator. Take my word for it, I'm trying to tell you the happenings of all that afternoon and evening in full because it was one of the most glamorous days I can remember.

Quite honestly, when the lamps were lit and we opened tins of corned beef, we would not have exchanged places with anyone else in our part of the world.

All good things must come to an end, however, and presently we climbed into Nelly and clattered—that is the word!—back along the road.

From time to time, small animals ran in affright in front of us, but since we were going no faster than the car would allow us, no faster than twenty-five miles an hour, we committed no killings.

We were going through a particularly dense and dark strip of forest land when something particularly unpleasant happened.

We saw a shape somewhat larger than the rest in the road immediately ahead of us; we hooted—and with the speed of thought, the thing turned, snarled and leapt at the car. Clean over our heads it passed as we ducked. We smelt the thing; we felt the moisture as it spat savagely. It was a black panther! With a fervent prayer to Nelly, I trod on the gas and, goodness knows how, we managed to streak down the rest of that road.

I can stand most things, but panthers are the limit. Unlike most beasts, they do not kill for food or in self-defence. They kill from sheer blood lust, a devilish delight in slaughter that allies them to the devil.

And as our own ground came in sight my wife silently took my *terai* off my head and showed it to me without a word. In the excitement I had been unaware of any impact, but torn in the top was an eloquent hole that spoke volumes. An inch lower and that panther would have scalped and debrained me!

All the pleasure of the day vanished in a flash. A panther was in the neighbourhood! That meant trouble, and you may be sure I counted my chickens and saw to all the windows before I turned in.

The next day I should, properly speaking, have toured my plantation and totted up all the damage, but man has a duty to man, particularly in these parts, and it was plainly incumbent upon me to go up to Herr Balzers, our new neighbour, to warn him of the menace that lurked in the district.

Accordingly I left my revolver with my wife in case of anything untoward and started off in Nelly with my rifle beside me.

My way again lay through jungle, and you may be sure I kept a keen look-out. Fortunately, I met nothing except large quantities of hungry cattle-flies, and after twenty minutes the bungalow came in view.

WHEN I had last seen it, it had been deserted and tumble-down with the ground around in a lamentable state, but Herr Balzers was plainly a man accustomed to control. Everything was now neat and clean, and a boy came down from the veranda as I alighted from my car.

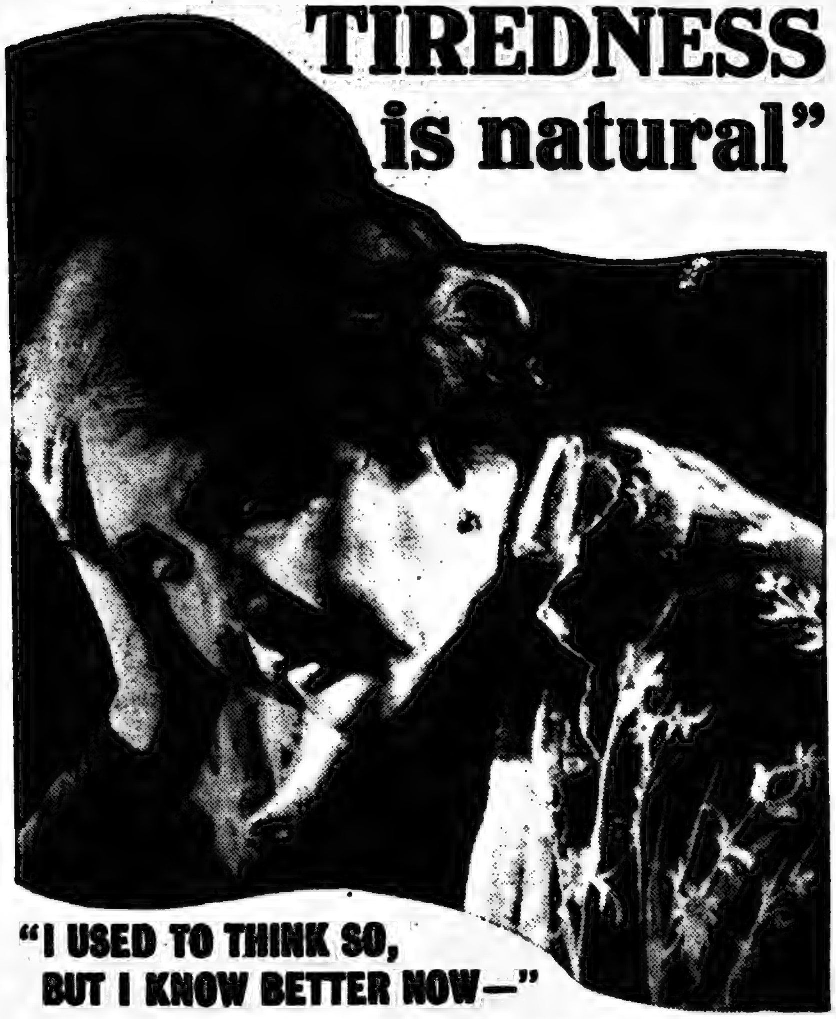
No, the Tuan was not in, he told me. His wife? No, they were both out together, but they would be back very shortly.

I decided to wait and the boy mixed me a *stengah* (whisky and soda) as I sat on the veranda. Then, feeling hot, I decided to have a quiet smoke in the house.

The main room was cool and stone-floored, with the ordinary bungalow furniture of cane chairs and tables,

(Continued on page 28)

"AT MY AGE *most people think* TIREDNESS is natural"



"I USED TO THINK SO, BUT I KNOW BETTER NOW—"

"I am writing to tell you what Hall's Wine did for me. Two years ago I felt tired and 'old' and weak. I was heavy on my feet. My nerves got tired out too, so I felt depressed.

HOSPITAL MATRON'S ADVICE

"Then a matron in one of the London hospitals said I was letting tiredness wear me out before my time. She told me how nurses who are run down, or weak, take Hall's Wine to get their strength back.

"The first bottle of Hall's Wine got my nerves right. I ate better than for years. Three wineglassfuls a day, for 2 months—now I feel as strong as a woman of thirty.

SHARES HER CHILDREN'S FUN

"I keep house, make the children's clothes, look after the garden myself, and join in all the children's fun. If only other women of my age would try Hall's Wine." (*Mrs.) K. C. Johnstone, 26 Gunterstone Road, London, W.14.*

DELICIOUS TONIC

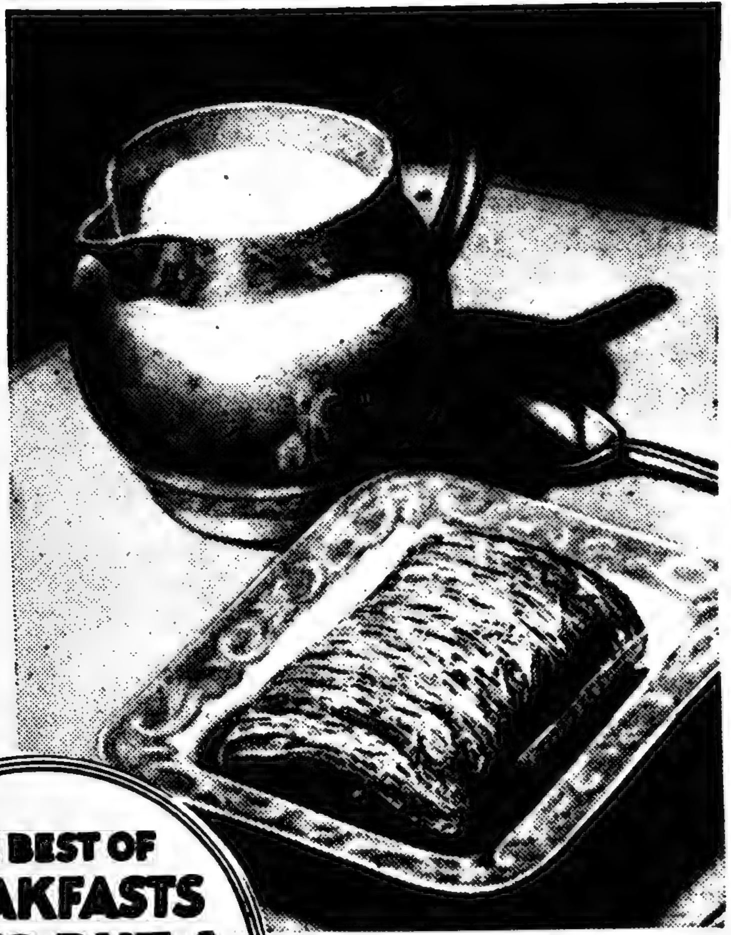
Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Nerves, weakness, or "feeling run down," will soon stop if you get rid of tiredness. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, the constituents of Hall's Wine have a quick and lasting effect and it is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. Thousands of letters like that above, and hundreds from nurses, prove its benefit (letters are open for inspection). Start Hall's Wine today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Stephen Smith & Company Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. The price is the same everywhere, 5/6.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

Why let the need for *economy* deprive you of GOOD FOOD?



THE BEST OF BREAKFASTS COSTS BUT A 1d PER DAY

● Though lots of us in these days are going short of many little luxuries, none need go short of good food. The bounty of Nature brings to you in the form of Shredded Wheat, one of the finest, most wholesome and healthful foods possible. A packet will supply an energising Breakfast for one for nearly a fortnight for barely a penny a day. Your penny never has bought, and never can buy, greater worth in wholesome goodness. Spend wisely and order a packet of Shredded Wheat to-day. It is an all-round economy, because no cooking is needed, being ready to serve instantly with milk, cream, honey or all seasonable fruits.

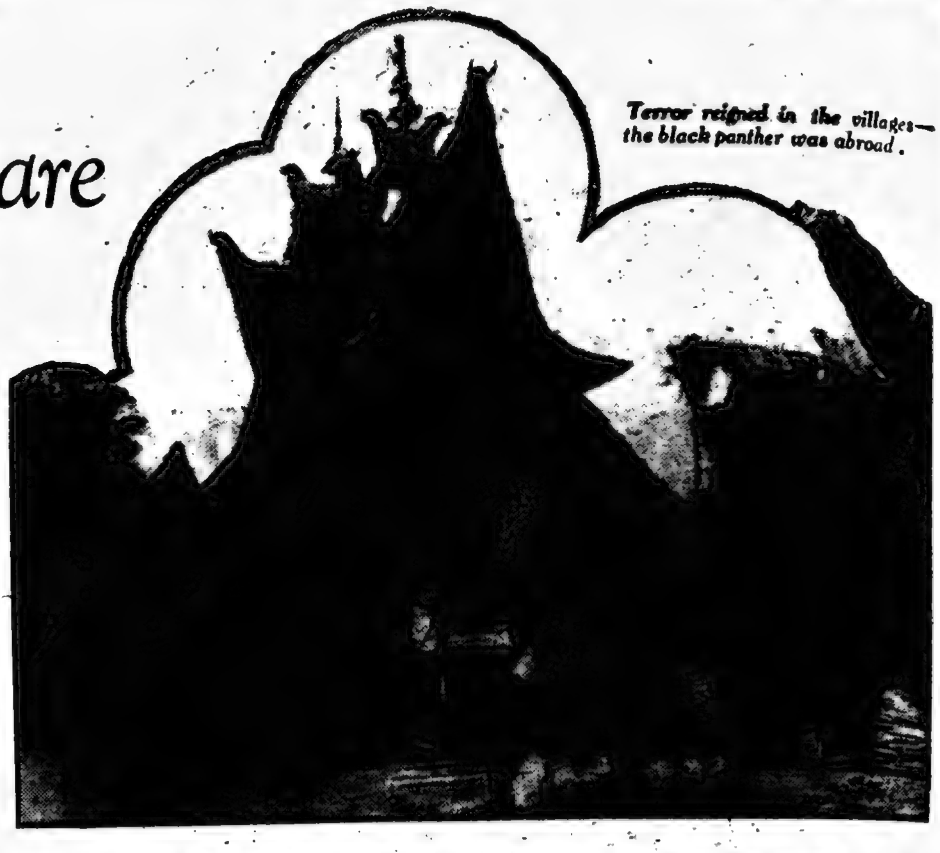
The food for Health & Economy

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

A Jungle Nightmare

(continued from page 26)



Terror reigned in the villages—the black panther was abroad.

though arranged with no small measure of taste. At least one-fourth of the space was taken up by a grand piano, draped by a shawl, I noticed.

And, flinging down my hat, shutting the door to keep out the troublesome flies, I sat down in the most comfortable chair and prepared to enjoy myself as I waited.

The one discord in my surroundings was a slight smell, an animal smell, a familiar smell. I lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. Just as I was waving the flame of my match into extinction, the shawl over the piano stirred.

At the self-same instant I recognised that odour. It was panther! I dropped both matches and cigarette in my fright and with the next breath saw my worst fears realised. A black head pushed itself out from under the piano and the cruel little eyes met mine in a grim greeting

The lips parted and I saw wicked white fangs There came a sound, the whip of a tail lashing from side to side—always a danger sign.

I REMAINED motionless, cold sweat breaking out on my skin, thinking longingly of the rifle I had left in the Ford. But even if I had it, I told myself, the panther would spring before I could use it.

Now began the few minutes that lasted a year. Thoughts flashed through my brain with astounding rapidity. I could shout—but that might alarm the animal into a sudden leap. If I stood up and went slowly backwards, the beast might spring—with a sureness that had been shown by its leap over the car, I reflected.

Meanwhile, the vile thing was creeping inch by inch from its shelter. From its crimson eyes and that lolling tongue my eyes passed to the strength of its shoulders, to the sharp claws in those powerful paws

Those claws could smash my head in with one stroke or tear out my throat or rend me from neck to legs as a cat might a canary Or I might be mauled mercilessly, worried to a dreadful death.

I actually thought these things as I sat there. I thought these and many more, seeing old friends and wondering what they would say about my fate as well as dying a hundred deaths.

The beast was now right out of cover and lay with lashing tail, but otherwise motionless and tense, as if waiting for a moment. And I, equally motionless, wondered how I could possibly escape that self-same moment. Even if the boy entered, that might not save me!

The sound of horses' hoofs impinged on my consciousness, but I experienced no emotion. Nothing could help me, it seemed. Face to face with that panther, I was face to face with death.

I heard people dismounting; I heard the boy saying something or other, I heard German voices, footsteps coming nearer and nearer while silence brooded between death and myself, and then the door was flung open. I heard the greeting, "Wie geht es——"

The panther rose to its feet with a snarl.

Amazingly, astoundingly, Herr Balzers took no notice of the thing. He came forward as if about to take my hand and then noticed, I suppose, my fixed stare and stiff, still posture. With a kick and an ejaculation he sent that panther scuttling back under the piano, and turned to me with a gesture of commiseration.

"My pet——," he began.

BUT fright had drained my bones. I half fainted and knew little or nothing until neat whisky had been forced between my lips. Presently I sat up and tried to relieve the distress of the good Austrian and his wife.

"I should have known," I said, "that the possibility of a wild panther sheltering under a piano would be very remote. Still, your animal's supposed to have killed a few chickens. . . ."

Herr Balzers started up. "Impossible! It hasn't left the house!" He explained then that the taming of wild animals had always been a hobby, and that he was a Fellow of every zoological society in Austria.

He regretted that the boy had not warned me of the presence of Prince. But he remained adamant in his belief that his pet was no longer a killer. . . .

"There must be another panther, then," I suggested.

As a matter of fact, there was.

THE following Sunday we all assembled at the club prepared to spend a solid week hunting the wild panther if necessary My experience with the car and the death by mauling of a horse the following day revealed that the hidden danger was a constant menace to our safety.

Herr Balzers had the hope that puma would meet puma, one attracting the other, and with Prince chained to a stake in the middle of a circular plantation, we waited in the comparative safety afforded by the trees around.

We waited one hour, two hours, three. We were beginning to get decidedly uncomfortable. And then it came, with hardly a sound to warn us—a black, sinewy shape that paused at the edge of the forest and eyed Prince suspiciously.

A dozen rifles spat.

The panther leapt convulsively and then rolled over.

NEXT WEEK: *A returned student tells how he became involved in an amazing conflict between rival parties of young hikers in Germany.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

RED LETTER:—"Boil six potatoes till almost ready, pour off water while they are still firm, then leave potatoes to FOOL."

LYNN NEWS AND COUNTY PRESS:—"—— scored 16 in what must have been 'record' time, while —— carried his BAT for 14."

STAR:—"Suspicion falls on a notorious German-born poacher, who is known to have talked about —— DECENTLY."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Two of the four British seaplanes which set out from Felixstowe this morning on a NIGHT to Finland were forced to land."

SOUTH WALES FOOTBALL ARGUS:—"—— did some kicking to touch, also got the WALL away smartly."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING EXPRESS:—"The contention that a frayed WIFE prevented a motor-cyclist from decreasing his petrol supply was advanced."

ABERDEEN BON-ACCORD:—"A STARLING report got abroad during the week-end about the King."

WESSEX AIRWAYS:—"'Some day we shall all fly.' So said the PROFITS a quarter of a century ago."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"In a MOUTH it will be fit to bottle."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

The TRAGIC ROMP

DURING last Christmas holidays, Joan, who is now aged five, and her sister, aged eight, were having a fine romp round the house with their ex-Service dad, who, suddenly seeing that Joan was in danger of falling, reached out to catch her, and in so doing collapsed.

He was taken to hospital and X-rayed, but his spinal muscles were so badly injured that he has been completely incapacitated from work since.

For the first sixteen weeks after the accident, when he lay helpless in bed, his wife worked day and night for his comfort, with the result that she became ill and was for five weeks in hospital.

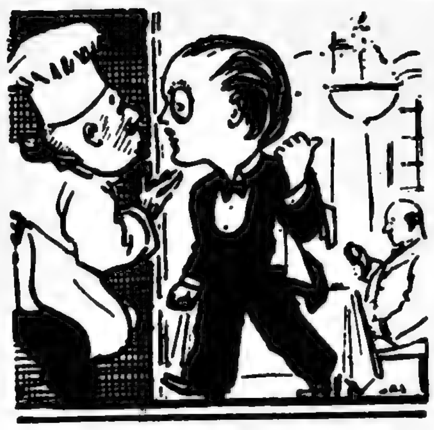
"During this period," she states, "we had to get help in the home to look after my husband and the children, and the Public Assistance Committee stopped 8s. 6d. a week, which made it impossible for us to meet the rent, and so things have got into a terrible state."

The arrears of rent, now amounting to £5 10s., Joan's mother is striving to pay by weekly instalments, which brings her rent to 14s., and leaves her, after insurances, light, coal, etc., are paid, with 9s. 6d. a week on which to feed her bedfast husband, herself, and two growing children.

No wonder she says: "We have had a hard struggle this last nine months." And what her husband's physical and mental sufferings must be are unthinkable, for, prior to his accident, he was able to earn fifty to sixty shillings a week.

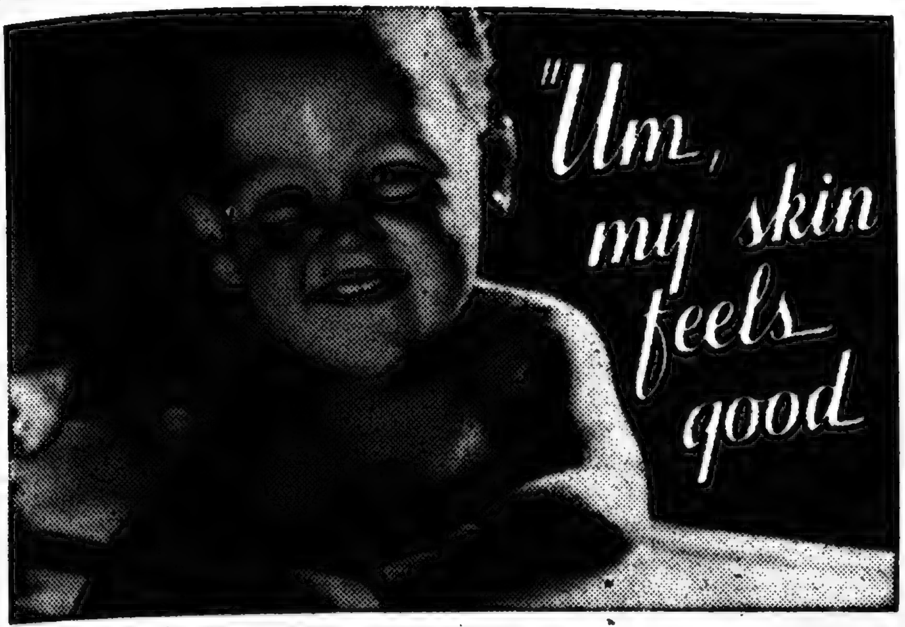
Donations earmarked "Joan" will be thankfully received from our readers for the help of her dad. They should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of donations are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

You could have saved this!
TAKE "SURE SHIELD" BRAND IODISED THROAT TABLETS
A Gargle in Every Tablet!
Widely prescribed by the medical profession.
The Formula is printed on every tin.
8½d & 1/3 per tin
FROM ALL CHEMISTS



When the diner's in a hurry
And the chef is in a flurry
Says the waiter . . . . .
Sharp's the word
and
Sharp's the Toffee
I like best of all

PARMINT
DOUBLE STRENGTH
Is a good old fashioned, dependable remedy for curing Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchial Troubles and Hoarseness. Made from pure Norway Pine and Japanese Mint, it is known the world over for its soothing effects on the delicate membrane of the throat and lungs and thousands of bottles are sold yearly. Good for either children or adults. Try it. Parmint costs little, tastes good, acts quickly and is sold and recommended by good chemists everywhere. Always standard and always reliable.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH, HOARSENESS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLE, HAY FEVER

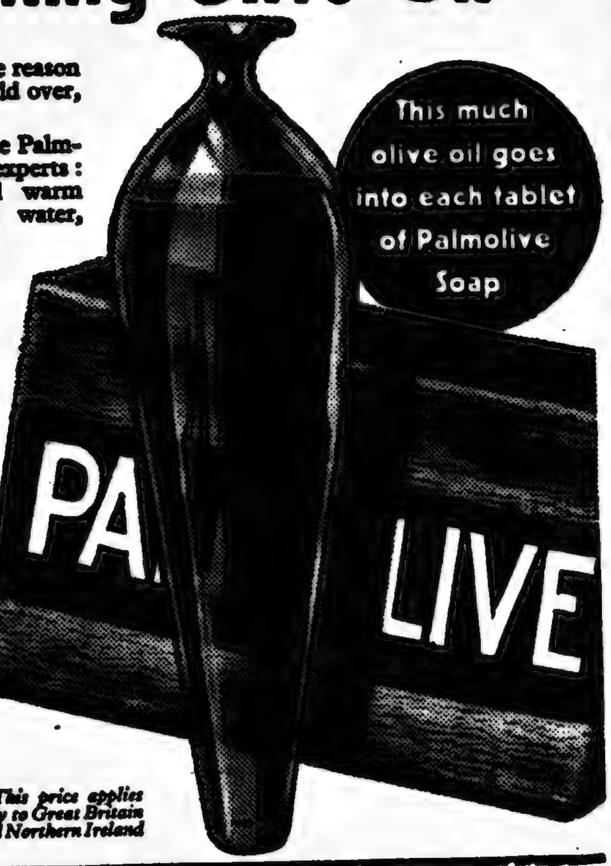

"Um, my skin feels good

because Mother uses soap containing Olive Oil"

Olive oil in soap! That's the reason why beauty experts, the world over, recommend Palmolive.

And here is the way to use Palmolive, as prescribed by experts: wash with Palmolive and warm water; rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Dry with a soft towel.

What do you look for, when you buy soap? What should you look for? Fancy wrappers? No! Fancy odours? No! You want a soap that is made of olive and palm oils, without one drop of artificial colouring . . . no strong, masking perfumes. Palmolive is just such a soap and it is recommended by over 20,000 beauty experts to keep skin young, smooth, soft.



now 3d

This price applies only to Great Britain and Northern Ireland

WHY WOMEN SUFFER.

Right from their early teens until perhaps the days of middle life few women enjoy perfect womanly health. Certainly not many spend twelve months free from anxious health worries.

Why should women suffer like this? The indispositions of young girls, business women, wives and mothers do not materially differ. Breathlessness, headache, pallor, palpitation, listlessness, pain in the back and limbs, indigestion and debility, all point to the one cause—weak, watery blood. Thin blood is responsible for most of the ailments from which women suffer.

To overcome anæmia you must build up your blood, and the one remedy which has a world-wide reputation for enriching and increasing the blood is Dr. Williams brand pink pills. The new rich blood created by these pills quickly banishes anæmia and all its miseries. The best evidence of the value of Dr. Williams brand pink pills is found in the praise expressed by the many thousands of women whose health has been restored by their aid. So take a course of these pills now and notice the improvement in your appetite, the brighter spirits, and the fresh colour in your cheeks.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (larger size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM AUTUMN COUGHS & CHILLS

Home-made honey syrup is one of the few "old-time" remedies still used and recommended for instantly relieving and speedily banishing coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and sore throat. To make this remedy at home demands much time and attention, but honey syrup made from the original recipe is obtainable in the form of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, a carefully-blended compound of Honey, Oil of Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Menthol and Balsam of Tolu. From the first half-teaspoonful, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup destroys germ infection, soothes and heals throat rawness, cuts and loosens phlegm, and thus speedily banishes the most stubborn cough. Chemists everywhere can supply 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and, whatever your bronchial trouble, this remedy will give you instant relief. Don't delay, for a neglected autumn cough or chill may lead to serious winter ailments.

Get the nourishment and the GIFTS

ONLY 7½D Guaranteed full ½ lb.

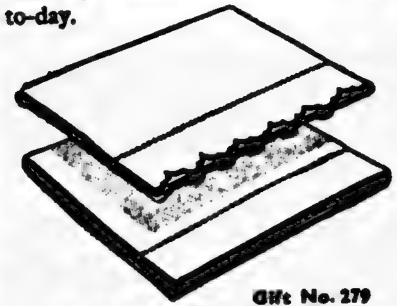
A perfect Food-Drink for the whole family!

4 fine quality foods scientifically blended . . .

and in addition a splendid choice of . . .

free GIFTS

Every Gift in Fry's splendid collection is useful. Sooner or later you would have to buy these very things. And while you're collecting the coupons, Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is doing the whole family good. Though it is the lowest-priced of all real Food Drinks, the foods it contains are the finest of their kind: British Extract of Malt, pure British Milk, fresh English Farmhouse Eggs and Fry's famous Cocoa. Get a tin to-day.



Gift No. 279
Two Scalloped Pillow Cases. Daintily scalloped, good quality. 23 Coupons

FRY'S MILK CHOCOLATE
FRY'S PLAIN CHOCOLATE
VALENCIA
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Gift No. 280. 6 assorted 2 oz. Blocks consisting of: Milk Chocolate, Plain Chocolate, Valencia Milk Chocolate (with almonds and raisins), Nut Crackle, Chocolate Cream, Cokernut.
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Gift No. 218. Seamless Rubber Hot Water Bottle 3 quart capacity.
37 Coupons

Gift No. 224
Jigsaw Puzzle. The pictures are of various attractive subjects. Size 7" x 5" mounted on plywood and cut into 80 pieces. 12 Coupons

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

QUALITY *Guaranteed* UNCHANGED

If you do not find a coupon in the tin, a complete label will be accepted.

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA WITH EGGS

The nutritive value of food drinks depends largely upon the ease with which they are digested. Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is easily assimilated, and it also has the advantage of containing an important digestive element which aids in the conversion of the starch content of other foods into sugar (dextrose). *Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa also has an exceptionally high protein content.*

M.M. 372. 21033

Free! GIFT LIST J.B. 14/10/33
with Free "Start" Coupon

Send this coupon for a free copy of Fry's New Gift Booklet and one free "Start-off" Coupon. Address to Dept. 8B, Messrs. J. S. Fry & Sons Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol.

Name..
(Write in BLOCK letters)

Address..

Town.......................... County..........................

Post in unsealed envelope using ½d. stamp.

This announcement does not apply in the Irish Free State.

CONSTANT COLD IN THE HEAD *Spells* DANGER

Stop it now!

It's the forerunner of catarrh, deafness, loss of voice, auto-intoxication —and worse.

Get rid of it at once—with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. They instantly clear away the catarrh and phlegm, and ease breathing wonderfully.

A powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, trams, 'buses, tubes). *A positive barrier to influenza.*

S. P., Dudley, Worc.:

"I was suffering from almost complete loss of voice. I could hardly speak for eighteen months.
Your Pastilles not only restored my voice, but smell also."

INSTANT RELIEF *for* NASAL CATARRH, THROAT COUGH, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, HAY FEVER, ETC.

Packed in neat 1/3d. tins for pocket or handbag. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists, or 1/4½d. direct from:

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61a, Artillery Lane,
London, E.1.
Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

Castols

THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

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Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

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FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

OFFICE

"WHAT A RELIEF!"

Quick, almost instant, relief; and you *know* that the trouble will not come back. Urace wastes no time, and prevents the trouble recurring because it tones up your system. If you want a definite and permanent cure, Urace will give it you! 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, from your chemist.

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Break the BAD Promise!

"I learnt to care for the girl who nursed me back to life"

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN,

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." He wants to help you solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Address your letters to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope for his reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

WHEN a famous statesman passed away not long ago many fine tributes were paid to his memory. Among other things, it was said that he had never been known to break his word. Most people would applaud that as a great virtue. But I am not so sure.

It is easy to keep a promise if you never make one. That may sound an "Irishism." But it isn't, really. There are crowds of "I-don't know" and "I'm-not-sure" people about who will never give a direct "Yes" or "No" to any question they are asked. And folk who are as cautious as that seldom have a "word to break."

But most of us are ordinary men and women, who are not ashamed to confess that there are times when we find it very difficult to keep our word.

It isn't that we are completely weak and unstable. We agree that a promise, once given, should never be lightly broken. But there are circumstances in life which make even "keeping our word" secondary to other considerations.

My postbag is full of such cases. Here is one typical example: A young man writes to tell me that he is in a "desperately difficult position."

"For three years," he says, "I have been engaged to a girl who is liked by everybody, and up to a few months ago I felt absolutely sure of my love for her. Then something happened which changed my outlook.

"Last Easter Monday I was involved in a bad motor smash and taken into a cottage hospital. There for weeks I lay between life and death, and it was only afterwards that I learnt that my girl had given up her work to go and stay with my invalid mother.

"During my stay in the hospital I learnt to care for the nurse who devotedly nursed me back to life. And from a friend I have just found out that she cares for me, too, though she is keeping away from me because she knows I am engaged to somebody else.

"What am I to do? If I desert my girl it will break her heart and sadden my mother. Yet I feel I can't go on."

"WHAT am I to do?" asks this correspondent. I think, first of all, he must make absolutely sure of his feelings. He has just recovered from the results of a serious accident. During times of illness people are very impressionable—their emotions lie very near the surface.

In their state of helplessness any kindly act shown to them calls forth feelings of gratitude and even affection, whilst any suspicion of neglect is magnified into deliberate cruelty

This young man says he has fallen in love with his nurse, and yet he has only known her for a few months, and, apparently, has only seen her on duty in the hospital

Contrast that with his knowledge of his present girl. He has been "engaged to her for three years," and during that time, up to a few months ago, he felt "absolutely sure" of his love for her

When his accident occurred she gave up her work in order to go and look after his invalid mother. Common decency, as well as gratitude, demands that he shall be very sure of himself before he breaks off that engagement. . .

If he should come to have no doubt that he is in love with this nurse, then, painful though it may be, he must tell his present girl the truth. To marry her, knowing that he had ceased to care for her, would sadden more lives than those of his mother and girl. That kind of marriage often casts a shadow on the next generation.

The writer of my second letter is in a difficult position through no fault of her own. This is what she says:

"When I was ill last winter my next-door neighbour was very good to me, and a few weeks ago an opportunity came for me to return her kindness. She was very worried about her mother, who lives in Manchester, and had had a bad accident.

"She said she would like to go and look after her, but she could not leave her husband and children. I promised that, if she went, I would prepare their food and keep an eye on things.

"One night I was clearing up after the children had been put to bed, when her husband suddenly came over, threw his arms around my neck, and kissed me. I was both surprised and annoyed, and I told him quite plainly not to be so stupid. But he said something about always having liked me. I daren't tell my husband, for I am afraid he might do something terrible to him.

"I want to keep my promise to my neighbour, and yet I can't stand this man's attentions, and I have certainly never encouraged him."

IN my judgment, this man has behaved like a cad. His wife is away nursing her mother, and he takes advantage of that to thrust his unwelcome attentions upon a married woman, whose only idea is to help them.

There are two ways in which my correspondent can act: She can either see to it that she is never left alone with this man, and, if necessary, leave him to do his own "clearing up" after the children have been put to bed; or she can make it plain to this fellow that, if such a thing occurs again, she will tell her husband and leave him to deal with the matter. Then I hope she will not have to break her promise.

Now, there is another kind of promise that causes a great deal of heartburning and, in some cases, positive misery. It is that known as the "deathbed promise." Frequently do I get problems of this kind sent to me. Here is one of them from a woman, who tells me she is happily married and has three bonnie children. The letter goes on:

"Shortly after my marriage I lost my mother, and, as I was the only child, she asked me on her deathbed to promise that I would always give father a home with us. Both my husband and I agreed. Soon afterwards father came to live with us.

"All went well for twelve months, and then, through his own stupidity, he lost his job. He has never looked for work since, and, as we are only working folks ourselves, we can't afford to keep him indefinitely.

"It isn't only that—he drinks heavily and he has developed dirty habits, and makes himself a general nuisance.

"All this is a very bad example for the children. We have appealed to his better nature, and, when that did not work, we have even threatened to turn him out. But he always reminds us of the last promise we made to mother.

"We have put up with this for three years and the worry of it is driving me almost mad. I want to keep my promise to mother, but it is very, very hard. Do you personally think it would be a great sin to break it?"

NOW, I am just going to talk for a moment to this woman correspondent as though we were face to face. Your mother loved you. She would grieve terribly if she knew that fulfilling the promise she asked you to give on her deathbed had caused you so much worry that it was driving you "almost mad."

You and your husband have done your duty nobly. For three years you have kept your word, although it must have been desperately hard at times. And if it is broken now, your father has only himself to blame.

This is the line you must take with him. Once and for all, he must be told that he must either mend his ways or find shelter elsewhere. He must be told that his drinking and dirty habits will be tolerated no longer, and that he must also contribute towards his keep.

I have every sympathy with a man who wants work and can't find it. I have none for this fellow, who deliberately threw away his job and has never looked for other work since. My correspondent owes this stand to her husband and her children. And if her mother were here now, I am sure she would agree with me.

In the matter of deathbed promises I think a common-sense attitude should be taken. It is difficult, if not impossible, to deny anyone their last request. If that request is a reasonable one, it should, of course, be carried out. If, however, it entails hardship and suffering, or if circumstances have altered since the promise was given, it should not be regarded as literally binding.

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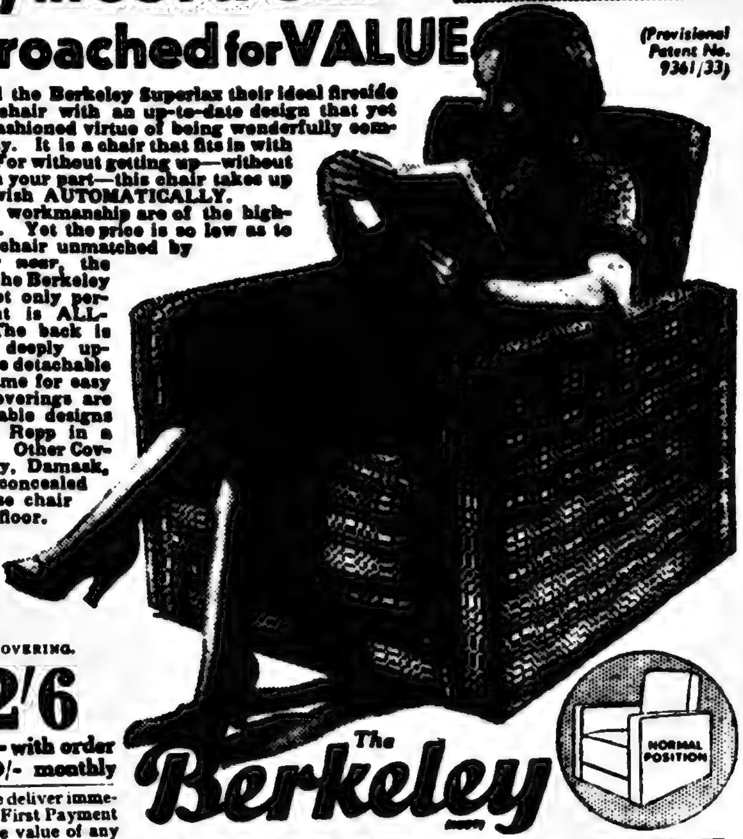

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John Bull ....

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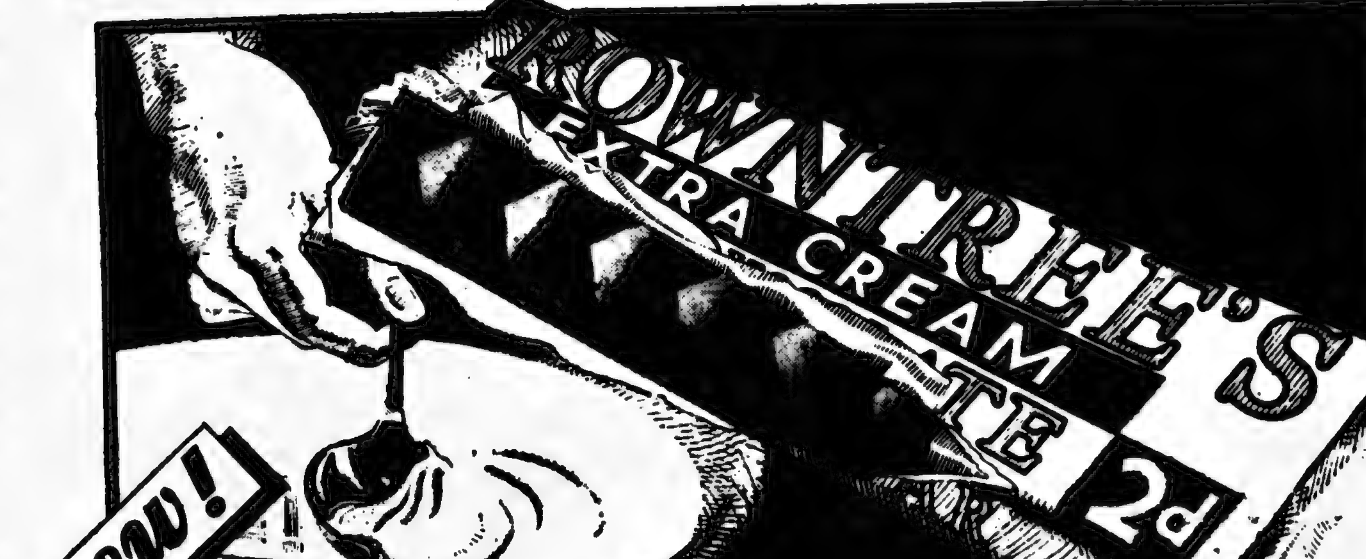
Milk Chocolate by Rowntree's

1896 — the great gold rush to the Klondyke. About this time Milk Chocolate was first introduced.

Long ago, when sixty degrees of frost in the Klondyke Valley couldn't freeze the greed for gold, and people hadn't thought of typewriters, tangoes or long week-ends, a new sweet began to oust the lollipops. Milk Chocolate it was called. Now for the first time since the gay and gas-lit nineties comes another great change in chocolate. ★ EXTRA-CREAM Milk Chocolate is here. Rowntree's have made it. Found the secret that will make you choose it from all other milk chocolates. Buy a block today — it's smooth as the very cream with which it's made and delicious as chocolate never was before. Sold in big bars and blocks for twopence and also ¼ and ½-lb. net-weight sizes.

★ This new chocolate, made with British full-cream milk, has had Extra-Cream added. It was this nourishing ingredient that finally gave it a definite preference in a recent national tasting test.



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When your vital organs fail to perform their work correctly—your system and kidneys can't throw off that waste material—before you realise it you're growing hideously fat.

Take half a teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream, and sugar—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

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Mrs. F. R., London, writes: "I have reduced 20lb. with Kruschen, and feel brighter and more energetic in every way. My husband says I look five years younger. There is no other reason for my loss of weight except Kruschen, as I do not take any particular diet."

Get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts from any chemist's (lasts four weeks). Even this first bottle should convince you this is the easiest, safest, and surest way to lose fat—you will feel a superb improvement in health—gloriously energetic—vigorously alive.

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GHOSTS of the Motor Show

Here's a grandfather who can still "carry the family"—a forty-year-old motor-car seen on the roads of 1933

IT is the night before the world's greatest Motor Show opens. Six miles of glistening cars such as have never been built before lie beneath dust-sheets. To-morrow the quiet hall will be packed with crowding, jostling motorists anxious to see the motors for 1934.

But to-night Olympia is full of ghosts—ghosts of famous cars that so long ago were the pride of their inventors and ghosts of those famous pioneers who in the early days of motoring dared death and fought against prejudice.

The motorist of to-day is an ungrateful fellow. He takes the present-day motor-car, with all its innovations, its safety, its comfort and its speed, for granted. He laughs when he sees an "old crock" of 1904—forgetting that it is the great-grandfather of the car of to-day.

And how surprised are the ghosts as they peer below the dust-sheets. In those early days not one of the inventors in his wildest flights of fancy could have thought that the "horseless carriage" would reach this stage.

WHO is this bent, stooping figure who stares in amazement at the tiny power-units below those glittering bonnets? Maybe it is the father of the petrol engine, Herr Gottlieb Daimler, whose name lives to-day in one of the most famous cars within the show.

It is forty-eight years since Daimler built the first internal combustion engine, a clumsy single-cylinder affair that puffed and panted, caught fire every few minutes, and developed a mere 2½ horse-power.

There seems little comparison with that modern miracle—the 2,600 horse-power Rolls-Royce aero engine of to-day. Yet the monster power-unit which drives record-breaking aeroplanes, motor-boats and cars works in exactly the same way as Daimler's engine of 1885.

It was in this year that Karl Benz—he surely is among the Olympia ghosts—built the first *motor*-car, a crazy three-wheeled affair driven by a single-cylinder engine. But it went—even if in fits and starts. It was the beginning.

In 1892 an unknown and very young inventor built his first car. His name was Henry Ford. Later, in 1903, his name was to appear in that short list of holders of the world land-speed record. In that year he drove a Ford—"old 999"—at ninety-six miles an hour. To-day the record is 272 m.p.h.

Those pioneers of yesterday and the ghosts of to-day planned and worked; they had very little financial backing and almost insurmountable prejudice to fight.

THEN, in 1894, came the first real motor-car, the famous Panhard. It had four wheels, the engine under the bonnet, a sliding gear transmission system, brake pedal and a foot accelerator. That was the first car to have the gear-box which was to remain with us for years. Levassor, who invented it, said at the time, "It's brutal, but it works."

And work it did. . . . Right up to 1933, when manufacturers, with one accord, designed themselves "easy-change" gear-boxes—the gear change of to-day. One manufacturer dived into history, before the days of Panhard, and decided that the Benz, with its rear-engine, had the power unit in the right place.

So at Olympia we see that car of the future—the streamlined rear-engined Crossley that has been designed by Sir Dennistoun Burney, builder of the air-ship *R100*. 1934 goes back to 1885, when the first Panhard was undergoing its first tests.

But the world did not take kindly to the motor-car. In Britain we had the Red Flag Act, passed in 1831, and not repealed until 1896. That reduced the speed of any vehicle to the locomotive powers of a man who walked in front of it with a red flag.

So in 1895 there were but few cars registered. All the others were experimental models, and most of those never even moved outside the workshop where they were built.

Think of it—only thirty-eight years ago there were not even four cars on the roads of Britain. There were only thirty-two cars in the whole of the world.

To-day there are 33,500,000—one to every sixty living people, and the motor industry is Britain's third greatest.

Those were the days when motorists were hated, when drivers had not only to contend with the mechanical failures of their machine, which were frequent, but the sticks and stones hurled at them by irate farmers, whose cattle were disturbed by the banging contraptions which went by in a cloud of dust.

by

Thomas H. Wisdom

the Motoring Authority

Some of the ghosts around us could tell exciting stories of the old days. Of the first motor competition to be held, from Paris to Rouen and back; of the tragic Paris-Madrid race of 1903, when the French Government stopped it at Bordeaux, because of the tremendous number of fatal accidents.

Then in 1896 at last the Red Flag Act was repealed. That was a great year in the progress of the automobile. Motorists organised a procession from London to Brighton to celebrate it. And, strangely enough, many of them reached their goal.

In November every year we go on that same journey in the same cars, to celebrate the anniversary of "Emancipation Day." The "old stagers"—those queer-looking contraptions which were the first motor-cars—are driven once more on the road. It is a great adventure persuading an old Benz, which first saw the light of day in 1896, to reach Brighton. Sometimes it takes seven hours to cover the fifty miles.

In 1907 came the opening of Brooklands, and the two-and-a-half mile track that was to become the Mecca of Speed for drivers all over the world.

On the opening day they held a procession of cars round the track, until Dame Ethel Locke-King, one of the first women drivers and to this day the proprietor of Brooklands, decided to taste for the first time the joy of unrestricted speed. So the procession degenerated into a race, until Col. Warwick Wright, still one of the leading men in the motor trade, had his Darracq thundering round the track at 85 miles an hour.

THEN S. F. Edge decided on a scheme to show the world the sort of cars Britain built. With a colossal 60 h.p. Napier, he circled Brooklands track for a day and a night and set up the first twenty-four-hour record at 65.80 miles an hour.

And this speed, as a British record, still stands to-day, for there is nowhere, not even at Brooklands, where it is possible to stage a twenty-four-hour record attempt in this country. That is why we have to go abroad nowadays for long-distance record attempts.

That tremendous car thundering round at more than a mile a minute—what a record!

But progress went on, until last December the smallest car in the world, an M.G. Midget, which I had the privilege of driving for part of the time, set the twenty-four-hour record to just over seventy miles an hour. That little car had an engine the size of a week-end suitcase—a tenth the size of the giant Napier of 1907.

Edge's record started off the countries in a battle for records. There was one great achievement that every manufacturer wanted—the first car to cover one hundred miles in an hour.

One morning Percy Lambert took a high-built monster Talbot racing car to Brooklands and in one hour covered just over one hundred and three miles. Once more Britain had taken the lead.

But Lambert was killed that same day, when a tyre came off the rim and the car rolled over on him. Like Segrave, Parry Thomas and the rest of great racing drivers, he will be remembered as one of the pioneers who made motoring safe.

SO it went on. Speeds gradually increased, engines became smaller, yet more powerful. The motor-car was becoming a recognised means of transport.

But our Olympia ghosts would have been most surprised of all during post-war years. Not till then did the motor-car boom commence.

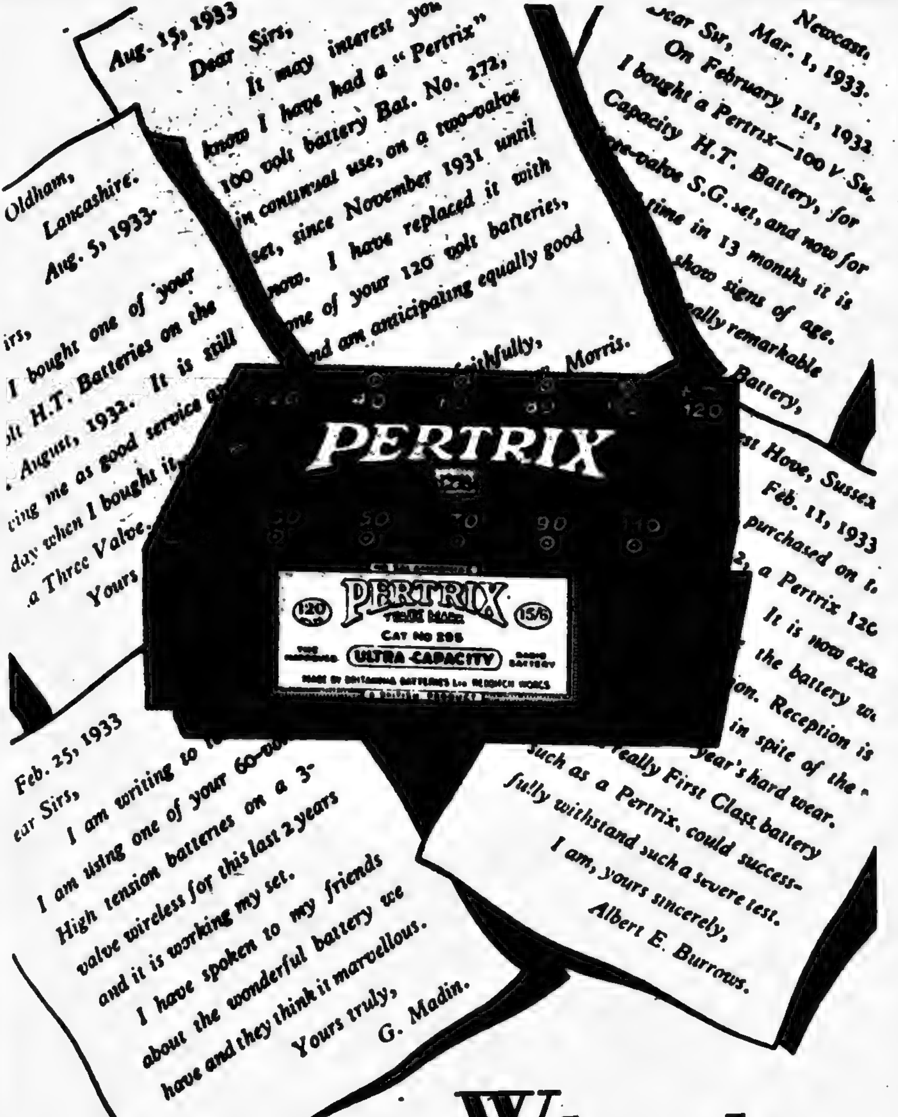
Sir William Morris and Sir Herbert Austin had started in a small way before the war. Afterwards they both conceived the idea of "motors for the millions."

And so not long afterwards we had the famous Morris Cowley and the no less famous Austin Seven.

Motoring had become popular!

Put that old Benz beside the Morris or the Austin to be seen at the show to-day. They have a "wheel at each corner," but there the similarity ends.

Good-looking, safe and easy to drive, fitted with wireless for the entertainment of the driver and passengers, the modern motor-car is indeed an amazing vehicle. And what a romantic business is the progress of the automobile, for the industry is but forty years young.



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irs,
I bought one of your
lt H.T. Batteries on the
August, 1932. It is still
ing me as good service a
day when I bought it
a Three Valve
Yours

Newcast
ear Sir, Mar. 1, 1933.
On February 1st, 1932
I bought a Pertrix—100 V. Su
Capacity H.T. Battery, for
ee-valve S.G. set, and now for
time in 13 months it is
show signs of age.
ally remarkable
Battery,

st Hove, Sussex
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2, a Pertrix 120
It is now exa
the battery w
on. Reception is
in spite of the
year's hard wear.
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fully withstand such a severe test.
I am, yours sincerely,
Albert E. Burrows.

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I am writing to
I am using one of your 60-
High tension batteries on a 3-
valve wireless for this last 2 years
and it is working my set.
I have spoken to my friends
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Yours truly,
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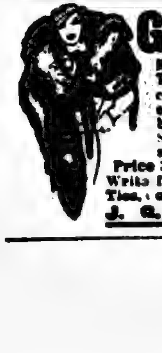

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THE COMING VOGUE

Says Leading Dressmaker
PARIS

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Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long, *whatever you are doing*. Neither wind nor rain can affect it. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose-petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the new 'dull finish' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box; the same price as before—in spite of the new process.

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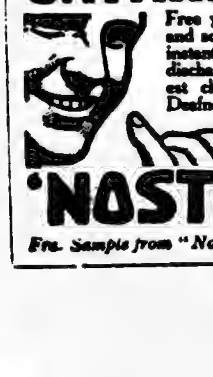
Neave's Food



CATARRH AMAZING REMEDY

Free your nose of congestion, irritation and soreness with "Nostroline". Gives instant relief. Clears head, stops nasal discharge, ends stuffiness. Safe for youngest child. Ends Colds, Head Noises, Deafness. 1/3 all Chemists

ASK FOR IT BY NAME
IT MUST BE
'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" 1. 43, Clifton, Bristol

His back to the wall, his face to the firing squad—this was the fate Oliver Baldwin, wrongly arrested, escaped

Waiting to be Shot —then FREEDOM

My Greatest Hour by Oliver Baldwin

IT was in 1920 that I found myself after a series of unexpected events a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Armenian Army opposing the Turks in Trans-Caucasia.

This war had been caused by the regenerated Turkey determining to regain for herself those western parts of Armenia which had been held by the Armenians after the peace treaty.

Hopelessly outnumbered, the Armenian troops fell back until the famous fortress, Kars, fell into Turkish hands. Then, in order to save the Armenian population from annihilation at the hands of the Turks, the Social Democratic Government of Armenia asked the Soviet troops to come in and keep the Turks at bay.

Condemned

It was on December 2 that the Soviet troops entered Erivan, the capital, and a week later I found myself imprisoned without any explained reason. For two months I was a prisoner; I was then released on parole, but was forbidden to leave the capital.

On February 17 a counter-revolution took place, and the Soviet troops were driven out of Erivan by the insurgent peasants.

The rest of the month passed in defending the capital against the Soviet forces. As it was quite obvious that we could not hold out much longer, it was decided to retire over the mountains into Persia.

By this time I had had quite enough of wars and bloodshed and wished to make my way back to Europe. I therefore decided to go north and then west and try to make my way to Constantinople, as I had heard that Turkey and Britain were at peace.

I left Erivan on March 1—my birthday—and five or six days later entered the Turkish lines at Alexandropol.

Here I was immediately arrested as an English spy and was imprisoned in the fortress of Kars for a month, later being removed to Erzerum, where I remained in a condemned cell for five more months awaiting my end, which I had been informed was inevitable.

Waiting . . .

There were two other condemned prisoners with me at the time, both Turkish subjects. During those five months we lived on one small loaf of brown bread a day each, which was mostly chaff and rye. There were no washing facilities, and we were covered with vermin.

Our hair and nails were long, and the monotony and the close confinement began to tell very heavily as each week passed. No exercise was allowed us except a walk of fifty yards there and back to the latrine.

But the worst strain of such prison life is upon the mind, for one's thoughts seem to have no end, but turn in bewildering circles in one's brain. The spring was a long time coming and the cold was intense. There was no glass in the barred windows and we had no coverings but our own clothes at night.

The only diversion we had was watching from our window the training of troops in the square below and gazing at the gorgeous sunsets that made fantastic pictures as the clouds rolled across the hills of Erzerum.

When April turned to May we could watch little sparrows making their nests on the roofs of the adjoining buildings; and sometimes they would even come down and hop into our room. We could ill afford even to spare them a crumb, but we did so from time to time.

The nervous strain of those days told very heavily upon my two companions, as it did upon myself, but it culminated one day in a fight between the two, which was only stopped by the entry of the guard. As a result of this, there was complete silence between my companions for three weeks.

As I was then unable to speak Turkish, I was forced to speak in French to one and in Russian to the other; and it amazes me to look back and remember the long conversations we had, when at that time my knowledge of the Russian language was extremely scanty.

On a Sunday in June one of my companions was taken outside and shot, and *we were to follow in due course.*

Suddenly I was commanded to interview the Town Commandant, and was informed that I and one other English soldier, who had been imprisoned some time before, were to be exchanged for certain Turkish generals then in prison in Malta.

It took us a week to reach the coast, much of the distance being covered by walking and the remainder by being trundled along in an old horse-cab, under the guard of a Turkish sergeant-major.

Once at the port of Trebizond, I was again imprisoned and told to remain until the arrival of a weekly Italian boat. Those three days of waiting were ghastly. I was determined, however, should my release not come through, not to go back into the interior at any cost.

At last one morning I saw the Italian boat lying out at sea, and I urged my guard to hurry so that I could board her. But again I was told to wait until the afternoon, when she was due to sail.

Saved!

This further wait of a few hours seemed an eternity. Finally, in the afternoon I was conducted down to the port and, still under guard, was rowed out to the Italian ship.

I remained on the deck until the ship began to move out, and as the hills of Turkey faded into the distance I sought the cabin that had been reserved for me and thanked God for my escape.

I staved in that cabin for an hour, filled with conflicting emotions and fearful of the inevitable reaction, but, taken all in all, it was the greatest hour of my life.

Race with "Silver Ring"

FRENCH HOPES

THE French hopes for the "Cambridgeshire" are Commander III. and Eroica. The former is owned by Mr. A. K. Macomber, who has won the popular handicap with Masked Marvel and Insight II. Commander III. was second in the French Guineas to Rodosto. At Newmarket he has to concede Eroica 12 lb.

Eroica is a filly by that useful horse Banstar, and is owned by M. M. Boussac. Last time out in a mile race she beat Commander III. by a length. The latter was giving 16 lb. At Newmarket I think Commander III. may turn the tables.

If Mr. Macomber were to again take the spoils the victory would go to one who has been always a good supporter of English racing.

As I write I note that "forties" is the price obtainable about Commander III, and 33 to 1 can be had about Eroica. I am still sufficiently keen on Colorado Kid, Limelight, Light Sussex and Commander III., my "likely" horses, to rule out Eroica; though one never knows in these days of racing surprises.

A reader writes me to say that he regards Limelight as the "goods." No one would like Limelight to be in the limelight at the winning post more than myself. Royal racing successes are the most popular of all.

Stop Gap, The Divot and Tyfry are my selections for Lingfield this week-end.

If you wish to be primed by expert advice for the Cambridgeshire, read what the the authoritative contributors to the *Sporting Life Weekly Edition* say about the race. No Turf or Soccer speculator can afford to be without the *Weekly Edition*, the most complete guide published. Get a copy every Saturday, price 2d.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, October 12, to Wednesday, October 18.

M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O	A	Q	C	93	B	94
D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S	K	H	J	I	95	E

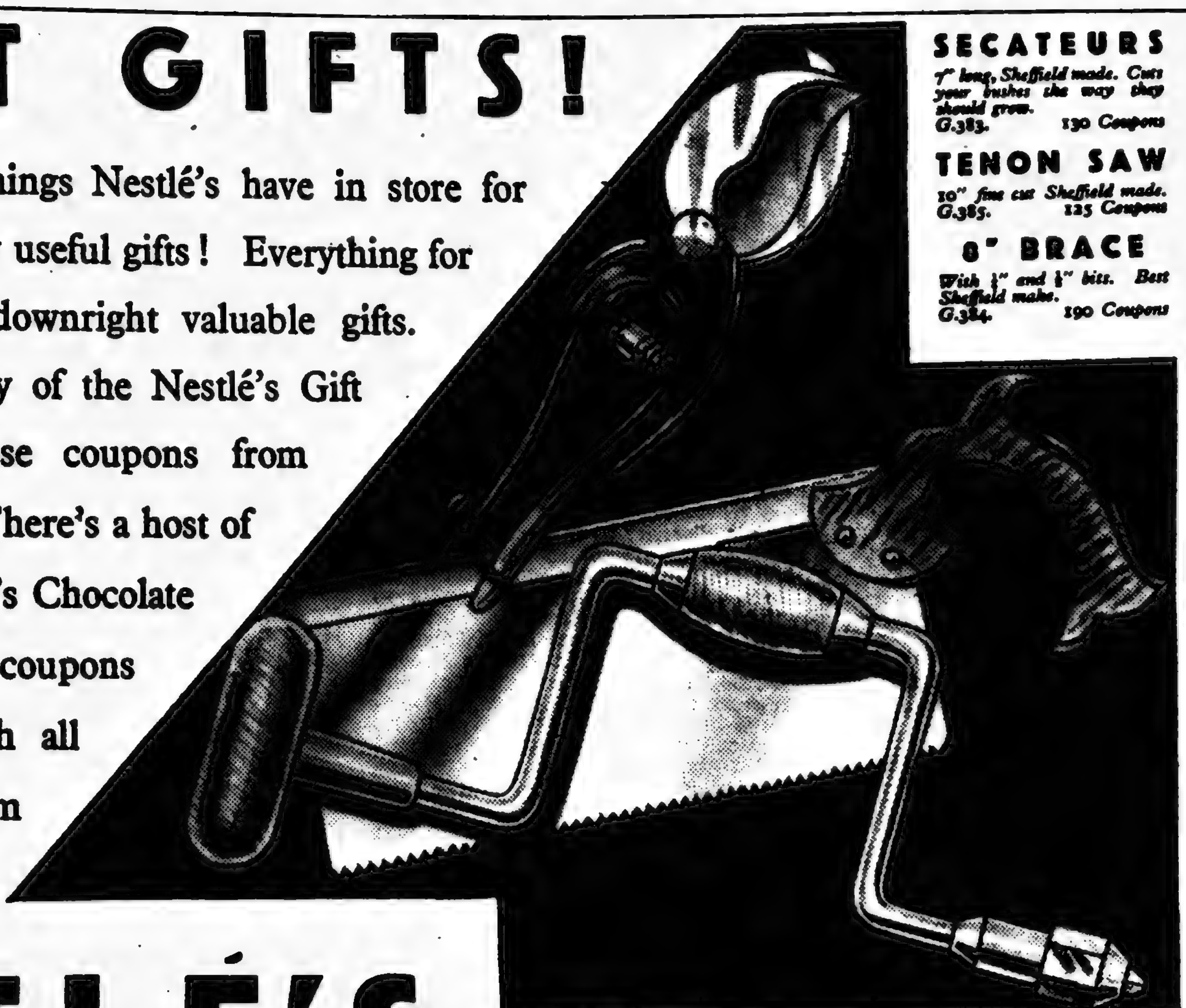
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

GREAT GIFTS!

Take a look at the good things Nestlé's have in store for you! Pretty gifts and pretty useful gifts! Everything for everybody — hundreds of downright valuable gifts. Send at once for your copy of the Nestlé's Gift Book — start collecting these coupons from Nestlé's Chocolate now! There's a host of delicious varieties of Nestlé's Chocolate to make collecting those coupons easy — a coupon goes with all the wrapped varieties from the 2d. bar upwards!



SECATEURS

7" long, Sheffield made. Cuts your bushes the way they should grow.
G.383. *130 Coupons*

TENON SAW

10" fine cut Sheffield made.
G.385. *125 Coupons*

8" BRACE

With ¼" and ⅜" bits. Best Sheffield make.
G.384. *190 Coupons*

NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

To NESTLÉ'S (*Gift Dept.*), Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, London, S.W. 8
Please send me the Nestlé's Free Gift Book and Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS
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NAME..
IN BLOCK LETTERS
ADDRESS..
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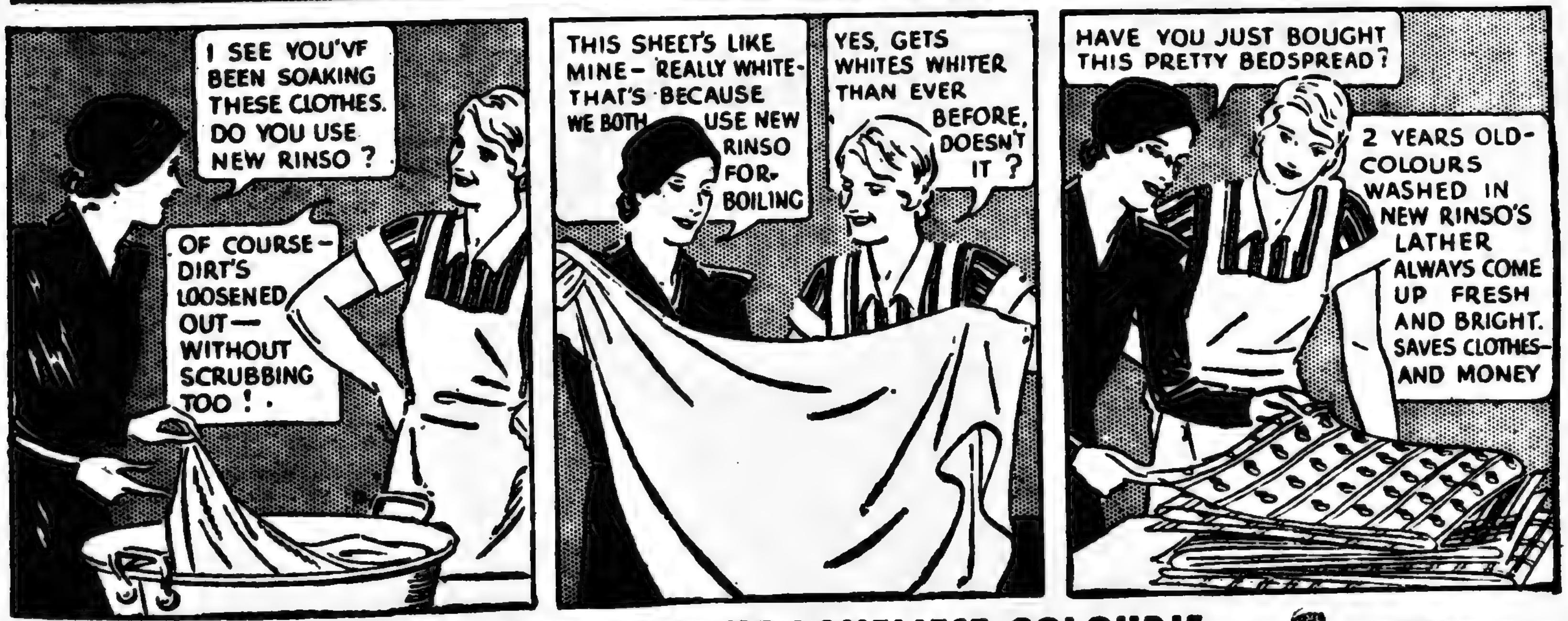
This offer applies only to Gt. Britain & N. Ireland. *½d. stamp if envelope is unsealed.*

FIVE FREE COUPONS

"HERE'S OUR WHITER WASH SECRET" *SAY THESE TWO FRIENDS*


I SEE YOU'VE BEEN SOAKING THESE CLOTHES. DO YOU USE NEW RINSO ?
OF COURSE — DIRT'S LOOSENED OUT — WITHOUT SCRUBBING TOO !
THIS SHEET'S LIKE MINE — REALLY WHITE — THAT'S BECAUSE WE BOTH USE NEW RINSO FOR BOILING
YES, GETS WHITES WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE, DOESN'T IT ?
HAVE YOU JUST BOUGHT THIS PRETTY BEDSPREAD ?
2 YEARS OLD — COLOURS WASHED IN NEW RINSO'S LATHER ALWAYS COME UP FRESH AND BRIGHT. SAVES CLOTHES — AND MONEY

"BOILS WHITES THE LOVELIEST COLOUR!"

"I'VE used New Rinso for *soaking* for ages — it *loosens* dirt just wonderfully. And it makes gentle lather for washing woollens and colours. Now I use Rinso for boiling too — I'm even more delighted! I never thought white things could be so white!" Mrs. F. SELLIER, 26 South Tay Street, Dundee, says.

Hundreds of women agree with Mrs. SELLIER. Just try New Rinso yourself—see how boiling with it makes your wash *whiter*. New Rinso contains no harmful chemicals. Grand too for *soaking* dirt loose — and for making rich lather for colours. Ask your grocer or dealer for it. 3½d., 6d., 10d. a packet.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — BEST FOR BOILING AS WELL AS FOR SOAKING AND WASHING

R. S. HUDSON LTD., LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON R1254-22-65

"Every Picture tells a Story"

Kidney Pains

WHETHER YOU SUFFER from backache, rheumatic twinges, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, or getting up at night, the best way to overcome these kidney pains is to strengthen the weakened kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. This medicine has a diuretic action and strengthens and cleanses the kidneys, enabling them to filter away the poisons which give rise to rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and renal dropsy.

"Rid of Backache and Sciatica"

On 14th June, 1916, Mr. R. Nelson, 21, Lewes Road, Bank Top, Darlington, said :—"For about a year I suffered with my kidneys. The trouble started suddenly with sharp, shooting pains in the small of my back. I used to get very dizzy and my head ached. I had sciatic pains from the hips to the knees. The urinary system was disordered and the excretions contained a gravelly sediment.

"Fortunately, a friend recommended Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They soon made me well and I have had no return of my former symptoms."

On 28th August, 1933, Mr. Nelson said :—"Doans Pills brought about a splendid recovery in my case and I praise them highly.

(Sgd.) R. Nelson."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. **Insist upon**

Doans BRAND **Backache Kidney Pills**

LIFE IN DANGER FROM NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

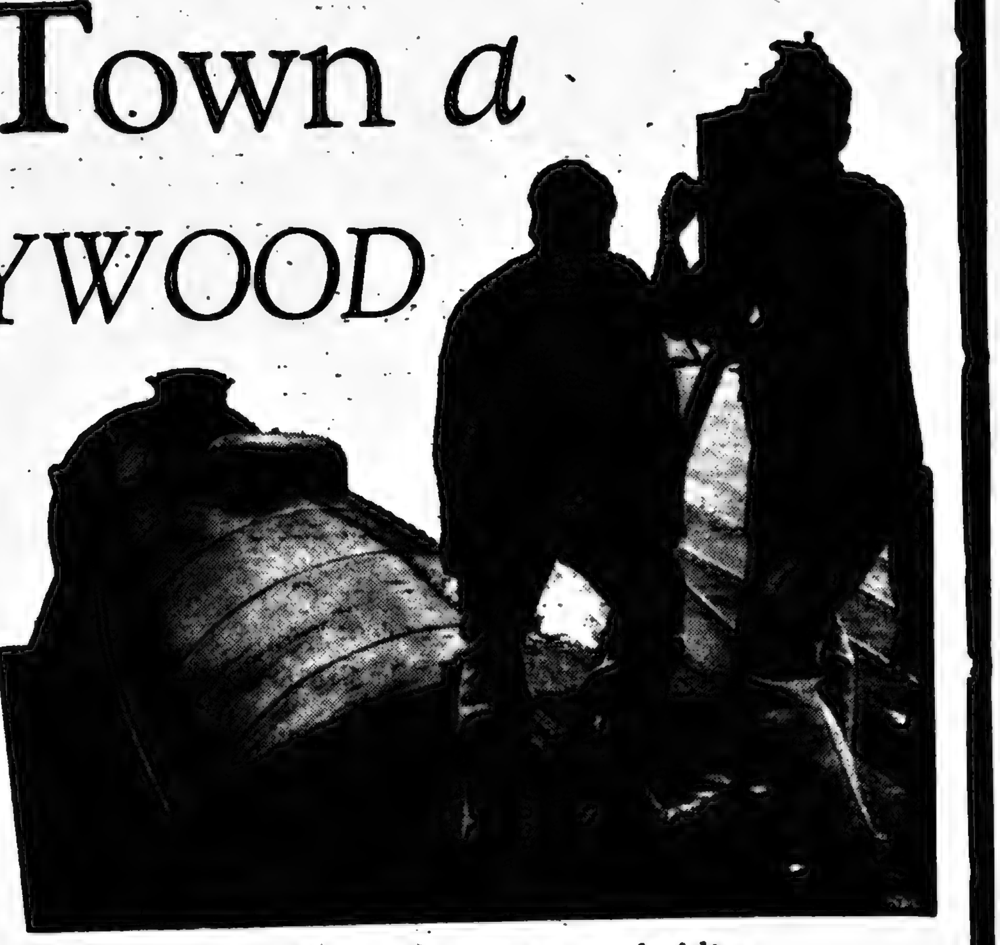
Only those who know how bad a nervous breakdown can be, will realise that one's life can actually be endangered through it. And only they will fully appreciate how wonderful was the recovery of Mr. Arthur Carlton, of Beaumont Road, Bournville. Just read his own unsolicited letter.

"Last year I had a very bad nervous breakdown, my life being in danger. My wife got me a supply of Wincarnis which I continued to take during my slow recovery and afterwards.

"I had a very heavy winter's work. This work necessitates me leaving home about six at night, dashing about as far as Coventry, etc., at times, and I never get home again till midnight. Most nights when I have to go to Leicester, Coventry, Rugby or Northampton, I arrive at New St. Station 40 minutes after my last car has gone, so I walk (over five miles). I have never missed a show, lost my voice or felt the slightest effect from fatigue. This I think is a test of endurance and, without a tonic and a food like Wincarnis, I feel I could not 'carry on.'"

If there are times when you, too, feel "you cannot carry on," just try this wonderful Wincarnis yourself. It is the most delicious tonic wine you can take and, remember, it has received over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

Every Town *a* HOLLYWOOD



Amateur director and operator get a new angle of things at King's Cross Station

A NEW form of film-fever has seized two hundred and fifty towns throughout Britain. They have established film studios of their own.

In every one of them people with a diversity of callings — barristers, accountants, stockbrokers, clerks, typists and dustmen are in one or other of them—go rushing home at nights to dress for "our own film."

Ronald Colmans are being found in counting-houses, Greta Garbos in emporiums, Janet Gaynors in the nursing quarters of hospitals, and John Barrymores in warehouses. And even Hollywood will soon be finding that its £10,000 a week film directors may have a little to learn from the unpaid workers of England's "little Hollywoods."

The amateur film movement of Britain has certainly come to stay. Already it is bigger than the one concerned with amateur theatricals. And it is growing every day.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne Club has actually produced a talkie as long as the longest American six-reeler. And people who have seen "North Sea," as this ambitious effort written, produced, acted and filmed by this amateur society is called, say it is worth its place on any screen in the kingdom.

EVEN local bankers are to be seen in marvellous "shots" of the wild and romantic north-east coast that make it as spectacular as some of the efforts of that master of spectacle, D. W. Griffiths. And the story is a thrilling one that includes episodes of the U-boat menace, the bombardment of Northumberland Castle, and other scenes from the history of this part of England.

How they got battleships in action, British submarines manœuvring, crews in distress, and so on, is a secret of their own. But by a judicious use of models and actual pictures of British battleships when they visited the Tyne, all perfectly blended, they have produced good war effects without having, as the leading companies say, "the approval and co-operation of the U.S. Navy."

It is an event in the year of any town when a local film is shown for a week in a leading local kinema.

There are really lavish "sets" in some of them — in one case suggesting the whole stage of a theatre when set for a grand finale, although it was filmed in a £12 portable garage that had been turned into a studio.

Money certainly isn't everything when a leading trade critic can say of a talkie-picture entitled "Holiday," made by the Southend-on-Sea Club, that "the producer even made a beer bottle look transcendent."

The Croydon Society hit on the ambitious plan of filming the history of its town from the time of the Romans. And although there are people who said it couldn't possibly do it with its limited resources, the last "shots" are now being taken, and it should be shown locally, and perhaps in many other towns as well, within a month.

True, there was the problem of finding a whole army to take the part of the Romans, but the local Territorials were enlisted for that!

Bishop Whitgift's old palace in the town formed an ideal background for some of the most spectacular "shots." And as for the burning of the old parish church, people who have already seen parts of the film say it is almost impossible to detect that it was done with the use of models.

IN Ashdown Forest and on Worms Heath and Bagshot Heath the producers found natural settings that must have come down unchanged through the ages, and by impressing into use a few local antiques—such as a stage coach that was unearthed and bought for 10s.—have achieved results far more effective than could be got with canvas "sets."

This society actually has, in Mr. Maurice Fowler, its own film-architect to plan its sets on paper before the amateur carpenters get busy. And although he is only nineteen, this work, and his art direction generally, is regarded in the district as bang up to the professional standard.

The humorous, the dramatic, the "thriller" and the farcical are all being done in turn by these ambitious local societies. Streatham, for instance, has produced "Night Scene" and Ross-on-Sea "Nightmare."

In fact, some of the biggest clubs are going to recognise no limits—apart from the copyright laws which make it impossible for them to afford the use of films written by famous living dramatists.

It is amazing how thorough even the smallest of them can be. In the offices of a small Wardour Street film company that executes special orders for some of these amateur companies one finds they are meticulous down to the smallest detail.

"Two minutes' showing of Queen Victoria, preferably looking down from a balcony," is one of the requests made. From one of the many film companies that keep old pictures just the picture necessary was obtained.

Kitchener on a horse. King Edward yachting. A factory fire. A sinking ship. Surface scenes after a pit disaster. A dog biting a man. A good fairground scene, preferably Mitcham.

These are a few more of the strange things that have been asked for, to be included in local films.

Some of the amateur societies, of course, cannot afford to send camera, operators and actors to distant places—on location, as Hollywood describes it.

"CAN you find a man about to jump from the Monument in the City of London?" one request read. "Show back view only—not his face. He should wear soft grey felt hat, black shoes, and the black cloak which is enclosed herewith.

"He should be about five feet ten high and broad-shouldered. He should register not mania or frenzy, but walk slowly and measuredly to destruction."

One local society wanted a "shot" of a reporter rushing eagerly from the office of a leading Fleet Street newspaper. With the aid of a young actor who looked as popular imagination supposes a Fleet Street reporter to look, and a giant notebook of the kind no reporter ever carries, the request was met.

Actors have been filmed entering Government offices "to plead with a mythical Home Secretary," on the steps of No. 10, Downing Street, "for a film concerning the destinies of a nation," and rushing across London.

Struggles on the deck of a ship, or people embarking on a liner, or a captain looking down from his bridge—seafaring episodes of this kind are always being asked for and obtained in the London docks on behalf of inland societies which can't afford to send artists and operators all the way to a seaport.

London has to be asked for a "shot" of a London taxicab. The provinces own nothing resembling them.

Some day, perhaps, there will be kinemas specially for amateur productions up and down the country, and in all the biggest towns. Then there will be money available for production on a still grander scale.

Hollywood, heavily burdened with two thousand and five thousand and ten thousand a week salaries, will marvel then at the good results our amateurs are able to achieve in their spare time.

Burglary Bunk

HOUSEWIVES should be on their guard against a door-step "specialist" who calls himself George Murray.

This man watches the newspapers for news of burglary epidemics, and arrives at once in the locality concerned with a most engaging story to tell.

He was operating in a certain district of Sheffield a week ago. It so happened that there had been several burglaries there during the preceding weeks, and the experience of one woman upon whom he called will give an illustration of his general routine.

He told this woman that he had interviewed her husband, a local business man, who had instructed him to leave at his house a burglar alarm.

He thereupon handed the woman a small parcel, which he said contained the "gadget complete," and added that full instructions were inside.

After the woman had taken the parcel from him, Murray directed her attention to a label affixed to its surface, across which was written "C.O.D.—receipt enclosed."

Thereupon a one pound note changed hands, and Murray departed.

The shock came when the husband arrived home at night to learn of the transaction for the first time, and to find, upon opening the parcel, that it contained a rusty bicycle bell!

This little warning will be complete when we add that Murray is a jailbird whose arrest the police chiefs of a dozen provincial towns are very anxious to secure!

David *and* **Jonathan**

two of the most exclusive dogs in the neighbourhood assure us that

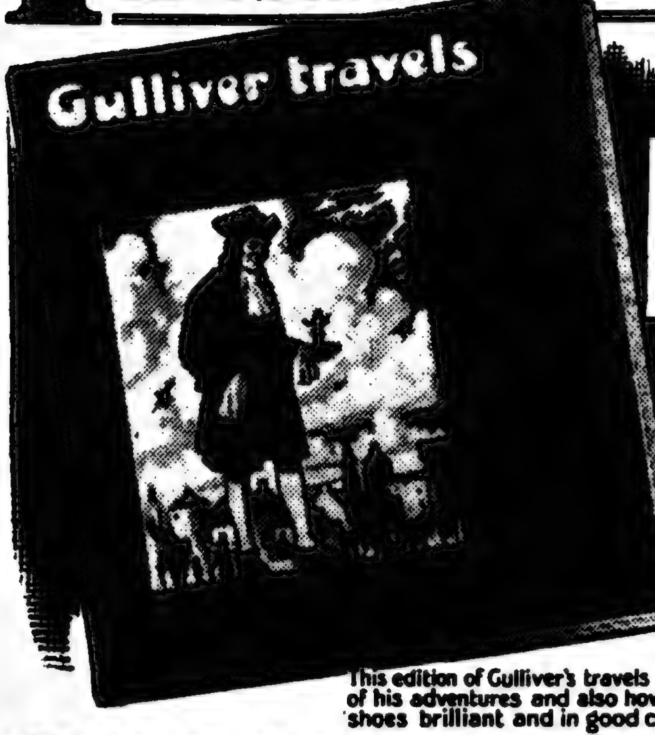
SPRATT'S OVALS

keep them perfectly fit

FREE—100 PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you give your dog the expert care and consideration he deserves. If you will also send us the name of your dealer and state how you are at present feeding your dog, we will send you a fine new series of CLASSIC TRIBUTES, with beautiful coloured illustrations of dogs.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

1d. SECURES THIS FASCINATING PAINTING BOOK



Size 8 in. x 7 in., with cover in full colours and 12 pages inside for painting.

This edition of Gulliver's travels tells the story of his adventures and also how he kept his shoes brilliant and in good condition with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

SEND THIS COUPON

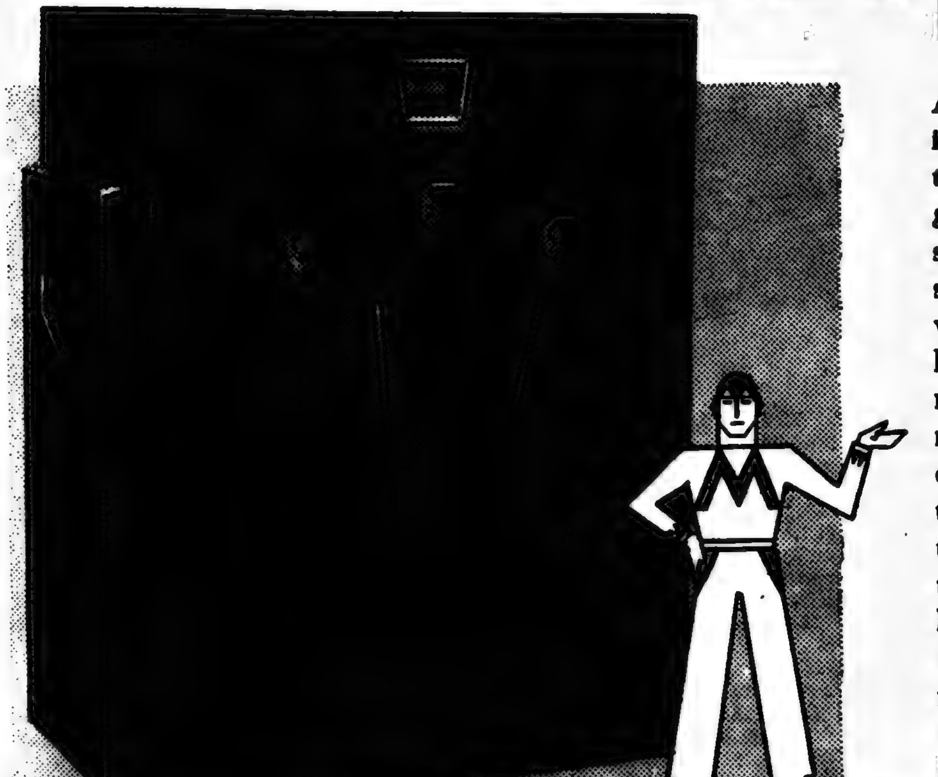
To Dept. P.B., CHISWICK PRODUCTS, Ltd., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4.
Please send me the Gulliver Painting Book. I enclose 1d. stamp as required.

ENCLOSE 1D. STAMP to cover postage, etc.

Name ....
Address ....
.... "John Bull."

A 4 guinea set with a 100-kilowatt pedigree—

Built by MARCONI-MEN



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For only 10/- deposit and nine monthly payments of 9/- Cash Price £4.4.0

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To the Marconiphone Company Limited,
Radio House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.
Please send me name and address of a dependable dealer in my district from whom I can secure a Marconi 248 without delay.

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THERE'S NOTHING QUITE SO GOOD AS A MARCONIPHONE

My Pretty Maid . . .

She's Gone a Long, Long Way

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"For a spanner and hand pump, sir," she said. . . .

That, if we are to judge from the exhibits of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, should be the modern version of the old nursery rhyme. "My pretty maid" has gone a long way. She now lives in a robot world, a world of mechanical milkers, mechanical churns, junket makers, cheese makers.

And she is a changed maid. She may still have the pale cheeks of her original of the nursery rhyme, but she wears wrist watches now with split second dials; she wears silk stockings and jewellery; her hair is waved by the coiffeur in the nearest city or town. She even sometimes wears the trousers.

Electric motors and force pumps have no mysteries for her. Vacuum gauges are her daily preoccupation. Her skill is more with sick engines than with sick cows.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My knack is my fortune, sir," she said. . . .

But it is a better world in every way. One maid, one cow, one pail was once the dairy motto. Milking was a long job then, and not a particularly well-done one for either the farmer or the consumer. Open pails, careless maids and none-too-clean cows did not make the milk any better.

Nowadays, "my pretty maid" trundles her robot friend the mechanical milker into the shed at milking time. A minute's work attaches a dozen or more feed tubes to as many sets of udders; a turn of a switch and presto! the milk is on its way, gushing out sweet and clean into closed tanks which shield it from dust and dirt and germs. And in the same time as once a dozen pair of hands would take to do it, the job is done.

Cows in clover

Besides the mechanical milkers the up-to-date dairy farm runs its own miniature sterilisation plants for bottles and utensils, and dozens of strange gadgets for this purpose are now in use; autoclaves and other apparatus which would seem more at home in a laboratory than down on the farm.

There is even artificial sunlight apparatus. Mercury arc vapour lamps are being sold in large numbers to modern dairy farmers, who are now using this apparatus to irradiate their milk, and so increase its content of the mysterious health-giving Vitamin D.

The prime producer, the cow itself, is not forgotten on the modern dairy farm. Although "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea" just as it has always done, it returns at night to sleep in tiled byres, centrally heated and closed in from the wintry blasts.

On some farms the cows need only walk as far as the farmyard gate and then an escalator takes them to milking or repose. "Contented cows" with a vengeance!

And £70,000,000 worth of dairy products is sold every year to the inhabitants of this country. There are few industries which can produce a sales total as high as that in a single year.

Hence, no doubt, the creation of a Government Marketing Board with a £5,000 a year manager at its head to cherish and direct the industry.

But it does not all come out of milk. Poultry and eggs, bottled fruits, cheese, butter, cream and junket are a few more of the many-sided activities of the dairy farmer which help to swell that total.

She is a changed maid now . . . she wears silk stockings and an Eton crop

Poultry is the other job of "my pretty maid." It is a big job, too. It is a branch of the business which is growing at a colossal rate. For the past ten years the numbers of fowls have been increasing, usually at about 10 per cent. each year.

If figures do not daze you unduly, you may be interested in knowing that there are now 58 million fowls in England and Wales. Lancashire and Yorkshire are the great chicken fanciers. They own a quarter of this total.

There are another 2½ million ducks, 600,000 geese and 600,000 turkeys.

And not only has the *quantity* of this feathered stock increased enormously, its efficiency as egg producers has also.

The modern hen is a worker. According to Government statistics, the average 1933 hen lays 120 eggs in a year, as compared with a mere 100 for the hen of 1925, Twenty eggs more per hen per year! Work that out on the total above.

At the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the Association will show you some of the methods and the gadgets which have brought about this revolution.

Glistening incubators which have usurped the function of bored and careless mother hens; scientific feeding apparatus; chicken houses which look from the outside like a model of some mansion flats; even fiendishly clever lighting apparatus which turns night into day within the coops and makes deluded but willing hens work overtime.

Eggs, too. They are judged in batches of hundreds, and none of them may be less than 2 oz. in weight, an interesting fact to those of us who have faced microscopic Polish eggs and other foreigners on the breakfast table.

Worth crowing over

Winning fowls are sold after the judging and often fetch more money than many "selling platers." Last year an Indian Game cockerel fetched £30 and a Rhode Island Red cockerel £20. Many others realised £15 and £10.

The other stand-bys of the industry have their place. There are ramparts of cheeses and about a quarter mile of bacon; batteries of butter-making machines and junket machines.

Out of the 150,000 farmers who are milk suppliers more than half of them now supply butter in ever-increasing quantities. The burden has been taken out of butter-making by the new machines, which have supplanted the old-fashioned churn.

Most of them are worked by hand, but they split the milk in much quicker time, and more completely than the old-time churn, and turn out a more consistent and saleable butter. Robot cheese and cream makers by the score are also shown, and these are now part of the equipment of every modern farm.

It is these machines, cheap and efficient, which are bringing down import figures with a run, lowering the prices of the home product to the housewife, and buying motor-cars for the enterprising dairy farmer.

When "my pretty maid" has finished with her mechanical milkers and her electric incubators, she also has her fruit-bottling machines to look after. This year the fruit-bottling trade is three or four times bigger than it has ever been, and covers a tremendous range of fruits.

It is a trade which has always in the past been the monopoly of the foreigner, while our dairy farmers' fruit trees and the orchards of the soft fruit-grower strewed their ungathered and rotting burdens on the ground.

Good business . . .

In just under five years the bottling and canning factories have grown so much that they have now been able to take half of the output of the good-class growers.

In another year or two, at its present rate of development, it will absorb the whole output, and so another British industry will be born and flourishing.

This fruit exhibit is, however, only a slice of the gigantic display at Islington, one section of the enormous business that stands behind the bottle of milk on your morning doorstep.

It is one of the most heartening spectacles presented for many years. Seeing it you will know why "Back to the land" as a slogan is sound sense, and spells good business.

A GREAT SUCCESS

The new *Passing Show* has aroused widespread enthusiasm. And now comes No. 2—out to-morrow. Again 48 big pages; again an instalment of Edgar Rice Burroughs' mighty serial thriller, "The Pirates of Venus"; again a coloured 4-page all-laughter section.

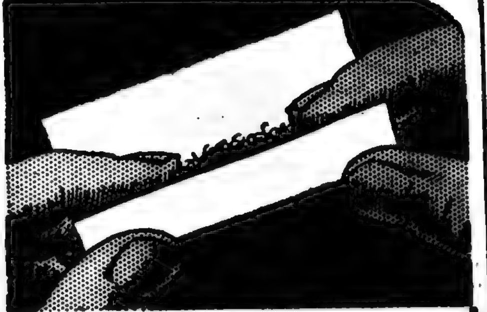
In addition, every reader is given an opportunity to accept a superb Celebration Presentation Library of six new First Edition 7s. 6d. Novels. You simply must not miss this astounding offer. Here are the names of the best-seller authors whose latest works are contained in this unique library: Edgar Rice Burroughs, Agatha Christie, Marjorie Bowen, May Edginton, John Rhode, and George Goodchild.

Be warned in time—No. 2 will sell out faster than did No. 1. Turn now to the special announcement on pages 6 and 7 and see why!

NASAL CATARRH

Absolutely Shifted in 24 Hours

"I have been subject to Catarrh ever since leaving the Navy in 1924," writes Mr. F. L. E., of Southsea, "and this year had a very severe attack indeed. I used Karsote and the Catarrh was shifted completely in 24 hours. I thought I should have to stop out from work, but the result was so quick I was A 1 on Monday." You just sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote on to a handkerchief and inhale the pleasant antiseptic vapour, which penetrates right through the entire breathing passages, routing out and destroying the Catarrh-causing germs. Cause gone—trouble disappears entirely as tens of thousands of grateful users can testify. Get Karsote (Brand) Inhalant from your chemist, 3 sizes, 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6.



Extra Cigarettes for you *when you make with A.G. Paper*

More—and better—cigarettes for the same price: that's what you get when you roll your own with A.G. Cigarette Paper. A.G. is the thinner stronger paper that gives you the full flavour of the tobacco and makes it easy to roll a perfect cigarette.

AG

The Paper of nearly 50 years' reputation.

FITS ALL MACHINES

WHY WE GET INDIGESTION HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, SLUGGISHNESS AND OTHER EVERY-DAY DISORDERS

Do you know that most every-day ills, indigestion, headaches, insomnia, sluggishness, constipation and even rheumatism start in the stomach? Excess acid is the root cause, making food ferment and form toxins and poisons which are carried all over the body, thus disturbing the whole system and affecting the general health in many ways. The only sure way to banish excess acid, and thus restore good health, is to take, after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which any chemist can supply at 1s. 3d. a package. For over 20 years this standard antacid has been successfully used by doctors and in hospitals the world over. From the first dose all trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation is stopped, and indigestion, headaches and most every-day disorders definitely banished.

GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL

AT VERY SMALL COST

Fashionable Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Gowns, &c., all in the latest styles & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write to-day for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Furs, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

'Yes.. you may smoke

as long as it's Bondman... I love its aroma

Each ounce of Bondman is packed in 1-oz. Vacuum Tins to ensure its reaching you in perfect condition. Buy an ounce to-day and open it to-morrow—or next month—it doesn't matter when! No heat or damp can spoil its cool, even-smoking qualities.

11½d PER OZ. *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

LLOYDS' BONDMAN
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, LONDON

10d PER OZ. *A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS

BONDMAN TOBACCO

SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

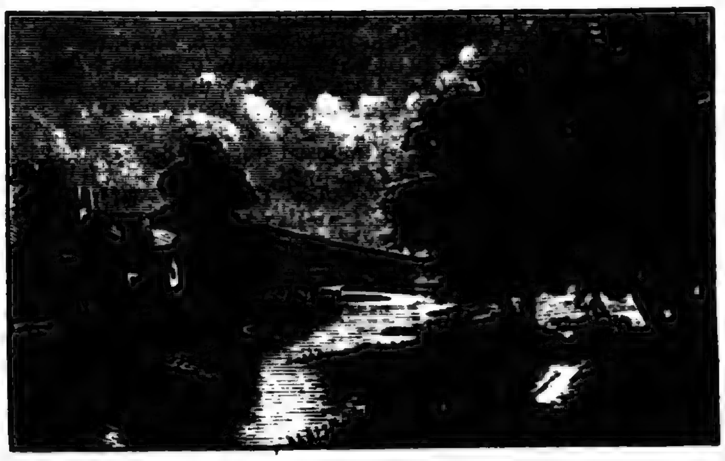
Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

An Entirely New Picture FREE

OFFERED HERE TO-DAY FOR THE FIRST TIME

"SPRINGTIME"

Copyright. *Produced in Colours.*



"SPRINGTIME."
From the original painting by John Forrest.

This picture, by the celebrated Artist JOHN FORREST, delightfully illustrates the charm and colourful beauty of the English Countryside in all its Spring glory. Reproduced in COLOURS on fine quality plate paper, 27 by 19 inches, and selected as a SPECIAL GIFT for the purpose of introducing our Fine Art Publications to those of our readers to whom they are unknown, for the cost of postage and packing only.

SIMPLY FILL UP THIS COUPON and send it to the Artistic Publishing Co., 63, Baker Street, W.1 (*a firm established 53 years and enjoying Royal Patronage*), with stamps value 7d. (Foreign and Colonial 8d., P.O. or M.O.), to cover the cost of postage and packing, on receipt of which the colourgravure will be carefully packed and despatched to your home.

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The "DAILY MIRROR" says:—
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Of the PUBLISHED VALUE of ONE GUINEA

This offer is strictly limited to one picture to each applicant. Do not fail to fill in your name and address and send as soon as possible, as the Edition is limited.

FREE **Coupon for Gift Picture "SPRINGTIME."**
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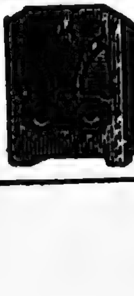
GRAVES 'QUALITY' BARGAIN BALE

containing Two finest quality White All Wool Blankets, neatly bordered, whipped ends, 68 x 84in: 7½lb pair: Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80in: 4lb pair: Two White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in: Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in: 4lb pair: One Alhambra Quilt, 72 x 94in. Price Complete & Carriage Paid 42/- or 3/6 monthly. Drapery Catalogue Post Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Send for this FREE GIFT BOOK

Hundreds of valuable Free Gifts are offered in the Nestlé's Gift Book, a copy of which will be sent to every reader of JOHN BULL who fills in the coupon on page 35. Early application is advisable. Together with the Gift Book will also be sent a voucher for Five Free Coupons.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY & VALUE



'FALCON' 2-Valve Battery Set in polished Oak Cabinet 16½ x 13½in. All-steel Chassis, W.B. Transformer, S.M. Air Condenser, Mullard Valves, Aerial Outfit. Price £3:18:10 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Radio Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Screened-Grid, Moving Coil, & super-Het. Sets.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

SUFFERED 19 YEARS VITADATIO SAVED MY LIFE!

GASTRIC ULCERS

Mr. G. Southworth, 1, Radcliffe Road, Bolton, writes:—"I suffered 19 years. The doctor said I had Ulcers on the Stomach. I was wasting away. A friend asked me to try Vitadatio. After the first bottle, the sickness stopped, so I kept on with it and I am sure Vitadatio saved my life."

IF YOU ARE A SUFFERER—GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post, 6d. extra in United Kingdom from VITADATIO, No. 121 ARMLEY, LEEDS

FREE Book of Testimonials WRITE TO-DAY

HOW TO RELIEVE THE SPASMS OF ASTHMA

Keep a box of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes always handy. If you smoke one of these Cigarettes when an attack begins you will find you escape the worst spasms. If you wake up wheezing and struggling for breath, the warm, soothing, healing smoke of a Dr. Blosser's will clear the choked-up airways of your respiratory system and bring you almost instant relief. And not only will you find relief from pain and discomfort, you will find that each successive attack becomes less and less violent. Bringing relief in this way gives Nature a chance to strengthen the worn out membranes, so that Asthma and Hay Fever can no longer get a foothold.

"EXTRA STRONG."—Chemists have packages of 20 Cigarettes retailing for 1/6 per packet, of an extra strong Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for advanced cases of Asthma and of Hay Fever. This new cigarette will be found effective in cases where the paroxysms are too severe to yield to ordinary treatment. Ask your chemist for a sample.

HOW TO PROVE IT FREE.

If you have asthma, hay fever or any catarrhal trouble, colds, bronchitis, etc., get a packet at any chemist's to-day, or send this form and we will send you a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try, without expense.

FREE PACKET.

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 A.Q.),
Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue,
London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. I enclose 1½d. for postage.

Name ....

Street ....

Town ....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

Keep Your FEET

FIT & HEALTHY

Zam-Buk Stops Pain and Swelling

NO need for your feet to hurt, swell or perspire or be out of condition. If you have a lot of standing or walking to do—like the average housewife, nurse, domestic worker, shop assistant or hiker—bathe your feet night and morning in tepid water and rub Zam-Buk well into the soles and between the toes. This not only keeps the tissues sound and muscle pads flexible, but soothes the nerves, along which trouble is "telegraphed" to the rest of the body, causing headaches, backache and even digestive trouble. Use Zam-Buk regularly. *EXTRA HINT.*—After the feet have been rubbed over with Zam-Buk cover up at night with a pair of the specially designed sockettes, which will be sent FREE by Zam-Buk, Leeds 2, to anyone forwarding empty carton from a box of Zam-Buk. These sockettes enable you to obtain the fullest benefit from the wonderful healing oils in Zam-Buk.

ZAM-BUK OINTMENT

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/3 or 3/- box.

NO EGG SCARCITY

—if you add a dash of Colman's Poultry Mustard to your hens' feed. It makes them lay and does them good

Colman's Poultry Mustard

"Eggs them on"

Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J.16), Norwich.

DARKER DAYS *for* EYE QUACKS

—*but NOT dark enough*

EIGHT million people in Great Britain to-day wear spectacles. And every doctor knows that the health and mental clarity, and, therefore, the efficiency of the nation, would increase proportionately if that number could be doubled

Yet it is not a wholly good thing that even all the eight million or so are wearing glasses.

An immense number of them are worse off than they were and their sight and well-being is deteriorating far more rapidly than it was before they possessed a pair of spectacles.

They are the people who entrusted the protection of their eyes, the most delicate of the organs, to unqualified practitioners and charlatans in the optical trade.

Not one in a thousand of them has been properly prescribed for and fitted. Anyone who may have been has had astonishing luck indeed.

It is difficult for many who have been imposed upon to believe they have been deceived

Were they not catered for at an attractively furnished shop in a respectable street? Were they not shown a diploma held by the firm or individual who tested them? Did not the pleasant-mannered man who called at the house or who opened consulting rooms for a few days at the village hall or hotel leave behind a business-card which showed him to be a specialist with a parade of letters behind his name?

All too true.

No legislation

There is excuse, in these days of professional discipline and control in the health services, for the ordinary person to regard as almost incredible the idea that these eye experts, their parchments and their degrees can be worthless and fraudulent.

We have legislation to ensure that nothing but the proper and efficient practice of medicine, dentistry, pharmacy or midwifery shall be guaranteed to the public.

It may well seem inconceivable that our eyes are left to the mercy of any trickster who chooses to proclaim himself an eyesight specialist, consulting optician, or what not.

In only one English-speaking country in the world is this still possible and happening.

A wonderful instrument which allows the oculist to make a microscopic examination of any part of the eye

The country is Great Britain.

It is not that the legislation is lax or incomplete. There is no legislation at all.

Different Ministers in different Governments for twenty years have told Parliament that the extent of this menace and scandal is officially realised and that appropriate measures are being contemplated.

Nothing has ever been done.

For years JOHN BULL has pointed the need for the outlawing of the ophthalmic impostors who cheat the public on a colossal scale and who are callous to the damage they cause. We have not done so by general criticism, but by naming them and exposing and condemning them individually.

There are forty firms or persons, whose operations cover all the country, still active, and the profits they make from selling harmful rubbish at absurd prices are estimated at from £5,000 to £10,000 yearly each.

The majority use assumed names, and most of them at one time or another have threatened or begun libel suits against JOHN BULL.

Always we accepted the challenges, but on every occasion they funked and fled as the day of trial before judge and jury drew near.

Appeals to successive Governments for the safeguarding of the community having so far failed, it is with some satisfaction that we have observed a great forward movement elsewhere.

It is the launching of a national campaign in their own defence and for the public protection by the Joint Council of Qualified Opticians, which began by the recent publication in the pages of the *Daily Herald* of a complete register of its members in every area of Britain.

Badge of safety

A few old-established and reputable optical firms are still outside the scheme, but, henceforth, the letters J.C.Q.O. upon the premises, notepaper or business-cards of an optician will be recognised by the public as the badge of safety.

No one in the business may use the symbol who has not passed the examinations of the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers and whose name is not on the register.

Already the quacks, dismayed by the boldness of the Council's action and its obvious determination to prosecute the campaign, are retaliating by lies and misrepresentation. They assert to their prospective victims that J.C.Q.O. is merely a trade ring formed to foster the sale of glasses at prices dearer than those charged by travelling salesmen and in upstart shops.

J.C.Q.O. is, however, not only a guarantee of skill, craft and scientific training and the use of the best materials. Very wisely, the council has set a high and rigid standard of ethical and professional conduct for its members and imposed a code of discipline and punishment upon them which, if ever broken, would spell professional disfranchisement and disaster for the offender.

All the 4,750 optical practitioners on the register—one, so far, to every 2,000 homes—are not only competent and qualified spectacle-makers and sight-testers, but have been trained to recognise possible pathological conditions which require treatment first by a surgeon or physician who is also an oculist.

The reference of these cases to an eye specialist may lead to the discovery that the vision is only temporarily impaired by removable causes and that the use of glasses is unnecessary.

But this splendid voluntary organisation is not enough. Roguery and quackery are still rampant in the shelter of the law.

The spade-work has been done and the foundations for reform of a gross and extensive abuse have been laid. There is now no excuse for the Government refusing longer to build.

Millworker's Bombshell

PICTURE for yourself this scene as full of drama as any a playwright ever devised—but each word of it true.

A housewife has put her last two-shilling piece in the gas-meter in mistake for a penny; there is only twopence in the house, with no hope of more until her husband returns with his pay. There will not be much to spare even then, for he has worked only eighteen months in five years and he will have to face the Means Test if he loses his job again.

It is Friday; there is a knock at the door. The housewife does not answer, thinking it is a hawker. Another knock and she goes to the door.

A man in ordinary clothes is holding a reddish envelope. "I don't want to buy anything," she says.

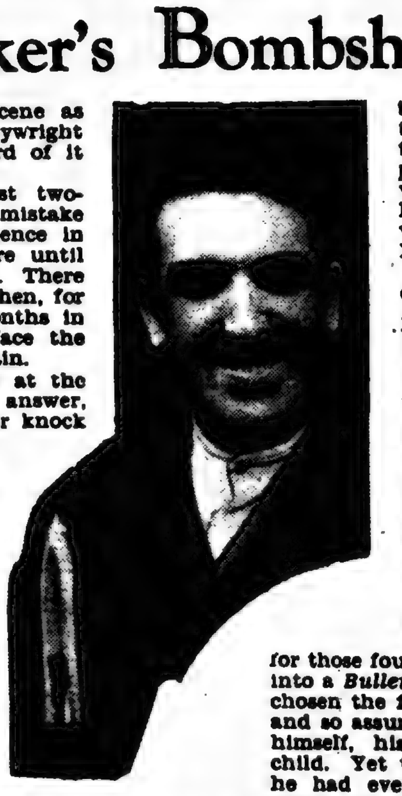
"But it's a telegram," he says; "I'm an auxiliary postman."

"Bad news, I suppose," she answers. "You'd better read it."

The postman reads; he has to read it three times before she can believe the words she hears, a thrilling message of congratulation from JOHN BULL to her husband, Mr. W. Bolton, 9, Livesey Branch Road, Feniscowles, Blackburn.

It brings the news that he has won 2,000 Guineas—or £1,000 cash, £2 a week for life, a £50 birthday cheque yearly and a radio gramophone. It announces his First Prize *Bullet* in Competition No. 908, HAPPY PAIR—"CLOSE CALL" CALLED CLOSER.

Mr. Bolton's big thrill came when his wife called on him at the cotton mill where he works as a "tackler," as the Lancashire mill-hands call a foreman.



"You need a college education to win that competition," she had told him in the past. Surely no wife was ever so happy to be wrong as Mrs. Bolton!

"It will mean everything to my little girl," the thirty-three-year-old winner told a JOHN BULL man. "She's always been delicate; now we'll be able to give her the treatment she needs and my wife will be able to give up outside work and look after her."

As his reward for those four words he made into a *Bullet*, Mr. Bolton has chosen the four-in-one prize and so assured the future of himself, his wife and his child. Yet the biggest prize he had ever previously secured was a "Target," and that was months ago.

Does this not prove the tremendous possibilities for you provided by our Record 21st Birthday Contest, finally announced on pages 46 and 47?

Why should not a *Bullet* of yours bring you a thrilling telegram on November 3 and your choice of either £10 a week for life plus £1,000—or £4,000 cash with £2 a week for life?

Solves every pipe problem!

THE BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE

continues daily to add to the thousands of enthusiastic admirers who recognize in it the perfect, cool, dry anti-nicotine smoke.

Try it for yourself!

THIS remarkable New Pipe, of unique merit, is taking the Smoking World by storm. It has brought enhanced enjoyment and a cool, clean, dry and healthy smoke to thousands of British Smokers. By an ingenious new system, simple and intelligible, the smoke is filtered before it reaches the mouthpiece. When the filter becomes saturated with nicotine, etc., it can be cleaned by simply placing it on red-hot coal embers or over a gas flame for a few minutes. Additional filters when required can be easily obtained. Only the filter is imported—everything else made in Great Britain.

Complete Pipe with spare filter

5/6

Post Free in the U.K.

R.C.B.

THE BRITISH BUTTNER PIPE CO., LTD.
49, Queen Street, Glasgow, C.1.

Please send me by return a Buttner Pipe with one spare Filter, in payment of which I enclose Postal Order for 5/6.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Please use block capitals for name and address
or ask your Tobacconist.

BUT MAKE SURE YOU GET A "BUTTNER." J.B.

Sores that Won't Heal.

Only the poor victim knows the dread misery of SORES THAT WON'T HEAL. To lie tossing and turning all night—when every movement is agony. To ask yourself day after day: "Won't it *ever* get better?" Few things can be worse than that.

What you want to put on them is MILTON OINTMENT. You may not have heard of this Ointment before—because it's only just out. But already doctors and hospitals know there's nothing comes near it for skin troubles.

And why? Because it's made by the same people that make the famous Milton fluid—the antiseptic with the funny smell, but which DOES THE JOB. You can't beat Milton for keeping things clean and germ-free—as well the British Army knew during the war.

And now you can get Milton as an *ointment*. Just apply some to the wound, bind it up if need be, and you'll be surprised how the PAIN JUST STEALS AWAY. And it isn't only the pain that's gone. Look at the place again twenty-four hours after—and see what's happening. It's HEALING LIKE MAGIC. It's the Milton in the ointment does that!

Milton ointment is sold in a tube to keep it clean and handy. And you'd be doing a wise thing to have a tube of it at home always. Apart from the pain, you oughtn't to run risks with dirt and germs. And if you smear a wound with Milton ointment, you do know it's *SAFE*.

Show your mates this paragraph. Let *them*, too, know about the wondrous effect of this new ointment. And make use of Milton ointment yourself. You can get a tube for sixpence at any chemist.

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London call at our consulting rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies and gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both offices.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

(482L.) Hilton Chambers, Hilton St., Manchester. (482L.) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society. (Please write plainly.)

Post the coupon to London or Manchester, whichever you prefer.

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALDHEADS
By Using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree:—

"I was practically bald," he states, "and **now I have an abundance of hair which my photo shows.**

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it **now**—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that **I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST-BOX COUPON

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (53 G.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose three pence in stamps.

Name ....

Address ....

....

A FREE OFFER

★ A generous sample of a new wonder treatment which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on the back cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all sufferers. This new biological treatment restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Get full particulars of the "ELASTO" Blood treatment by filling in the Coupon in the announcement on the Back Cover. Turn to the Back Cover now!

Lost Energy?
There's a Reason!

When the system gets clogged, poison is spread all over the body through the blood. Take VEGETINE PILLS and walk with a light heart and a joyful step—glad to be alive!

Write for FREE SAMPLE.

VEGETINE BRAND **PILLS**

1/3 PER BOX

F. NEWBERY & SONS, LTD., Dept. B
33, Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

STOMACH PAINS TOO BAD TO BEAR

20 Years of Stomach Ulceration.

Everyone who knows the agony that real indigestion can bring ought to read this amazing letter from Mr. A. Radford, of Mill Hill, London.

"I must write and tell you what a wonder-worker Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is. For 20 years I have suffered terrible pain from Ulceration of the Stomach, and at times the pain has seemed more than I can bear. I have never been able to enjoy any food and have been under many different doctors—and tried all sorts of things.

"Then a short time ago I was told about your wonderful powder and after a bottle or two of it I can hardly believe I am the same person. I can eat anything and sleep like a top—a thing I have not done for years—in fact, enjoy life in every way."

No doctor will be surprised at Mr. Radford's experience. All over the country, in all the leading hospitals, Maclean Brand formula is effecting cures which a few years ago would have been impossible.

But to be sure of getting the perfect product ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

FREE!
The "Big Two" WRITING SET
IS FREE TO CLIENTS USING THE
"CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS
FIXED PRICE AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR
ALL THE 6 LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM
NOTHING BARRED
NOTHING STARRED

RACING.—Commissions by letter accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. NO LIMIT—win or place.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

TO............CUT ON THIS LINE............

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name........................
I am over 21 years of age

Address........................

Town.................... County....................

by LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors

Our Best "FIND"

ALWAYS remaining at home, I had developed an inferiority complex. My friends, all in some profession or trade, seemed so clever, and by comparison I felt an absolute fool.

Suddenly, I made a wonderful discovery. It was that, although I had been taught nothing, I possessed a natural ability lacked by my smart friends.

This find was so staggering to one who had always considered herself of no account that I determined to put it to the test, immediately taking a post, where I have been ten years and done well, besides being extremely happy and confident in myself.—*E. R. C., Clifton.*

Winning Ticket

A police-sergeant read the charge, telling me that I was suspected of assaulting a shopkeeper in Manchester and stealing about £7

I was paraded for identification, and the shopkeeper unhesitatingly picked me out. Mistaken identity, obviously, because on the day of the crime I was in Dundee.

The contents of my pockets were entered on a sheet, which I was told to read. "Here," I exclaimed, "this tram ticket! I bought it on that date in Dundee. Have its number checked"

Finding that tram ticket established my innocence.—*John Harington, Sheffield.*

Double Rescue

It was a dreary winter night, and as I reached home I stumbled against a young woman sobbing bitterly. I made her come into the house with me, and as we reached the door I kicked against a parcel.

I picked it up, called my wife, and together we opened it. It was an infant boy The mother had left it on our doorstep and was going to commit suicide.

We kept them with us till the mother found work. To-day that baby is a well-known missionary.—*A. Hornby, Plymouth.*

Kindness Repaid

After the death of my husband, I decided to let a room to help my meagre income. An elderly man took it, and stayed with me twelve years. Suddenly he was taken ill and died, I being left to pay the doctor's bill and the expenses of his funeral.

Clearing out his room in preparation for re-letting I came across his will. He was a retired business man without relatives, and everything was left to me—a comfortable income as long as I lived.—*E. A., Worcester.*

Good Exchange

A paragraph in the paper was my best find, tucked away under "Public Notices." It announced Civil Service examinations for ex-Servicemen who had held temporary posts in a Government office.

Some time spent as a temporary clerk after the War gave me the right of entry. I sat for the examination, passed, and in due course was appointed to my present post.

In place of a temporary, poorly-paid job with the spectre of unemployment never far off, I now have a permanent job, a regular salary and a pension on retirement.—*Southborough, Yorks.*

Accepted Chance

One day I found a letter addressed to a shopkeeper, and took it to her. I learned that the letter was from a lawyer giving her the opportunity of buying the shop before it was sold publicly, and also that she was retiring.

The opportunity was mine, and, through her, I was able to buy the property.

Later I found that if it had been placed on the market a rival shopkeeper would have bought it.—*"Shop," Ayrshire.*

Met at Sea

My financial position never allowed me to more than dream of going abroad, but I had my chance when I found a ticket for Ostend.

I was thrilled to the marrow, and as I was out of a job, I had no difficulty in making hurried plans for a week-end trip.

On the boat I met the principal of a well-known theatrical agency, and I received a most lucrative dancing engagement through this meeting.—*"Gay Ostend," Margate.*

Profitable Reading

It was only a shabby little book left on a railway station seat, but I had nearly an hour to wait for my train, and I read it through.

It dealt with book-keeping and accountancy, subjects of which I knew nothing, but I was so interested that at the first opportunity I sought fuller information at a public library.

Several months later I was offered a good job for which a sound knowledge of book-keeping was necessary. I took it. But had it not been for my lucky find I should have had to say "No."—*Sidney Harris, Essex.*

The £.S.DOG

A COCKER spaniel pup in a fancier's window eyed me so pleadingly that I bought him for 30s. Three months later I declined an offer of £10 from a friend, who told me to show the dog. Added to many minor awards, my best "find" has taken over fifty first prizes.—Bencher, Yorks.

His Reward

On Christmas Eve, after dark, I was delivering letters in a poor neighbourhood. As I entered the forecourt of one of the houses, my foot kicked something. It was an old-fashioned purse containing about 30s.

I knocked at the door, made enquiries, and found that "granny" had arrived that evening from the country, but had had the misfortune to lose all her money.

When I dropped the purse into her hands she put her arms round my neck and gave me one of the biggest kisses I have ever had.—*B. H. C., Whitley Bay.*

Released

It was a letter unknowingly dropped by my husband. In it a woman was arranging to spend a week-end with him on a business trip.

I took the letter to my solicitor, who was successful in obtaining the necessary evidence.

My petition for divorce was granted, and thus by a lucky find of a sheet of scented notepaper I was delivered from the agony of ten years as the wife of a sexual pervert.—*"Olivia," Surrey.*

* * *

When I came downstairs one morning and found on the doormat a golden sovereign, wrapped up in paper, with the words: "This will help to pay your doctor's bill."—*W. B., Wisbech.*

The happiness I found in helping others less fortunate than myself, after I had led an aimless, selfish life for years.—*George Knight, Manchester.*

During the Great War, being in charge of a Canadian Y.M.C.A. hut in England, I came across a young officer who had been reported dead. We cabled the glad news to his home at once.—*D. M. Barnard, Hants.*

I had just come through a serious operation and had no desire to live. The doctor asked me how I felt. I told him I was dying, and he said, "Now who is going to look after your babies?" Then it was I had the best find I ever had—and that was the desire to live.—*Mrs. Ellis, Manchester.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C., by first post Tuesday, October 17.

The Famous Man (or Woman) I'd Like to Be - and Why

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on October 14

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) CHELSEA v. Middlesbrough.
*(2) EVERTON v. Blackburn.
(3) Wednesday v. Derby.
(4) WOLVES v. Sheffield United.
(5) ARSENAL v. Newcastle.
(6) Birmingham v. W. B. ALBION.
(7) Huddersfield v. Leicester.
(8) MANCHESTER C. v. Leeds.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Hotspur.
(10) Stoke v. Aston Villa.
(11) SUNDERLAND v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) HULL v. Southampton.
*(2) BRADFORD v. Manchester U.
(3) Forest v. West Ham.
(4) SWANSEA v. Notts County.
(5) Burnley v. FULHAM.
*(6) BURY v. Blackpool.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. Plymouth.
(8) LINCOLN v. Bradford C.
(9) MILLWALL v. Port Vale.
(10) OLDHAM v. Brentford.
(11) Preston v. Bolton.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) LUTON v. Swindon
(2) Q. P. Rangers v. Norwich.
(3) TORQUAY v. Bristol City.
**(4) ALDERSHOT v. Brighton.
(5) BRISTOL R. v Cardiff.
(6) COVENTRY v. Charlton.
(7) C. PALACE v. Exeter.
(8) GILLINGHAM v. Newport.
**(9) NORTHAMPTON v. Orient.
*(10) READING v. Watford.
(11) SOUTHEND v. Boscombe.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) GATESHEAD v. Southport.
(2) Tranmere v Barnsley.
(3) York v. HALIFAX.
**(4) ACCRINGTON v. Wrexham.
(5) Chester v. Stockport.
**(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Hartlepools.
(7) Darlington v. BARROW.
*(8) DONCASTER v. Carlisle.
(9) Rochdale v. Mansfield.
(10) Rotherham v. N. BRIGHTON.
(11) WALSALL v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HIBERNIANS v. Falkirk.
*(2) MOTHERWELL v. Hearts.
(3) St. Mirren v. ABERDEEN.
(4) AYR v. St Johnstone.
(5) Cowdenbeath v. HAMILTON.
(6) Dundee v. Kilmarnock.
(7) Partick v. QUEEN'S PARK.
(8) Airdrie v. QUEEN OF SOUTH.

At the time of going to Press the Glasgow Cup Final is not settled, and Rangers, Celtic and Clyde matches are not included above.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—1 (*H*); Div. II.—5 (*A*); Southern Section—4 (*H*); Northern Section—1 (*H*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Chelsea, Fulham, Aldershot, Gateshead and Motherwell.

EXTRA MONEY for ALL

at the friendliest hobby in the World!

Good commission and an extra Profit-share paid to Organisers of "World-wide" Clubs. From £2 up to £5 and more easily earned in your spare time. It is quite simple and pleasant—you have no samples to carry or selling to do—you need no previous experience or capital—we provide everything free and show you how, in a little of your spare time each week, you can add many extra pounds to your income.

CHARLES STREET WAREHOUSE

You also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse at Warehouse prices, saving from 5/- to 10/- in the £, on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly. Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Furniture, Crockery & Household Goods of every description. Send for Illustrated Bargain Catalogue (Free) and full particulars, they will certainly interest you!

✦ POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

Branch of J. D. Williams and Co., Ltd., the Great Mail Order House of Manchester—established 1875. Three generations of service to the public and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.

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Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Bargain Catalogue and particulars of how I can earn £2 and more in my spare time.

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(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address ....
J.B.33 ....
(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES STREET ❖ MANCHESTER, 1

Let LYBRO OVERALL YOU
LYBRO-TOGS
MADE FOR WEAR
FOR MEN WHO WORK

LYBRO-TOGS GIVE FULL FREEDOM

Whether you buy "Blue Button," "Red Button," "Loco" or "Lion" Brand Overalls—a UTILITY COAT or a SHIRT, or any other "LYBRO" garment, you will have complete freedom and comfort in addition to reliable service. The prices below represent the finest workwear value obtainable.

"BLUE BUTTON." 3 Row Stitching. Tough, hard-wearing and washable dungaree—anti-shrink.
Jackets, Trousers or Bibs 5/6
Boiler Suits 8/11

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the Overall-de-Luxe, guaranteed unshrinkable ... Bibs 7/6

GROCERS' JACKETS
4/11

UTILITY COATS 5/-

Ask your outfitter for "LYBRO"

If unable to obtain, write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool for name of nearest stockist.

CVS—68

FREE

PSORIASIS

ALL SKIN DISEASES and BAD LEGS. Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd.,
Medical Skin Specialists,
BRADFORD, YORKS.
Also 573, CHESTER ROAD, OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

FREE! *An Art Gift*

PICTURE *in Colour*

Readers' attention is particularly drawn to the gift offer on page 39. A copy of "SPRINGTIME" from the original painting by John Forrest will be sent FREE in return for the coupon. Attach necessary stamp to cover postage and packing!

PURE BEER

EASILY MADE AT HOME
Invigorating & Sustaining

FOR 1D PER PINT

ALE OR STOUT *(State for which when ordering).*

FROM **VIGGORMALT**

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF

RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

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"Simply add cold water" FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Get your VIGGORMALT from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, and all Stores, Chemists and Grocers; or send P.O. direct to—VIGGORMALT, Ltd., Dept. 4.M., Davigdor Road, Hove, Sussex.

Trial Size 1/- PER TIN

3 Times Quantity 2/6 tin POST FREE U.K. & I.F.S.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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25 FEET OF TROUBLE

18 HOURS OF AGONY

Amazing Facts about INDIGESTION and STOMACH TROUBLES

YOU NEED **YEAST-VITE** Brand Tablets

"One Tablet Brings Instant Relief"

PADDINGTON.

Dear Sirs,—Yeast-Vite Tablets are wonderful. From a child I have been a martyr to indigestion, and for the last year to chronic gastritis. I have not retained my food, being full of acidity, heartburn, and eventually vomiting. I took one Yeast-Vite Tablet and that gave me instant relief. It may seem incredible, but it did. I am now able to enjoy my food and life itself. No words of mine can adequately explain the merits of Yeast-Vite.—C. T. H. H.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT every meal you eat has to travel a distance of over 25 feet through your body?

THAT normally it takes between 18 and 24 hours over the journey?

THAT you extract nearly *all* the goodness from your food *not* in your Stomach but in the Small Intestine?

THAT this organ is a coiled tube an inch across and actually 20 feet long?

THAT during this digestive journey many complicated and delicate processes take place?

THAT any *one* of these may go wrong?

THAT the result will be INDIGESTION?

that NEGLECTED Indigestion may lead to trouble along the whole 25 odd feet your food has to travel and cause pain and distress during the whole 18-24 hours of the assimilatory and eliminatory processes?

Thus chronic Gastritis and Acid Dyspepsia can arise and even Dread Gastric Ulcers may be formed!

In any case you will get indigestion with one or more of its characteristic symptoms of Headaches, Stomach Pains, Nausea, Flatulence, Heartburn, Malnutrition, Palpitation, Lost Appetite, Listlessness, Exhaustion, etc.

You *must* have a Remedy which will benefit every part of the Digestive System—a Remedy designed to stimulate, improve, strengthen and reorganise the whole process of digestion. You must take Yeast-Vite. The good effect of Yeast-Vite is almost immediately apparent. Rapidly it banishes the painful and distressing symptoms and brings wonderful ease and comfort. The Pure Medicinal Yeast supplies Digestive aids in a natural form which gently proceed to *assist* the Digestive Processes.

Every part of the lengthy, intricate, VITAL process of Digestion comes under the Reviving, Restoring, and Reinvigorating power of Yeast-Vite.

Nature is persuaded to take up her normal functions of her own accord. The result is Digestive Peace, Keen Appetite, Happy Mealtimes. Every morsel you eat brings you *more* nourishment and Glorious Health takes the place of suffering and distress.

YEAST-VITE RELIEVES

NERVE PAINS	IN 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	IN 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	IN 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	IN 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	IN 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	IN 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	IN 15/30 MINS.
INSOMNIA	IN 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	IN 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	IN 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	IN 36 HOURS

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question.

YOU Need

Yeast-Vite

Brand

QUICK-TONIC TABLETS. Sold Everywhere: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

T. C. B.

GREAT NEW X·WORD PRIZES and LAST RADIO GRAMOPHONE OFFER

£300 CASH

PLUS

£100 CHEQUE AT XMAS 1933

PLUS

£100 EACH XMAS FOR LIFE

"HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST -OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £750

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

BIG EXTRA PRIZE OF PYE 27 GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE

Big extra prize of "Pye" 27GN RADIO GRAMOPHONE for First Prize-winner if chief award is won outright. Should First Prize be shared, Radio Gramophone will be won by sharer whose Solution adjoining winning square is nearest correct.

SEASON TICKET BONUS for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date—providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword Contest.
REGISTER WITH COUPON IN 'BULLETS' ANNOUNCEMENT

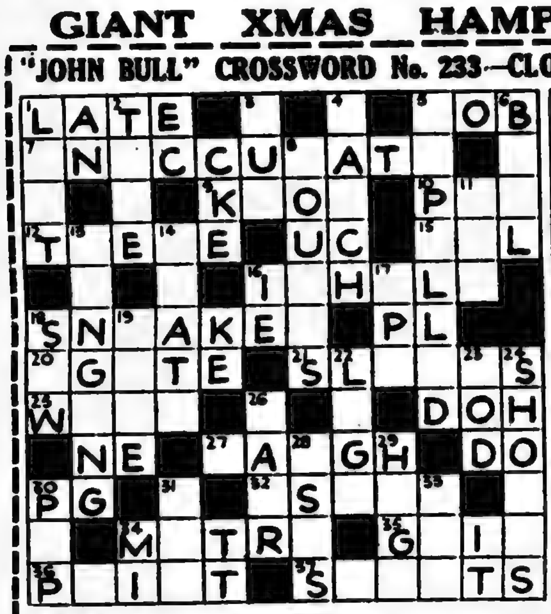
VALUE £2

THIS week's splendid Cash-plus-Pension Prize provides a pleasant reminder that Christmas is approaching. Success with the problem below may well bring you the fine sum of £300 cash at once, and a further £100 at Christmas, to be followed, in every Christmas post as long as you live, by an additional "John Bull" cheque for £100.

A special prize added for the last time this week is a 27-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone, while there is the splendid sum of £200 for Runners-up to be distributed as announced above.

GIANT XMAS HAMPERS NEXT WEEK!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 233—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1933.



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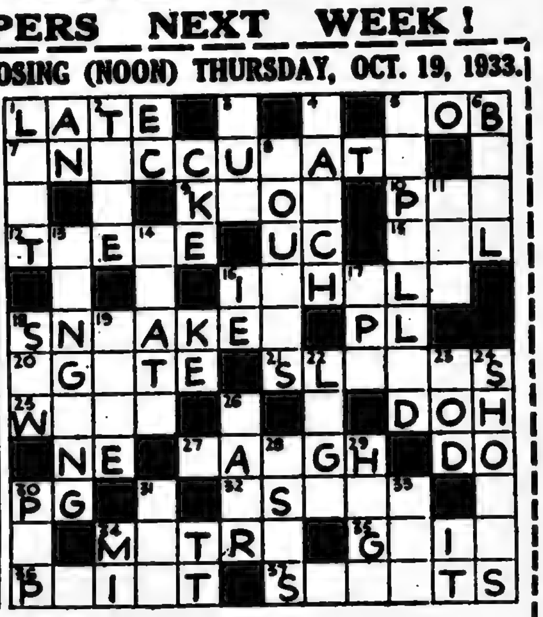


JB·233

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value...... No. .... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

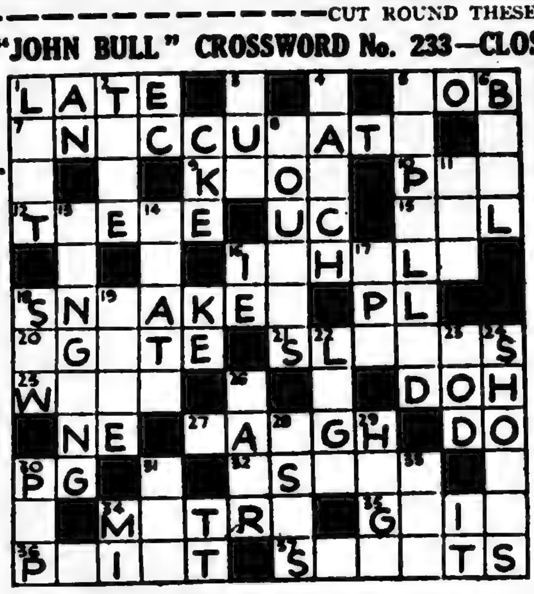
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 233—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 19, 1933.



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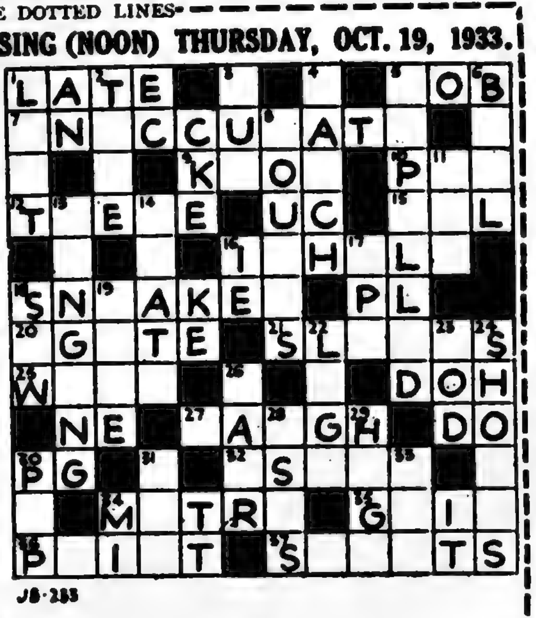


JB·233

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value...... No. .... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"John Bull" will pay £300 in cash, £100 next Christmas and £100 at Christmas every year (or a lump sum of £750) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 26, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 2.

Clues Across.

1. Behind time
5. Plunder
7. Incorrect
9. Is tied in a piece of string
10. Boon companion
12. Not those
15. A yard and a quarter
16. Draw in the breath
18. What unpopular schoolboy did
20. Precious stone of quartz
21. Slumbers
25. Learned
27. Often expresses contempt
32. Publication of a book
34. Archbishop's headdress
35. Courage
36. Is seen on brush artist uses
37. You should turn these down just before bedtime

Clues Down.

1. What shopper takes, to prevent many steps
2. Angler brings home a good one
3. Dirt-track race is often started with one
4. You get a second hand to it if possible
5. Repulsed
6. Brings in all the keen M.P.s
8. There may be several in a fight
11. Beer
13. Prisoner's fate may be, on witnesses' evidence
14. Tells us what we owe
17. Largest monkey
18. Observed
19. Enjoyed best after work
22. Parts of limbs
23. It contains seed
24. Flashes are seen when battery does this
26. Provides warmth for animals
28. Puts to some purpose
29. Extremely large
30. May be the cause of those tears
31. A hidden one can cause a pricking
33. Before

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 19, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, November 2, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 14, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL"
CROSSWORD No. 233,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
(Comp.).

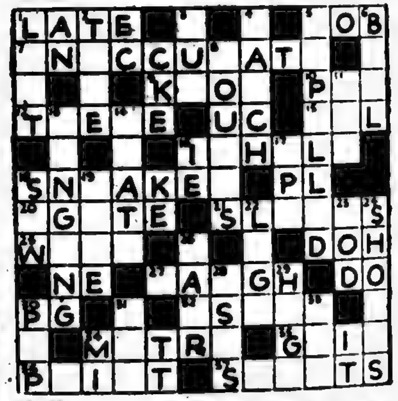
BONUS WINNERS in Crossword No. 229 — 58 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £1.13.11 will be despatched accordingly.

SOLUTIONS of Crosswords Nos. 231 and 232, also winners in Crossword No. 231 will appear next week as announced

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB·233



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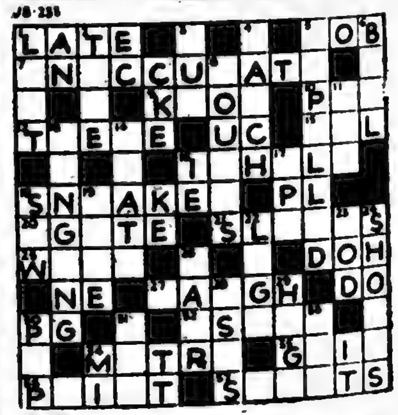

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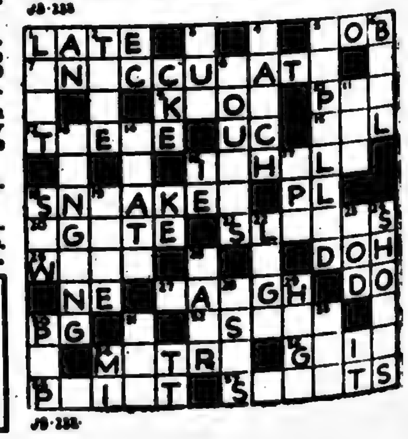

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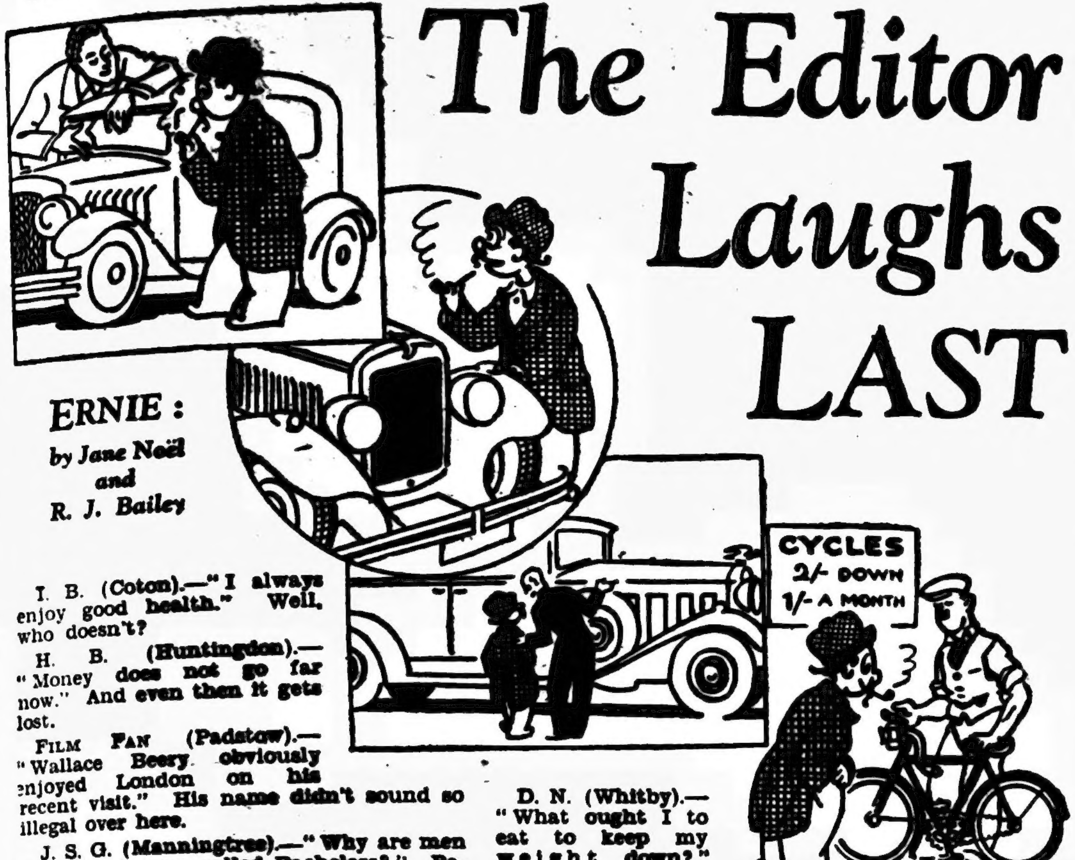
The Editor Laughs LAST



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël
and
R. J. Bailey

I. B. (Coton).—"I always enjoy good health." Well, who doesn't?

H. B. (Huntingdon).—"Money does not go far now." And even then it gets lost.

FILM FAN (Padstow).—"Wallace Beery obviously enjoyed London on his recent visit." His name didn't sound so illegal over here.

J. S. G. (Manningtree).—"Why are men who win degrees called Bachelors?" Because they are clever.

B. D. (Newark).—"Jazz band musicians have feelings the same as the rest of us." We shouldn't have thought it.

F. P. (Swindon).—"One needs close friends in times like these." But in these times close friends get a lot closer.

L. H. (Bury).—"Whilst sitting in my bath I had a terrible shock." Did you suddenly realise it wasn't Saturday night?

HUMORIST (Paisley).—"I think this is a screamingly funny story. What do you think?" That one of us has no sense of humour.

WRITER (Alloa).—"My wife and I put our brains together and make a sort of company concern of it." A limited company concern?

HUSBAND (Largs).—"My wife complains because I don't kiss her every night when I come home. Would you do it?" No; we haven't been introduced.

W. M. (Winchelsea).—"An American film actress was married in a train." Her Press agent never thought of having her married in a train before.

INTERESTED (Lambeth).—"What would you say if you were asked to write a reference for your maid?" Well, she has a good appetite and sleeps well.

H. E. (Ludlow).—"The average young doctor sits like Patience on a monument waiting for patients." This is better than having the monuments on the patients.

MISS D. (Exeter).—"My fiancé never calls me 'dear.'" And it makes you feel cheap.

W. P. (Bolton).—"I am advertising 'Alcohol for Chilblains.'" And a very good exchange, too.

R. T. (Inverness).—"Is it possible for a man to have more money than brains?" Yes, but not for long.

D. N. (Hackney).—"He got a job, but proved to be lazy and was discharged the same day." Hired, tired, fired.

S. N. (Exeter).—"The call of the Arctic is always ringing in my ears." Then you must have a better wireless set than we have.

MISS J. (Ealing).—"I knitted four new jumpers in six days last week—is this a record?" It all depends on how many persons you served with stamps in between.

D. N. (Bradford).—"My wireless set is so out of date I can't hear half the programmes." The old-fashioned sets were perhaps less perfect, but they were more sympathetic.

SCEPTIC (Matlock).—"The statement that certain primitive tribes allow their lives to be ruled by lifeless wooden images is unbelievable." Is it? What about our Parliamentary system?

F. R. (Boxmoor).—"Many novel uses have been found for zip fasteners." It is untrue, however, that some roads are to be fitted with them to facilitate frequent openings by the local council.

EMPLOYER (E.C.).—"When the clock strikes six my junior clerk puts down his pen and leaves the office, even though he is in the middle of a word." You're lucky. Most junior clerks don't even begin the word.

D. N. (Whitby).—"What ought I to eat to keep my weight down?" Less.

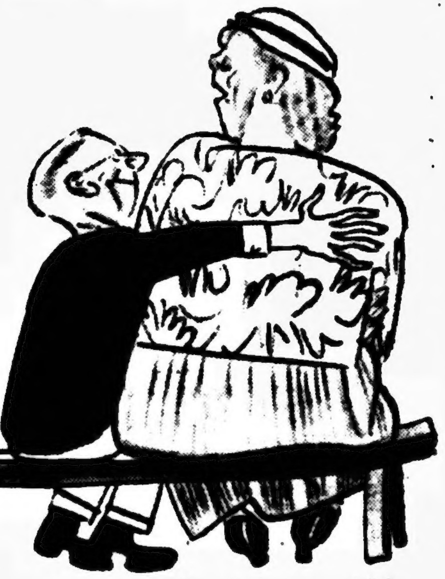
A. R. (Newbury).—"I stopped a racehorse from bolting the other day." Did you back it?

G. L. (Leeds).—"A tactful wife can always get money from her husband." Yes, he should always be broken gently.

J. B. (Kew).—"What can a conductor do when his 'bus starts running backwards downhill?" Change the destination board.

T. Y. (Hammersmith).—"Milk is delivered at 5 a.m. and 9 a.m. in most London suburbs." The second delivery is the milk that the really daring married man comes home with.

B. J. (Goole).—"I read that an Eastern snake-charmer has forsaken the old pipe, and now plays to the reptiles on a saxophone." We never did entertain any sympathy for snakes, anyhow.



Albert W. (Wood Green).—"My fiancee weighs sixteen stone, and is always happy and agreeable." We should have thought her rather difficult to get round.

P. B. (Boulogne).—"Do not English people keep too much to themselves?" Not if Mr. Neville Chamberlain knows of it.

F. G. (Hornsea).—"Who will deny that the bonniest babies are born to mothers of about twenty-five?" The mothers of every other age.

Y. T. (Edmonton).—"Life is mainly guesswork." Especially when you are trying to classify the things that have come back from the laundry.

M. H. (Uckfield).—"Don't hesitate to print your opinion of my stories." Well, we like to be broadminded, but there are laws about this sort of thing.

CURIOUS (Bromley).—"My wife had a dream last night and thought she was married to a millionaire." You're lucky. Most wives seem to think that in the daytime.

DANIEL P. (Woodford).—"I am a rich bachelor and have just received a letter from my sole surviving relative congratulating me on attaining my eighty-fifth birthday." The hypocrite.

MISS MUFFET (Cheltenham).—"What is the secret of blushing?" A secret.

S. D. (Truro).—"What is the chief obstacle to the back-to-the-land movement?" The back.

M. L. (Woking).—"Did the blot on my letter annoy you?" Yes, it wasn't large enough.

T. M. (Balham).—"At the moment I am living on my wits." Are you undergoing a slimming treatment?

MISS R. (Bedford).—"Spinsters would like to be called by another name." Mrs. Somebody or other?

P. S. (Hull).—"I am dying to come to Long Acre to see you." Sorry, but we do not feel like saving your life.

J. Y. (Tooting).—"I bought a second-hand car from a Scotsman and found the clutch was loose." Strange!

MARTHA (Hartlepool).—"Any man I marry would have to be tender." You mean, perhaps, he would be soft.

G. B. (Hastings).—"An open mind is a good asset in any man." Except those minds which are open at both ends.

E. B. (Newnham).—"It takes innumerable silkworms to produce a silk stocking." Plus the toil of one ordinary worm?

H. J. (Leicester).—"Are bachelors really happy?" Now we'll ask one—can ducks swim!

FLAPPER (Chelsea).—"I am in every night at ten." What time do you go out—half-past?

N. B. (Grantchester).—"Our maid never sweeps under the fender." Some sweep everything there.

U. T. (Maldon).—"Two can live as cheaply as one." This may be so, but we advocate peace at any price.

JOE (Wallsend).—"It's awful having to bow and scrape for a living." Can't you do anything except play the fiddle?

W. B. (Epping).—"I employ a woman to look after my finances." We're married, too.

B. S. (Wolverhampton).—"A local boxing instructor has reduced his fees." To knock-out prices?

H. G. (Walthamstow).—"Practically all this summer I have slept in the garden." Our gardener has, too.

B. F. R. (Taunton).—"There is no true manliness in this country to-day." That's a nasty smack at the modern girl!

C. J. (Bow).—"Men will never understand women." The reason is, of course, that no woman will make herself plain.

O. D. (Braintree).—"My chickens used to run to me, but now they stand quite still." They'll no doubt run to seed.

L. T. (Holborn).—"I have written a thriller that would raise the hair on your head." Our barber has been trying to do it for years.

A. L. (Teddington).—"Have you any idea what a traveller goes through when he tries to persuade a shopkeeper to give him an order?" The door.

MRS. G. K. (Broughton).—"I have bought a pram for my baby which I got on the instalment system." And do they take the child back if you default in your payments?

J. G. S. (Colchester).—"The slightest sound makes me jump." Then don't for heaven's sake enter for *Bullets* this week. You'll be running the risk of hearing a £1,000 bump as a cheque drops into your letter-box shortly—and a £10 thud every Saturday morning for the rest of your life.

F. R. (Swindon).—"In Africa, I heard natives shouting and, when I approached, found them beating the ground with long clubs." There are now very few places where golf is not played.

B. A. C. (Lancaster).—"The average politician possesses the brains of a boy of eight." This is a terribly unfair accusation—there is no possible way for a boy of eight to hit back.

H. H. (Glasgow).—"All class distinctions should be abolished." You can't do that in a country like this, where everybody hopes to belong to the upper class next year.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

HOW I GOT RID OF WRINKLES AT 60 and made myself Look 20 Years Younger

"I am 60 years of age, an age at which a woman so often no longer seeks to make herself attractive. But I felt a desire out of pure curiosity to try the effect of Crème Tokalon Skinfood on my weatherbeaten and wrinkled face.
Imagine my surprise when, after *one month* of this treatment, people said to me: 'you are getting younger.' Encouraged by these remarks, I persevered and in *five months* a miracle had been performed: everyone who meets me declares that I appear to be a woman of 40 or 45. My complexion is clear and beautiful, slightly rosy and I have hardly the suspicion of a wrinkle. It is marvellous.
Judging by this, if all women would only use your Crème Tokalon Skinfood, there would be no more old grandmothers."
Note: The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

PILES CAN BE ENDED!

Proof, positive and convincing, comes in the few extracts from letters, given here, telling you that you can end the maddening pain, irritation and torture caused by pile trouble. Read these letters.

Mr. F. C., of Rotherhithe, S.E.16, writes:—"I suffered from bleeding piles for 12 months, and tried a number of remedies. The piles became so bad that an operation was considered necessary. I read of Man Zan, and decided to test it. At the end of one week the necessity for an operation was gone. Man Zan had cured me in that time."

Mrs. M. L. H., of Birkenhead, writes:—"For five or six years I suffered agony from piles, and tried all kinds of remedies. I used Man Zan for a fortnight, and was greatly benefited. I have had no return of my trouble."

Man Zan is sold in special, easy-to-use tubes, price 3/-, obtainable from chemists everywhere. This healing balm stops bleeding, allays inflammation and ends chronic irritation at once. Persevere and Man Zan will free you for good.

For free supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt and Co. Ltd. (Dept. R 29), Croydon.

MANZAN BRAND PILE REMEDY

LAST COUPONS FOR 'BULLETS'

CHOOSE YOUR MONSTER 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£10 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000 CASH OR

21 GIANT PRIZES

£250 £100 £75 £50 £40 £35 £30 £29 £28 £27

£26 £25 £24 £23 £22 £21 £20 £15 £10 £5

50 OF £1 · 1,000 OF 2/6 · 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS · 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

FREE £500,000 BULLETS HANDBOOK OFFERED TO YOU

Last Days of "Bullets" Mightiest Opportunity!

EVER since October, 1912, JOHN BULL has been working miracles through the medium of big *Bullets* prizes. Struggling men and women have been put on their feet, new homes provided, businesses secured, mortgages swept away, children educated, invalids helped back to health and hundreds of varying ambitions have been fulfilled.

To-day JOHN BULL finally announces that he is about to work the greatest miracle of all Every effort received in his Record 21st Birthday Contest will be carefully considered and the best *Bullet* entered will bring its sender the finest prize ever offered for TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

Whether to select a huge Life Pension of £10 a week and an immediate fortune of £1,000, or to choose the colossal sum of £4,000 in cash with the added security of £2 a week for life—that is the pleasant problem you may well be called upon to solve by JOHN BULL's First Prize telegram on Friday, November 3

In addition to this wonderful First there are 20 other big cheques awaiting good *Bullets*. And for those competitors who carefully follow the instructions on the opposite page, there is JOHN BULL's £500,000 Gift Book, an invaluable store-house of information for would-be winners, which can be yours entirely free!

HOW TO WIN YOUR FORTUNE

EVEN if you have never made a *Bullet* before in your life, there is no reason why you should not fit together the few simple words that will win this mighty 21st Birthday First Prize.

Remember this important point. Whether you enter 12 *Bullets* in order to qualify for JOHN BULL's £500,000 Handbook, or rely on just the two efforts upon a single coupon, will not interest the judges. They are seeking merit alone.

They will be looking for TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to one of the *Examples* provided, thus completing a *Bullet* with a clear meaning and distinctive phrasing

For instance, you might choose to work upon the *Example*, CIVILISATION'S STORY; by adding the words DARKNESS BEGAN—FLARE -UP ENDING? you would complete a typical *Bullet*.

To help you further, study carefully the winning *Bullets* printed below. Then get busy with your own efforts, remembering that your entry must be in by Saturday, October 21.

ADD 2, 3, OR 4 WORDS TO ANY EXAMPLE

CIVILISATION'S STORY
WHY WORLD'S LIKE FOOTBALL
HER TWENTY-FIRST
TO-MORROW'S BATTLE
PICTURES IN THE FIRE
RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS
MAN WHO NEEDS HELP
WITH A ROD OF IRON
ISLAND OF PROSPERITY
FRUITS OF INDUSTRY
WHEN GOVERNMENT DIER
AT THE WORKHOUSE GATES
THING OF THE PAST
GRAIN OF COMFORT
BABY ARRIVED AND
DAY TO REMEMBER
BRITANNIA'S FACE
PEACE DOVE
ANXIOUSLY
STORMY WEATHER
MAN v. NATURE
KING WINTER
CLOSING THE DOOR
OUR RADIO
SILENCE FELL AND
HAPPY MARRIAGE
SLAVES
TO HELP SONNY
ELIXIR OF LIFE
EDUCATION'S LAMP
WITHOUT HER
MOTHER'S PRIDE
ROAD TO GLORY
GIANTS
APPLE OF HIS EYE
COMING IN
THE OLD LOVE
CLOTHES
HER HEAVEN
IF THEY WOULD
LATER ON
HOME
SHINING EXAMPLE
FATAL BLUNDER
IN SHORT
WOMAN'S HAND
READY
BETTER TIMES

£762 10s. AND 10 RADIO GRAMOPHONES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £500 AND 27 GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE COMPETITION No. 909.

Mr. D. M. GREENE, 51, St. Margaret's Road, Twickenham.
Example:—SONNY'S CAREER
Bullet:—DECISION'S "NO SMALL JOB."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

Mr C. BARNETT, Council House, Ringstead, Kettering.
Example:—Hint For Ramsay
Bullet:—You've Had "Run"—Hurry!

£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

Mr. J. BITHELL, 3, Stirling Street, Swinley, Wigan.
Example:—Pals
Bullet:—"Knock" Welded — "Flame" Parted.

£20 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

A. W. ROWLEN, 14, St. Michael's Terrace, Headingley, Leeds.
To Order—Don't Expect "New Order."

£15 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

T. FEARNLEY, 4, Wilson Terrace, Mirfield, Yorks.
Haven Of Rest—Sinking Many "Ships," Armchair.

£10 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

W. RAWLING, 556, Hessle Road, Hull.
Sonny's Career—"Rocking"—Another In Cradle

£9 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

W. G. McGILL, 116, Fanshawe Avenue, Barking, Essex.
When He Met Her—Stopped Dead—Started Living.

£8 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

J. MATHER, 170, London Road, Hazel Grove.
Thanks To Hitler—"Overstepping Mark"—Frontier Tension.

£7 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

J. W. COTTON, 73, Trinity Street, Oldham.
Fatal Mistake—"Slipped"—Grabbed At Gun.

£6 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE

H. G. T KEMP, 59, Brock Road, Plaistow, E.
In The Dark—Jungle, "[illegible] Lights" *Dangerous.*

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH

Mrs. A. CHASTON, 2, Salisbury Road, West Ealing.
He Tossed The Coin And—Proposed—Now Daren't Gamble!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
J. CUNNINGHAM, 73, Fitzroy Street, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Domestic Drama—Gossip "Takes On Tour."
Mrs. E. E GRANT, 19, Upper Windsor Street, Banbury, Oxon
Modern Bride—Athletic—And "Skipping" Responsibilities.
H. LEWIS, 14, Fields Road, Tredegar, Mon.
Domestic Drama—Sonny's "Villain"—Then "Audience."
S. H. MARTIN, The Coombes, Station Approach Road, Ramsgate.
Haven Of Rest—Borstal, After Controlling Gang!
Mrs. A. SPONG, 475, Worsey Road, Worsley.
In The Dark—Earth, Lies Earth's Light.
L. A. SPRACKLEN, 5, Damers Road, Dorchester.
Dangerous Road—Starts From Your Garage!
C. SPRATLEY, 111, Hengist Road, Erith, Kent.
When The World's One—"Merry-go-round," Dad's Explanation's "Round-about"
Miss M. SWIFT, Legh Arms, Prestbury, Ches.
Sonny's Career—Commenced—Another Armchair Ordered!
Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 8, University Place, Cardiff.
Fatal Mistake—Aiming Late, Blaming Fate.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at "John Bull's" offices.
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./.

RECORD 21ST BIRTHDAY OFFER

ENTER BY SAT. OCT. 21

YOUR ONE LAST OPPORTUNITY

£4,000 CASH

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

WINNERS TELEGRAM ON FRIDAY, NOV. 3

NOW OR NEVER FOR YOUR £500,000 GIFT BOOK

AT tremendous expense, JOHN BULL has gathered for would-be winners a £500,000 collection of wisdom and wit from the last 21 years of *Bullets* results.

To this gold-mine of guidance for winners of the future, an exhaustive Index has been added and many other pages of valuable hints on ideas to avoid, styles to study and other points of interest to keen competitors. It will give you the finest possible help in the fight for the next *Bullets* £500,000.

All these features await you within the gay covers of *Bullets* 21st Birthday Gift Book, available to all who use the coupon below as instructed by Saturday, October 21.

Remember—you pay not a penny for this invaluable volume, not even the postage. And this week is your final opportunity to secure your copy!

TO SECURE YOUR FREE COPY

of this unique Bullets Birthday

GIFT BOOK

You have simply to enter 12 *Bullets* for our Birthday Offer, either on ordinary coupons or prize coupons and enclose GIFT COUPON below, duly filled up with name and address in which your 12 *Bullets* are entered. You will then receive, when prizes are despatched, a *Bullets* Birthday Gift Book, entirely FREE!

FREE £500,000 BOOK COUPON

VALID ONLY UNTIL SAT., OCT. 21 E

N.B.—Unless this Coupon is actually *enclosed in envelope* with 12 *Bullets* entered in name and address below, it is valueless and cannot qualify you for a Birthday Gift Book.

I enclose..............(*fill in number of coupons, not less than six*) *Bullets* coupons for Competition No. 912, all entered in name and address below. (*These may include Prize Coupons.*)

Name ____________________

Address In Full ____________________

____

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

EXAMPLE BULLET ____________________

(912) Closing SAT., Oct. 21

P.O. No. ____________

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 46. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed ....

Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £1,000 drawn by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 908 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. E. Greenhalgh, 53, Bank Top, Blackburn.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 912, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

1,000 XMAS PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . .

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Treatment—Elasto.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

WHAT USERS OF ELASTO SAY—

"Elasto put new life into me."
"Wonderfully active at 80."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins completely gone."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I would like to recommend Elasto to all sufferers."
"Had rheumatism so bad I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Elasto should be more widely known to the public."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

Get on the __RIGHT__ SIDE *of a Course of* 'ELASTO'

Elasto
Elasto
REMEDY

"I can now Walk for Miles"

. . . . after using your treatment I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough as I thought I would never walk again. Your treatment is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——.

Here is __Your__ Great Opportunity!

FREE

A generous Sample of this Wonder Treatment

A Wonderful
NEW
TREATMENT
THAT WILL
SAVE YOU
POUNDS

What is Elasto?

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose ailments, rheumatism and leg troubles generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases;* that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and arterial walls, and the membranes in healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological treatment which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming diseased conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective treatment ever devised.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also corrects piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto has a splendid bracing effect upon the whole system and quickly banishes depression and that "out-of-sorts" feeling.

We claim full Proprietary Rights in this Preparation. There are no substitutes for Elasto.

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Treatment. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! __Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!__

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto Treatment cures through the blood.

NAME ....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS..

My Ailment is.. John Bull, 14/10/33.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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